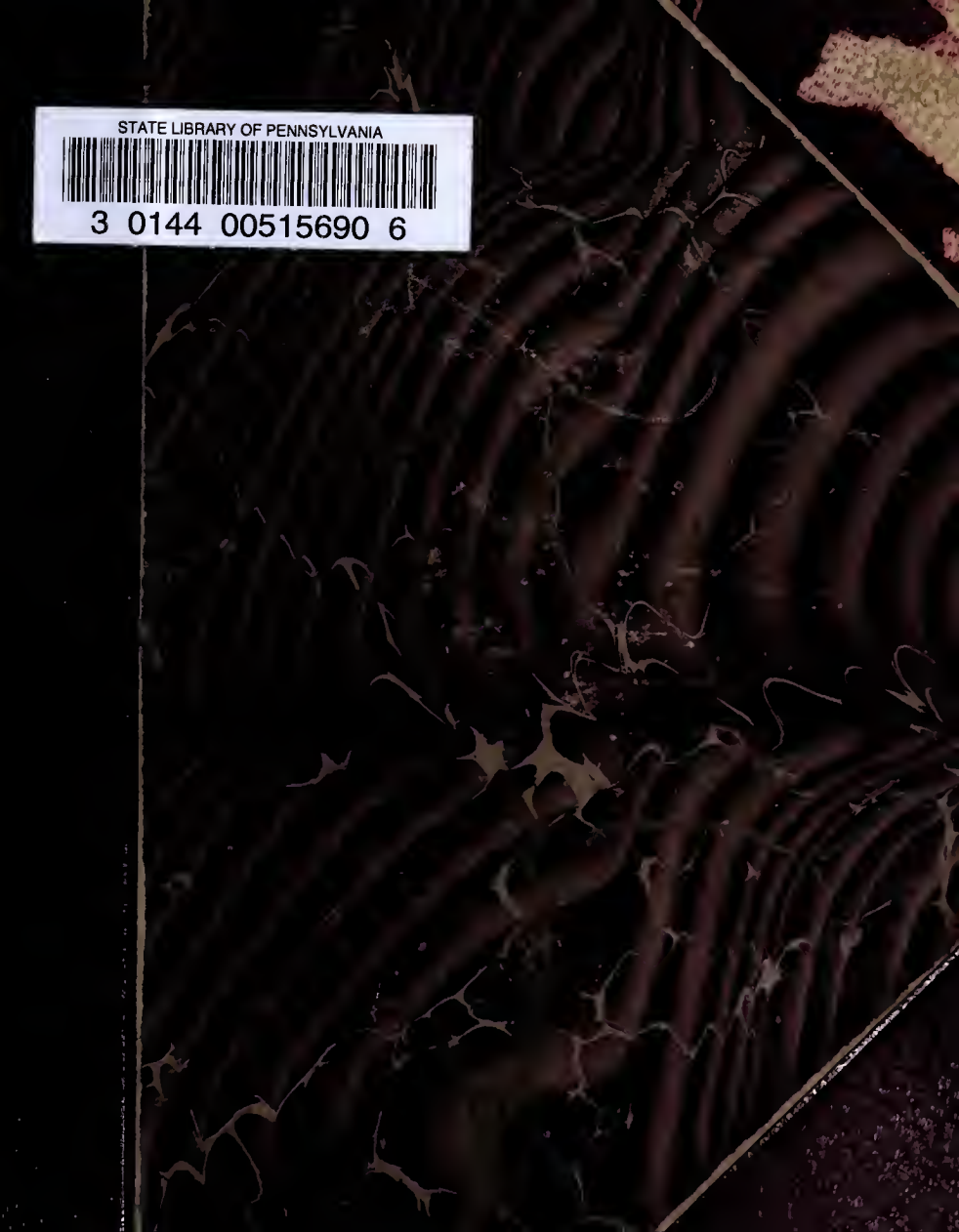
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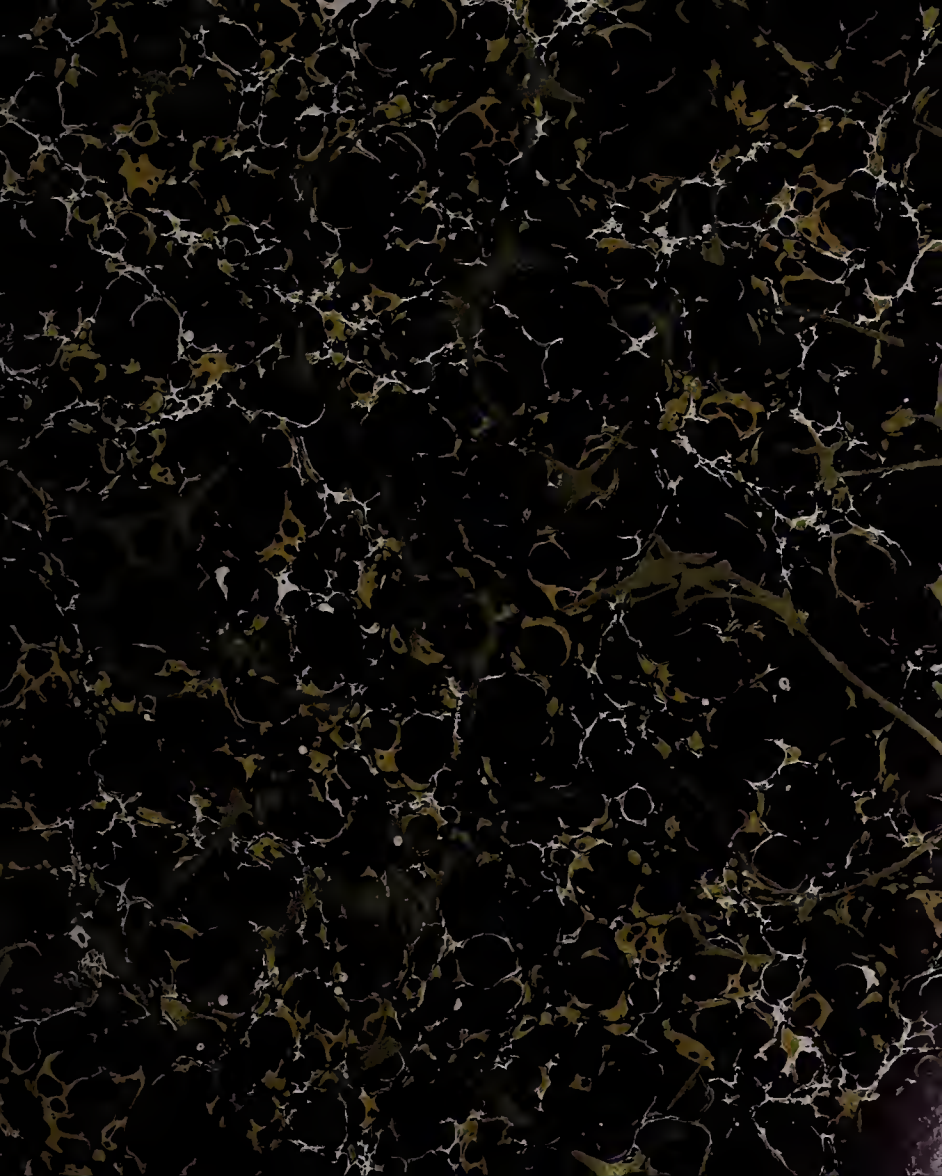

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THE MONTH

Edited by
Albert Smith
with illustrations
by
John Leech

EXHIB

THE MONTH.

A

VIEW OF PASSING SUBJECTS AND MANNERS,

HOME AND FOREIGN, SOCIAL AND GENERAL.

BY

ALBERT SMITH & JOHN LEECH.

JULY, 1851.

PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE OF "THE MONTH,"
No. 3, WHITEFRIARS STREET.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SINCE the first announcement of this periodical we have received piles of communications from all parts of the country, none of which are available. We cannot very well understand how the authors could give themselves the trouble to get up their papers before they had the slightest notion of the style of the work.

We beg to state that *in no case will MSS. be returned.* We recommend the writers, therefore, to keep copies of whatever they send.

All communications must be addressed to the Editor, at the Office of "The Month," 3, Whitefriars Street. It will possibly save much trouble, as well to many of our correspondents as to ourselves, to inform them that all the business arrangements of the work are in the hands of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, Whitefriars.

INTRODUCTION.

OUR opinion having always been that Introductions and Prospectuses are very seldom read, and, if read, very seldom trusted to, on the present occasion we shall make ours as brief as possible.

We come forward without any intention of opposing anything or anybody. Believing that the course is tolerably clear for a light periodical, which will not interfere with any other, and may beguile a railway or steam-boat journey, without any great tax on the attention, we once more greet our old friends and readers. Our subjects will be found to be chiefly social. We shall avoid all politics and personalities, believing that such matters furnish small amusement to general readers; but, should some one prominently before the public tempt us to indulge in a little fun at his expense, we hope this shall be so ordered that the object may be the first to laugh at it.

Once launched, we shall the better see what alterations may improve our vessel, should there prove to be room for them: and to this end our attention will now be quietly directed before we next have the pleasure of meeting our readers.

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LONDON LABOUR AND THE LONDON RICH.

[The interest excited by the details of the manner in which the London Poor don't get their living, about the streets, has induced us to send a Commissioner forth to study the habits of an equally interesting and hard-working class of people—the London Rich. We now have the satisfaction of placing his first experiences before our readers.]

No. I.—The Hyde Park Belle.

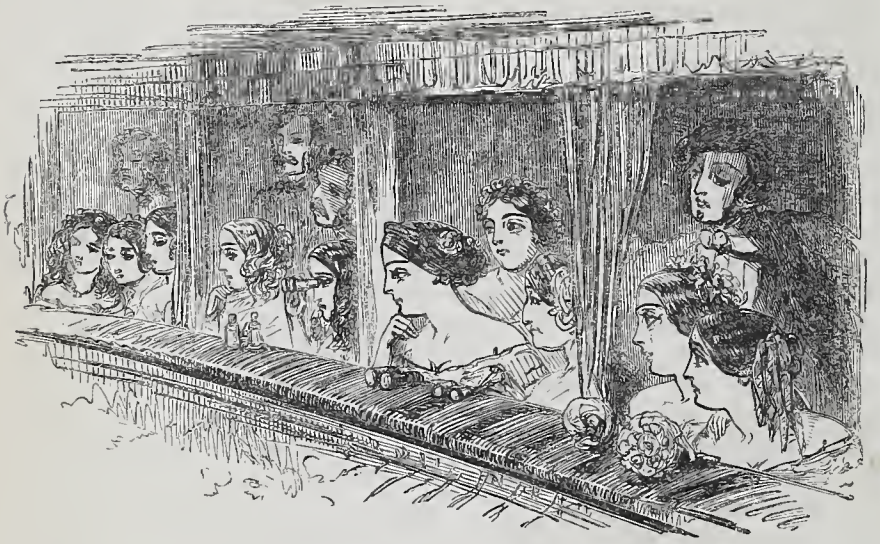
By the term "Hyde Park Belle," I mean to define a young lady living in the neighbourhood, rather than an *habituée*, of the Park. For the Hyde Park district is vast, and difficult to be defined; inasmuch, as new streets and squares are called Such and such a place, 'Hyde Park,' which common people of practical minds would have denominated Paddington. But it is more agreeable to be associated with a patrician locality than a plebeian one; and therefore although 'Westbourne Terrace,' Edgware Road, would be a correct address, yet 'Hyde Park' certainly has a prettier sound. In the same spirit, Mrs. Brown selects a godfather for her little boy with a good name. For John would answer all legal and social purposes, but Clevelaud carries with it more ennobling thoughts.

In this pleasant region are produced charming young ladies: it is the realm of nice girldom. The one introduced to me, to give an account of her position and herself, was of middling stature, with oval face, chestnut hair, dark eyes, and very white and regular teeth. She had on a white transparent bonnet, and light muslin dress, all *en suite*. In answer to my questions, she replied as follows:—

"I shall be nineteen in August, and have been out two years and a half. Have I ever been engaged? Only once, and that was broken off, because I went on a drag to Richmond, with the officers of the —th. Lady Banner was inside,—it was all perfectly proper. She is a very nice woman—always ready to chaperone anybody anywhere, at a moment's notice, if her share is paid; only sometimes she bores me dreadfully. Edmund went to India. I don't know where he is now.

I have not heard. I dare say he is somewhere. He bored me dreadfully at last. I work very hard,—oh, very hard indeed ; that is, in the season. My maid always sits up to make tea for me when I come home. Her hours are very regular considering. She goes to bed every morning about four ; but then she does not have to dance half the night. Yes, I like the Crystal Palace ;—oh ! I get so tired there—walking, and walking, and walking, you can't think how far. I know the Crystal Fountain, and Dent's Clock, and the Stuffed Animals, and the Envelope Machine. I don't think I have seen anything else. I have never been out of the nave and transept. Nobody goes anywhere else. I did not know that there was anything to see upstairs, except large carpets. I am sure they would bore me dreadfully. We are engaged every night. Yesterday, after my singing lesson, I was at the Botanical Fête, and there were no seats ; and mamma stood by the band for nearly two hours, because Lord Downless was there ordering the tunes. It was his regiment. He did not see us, and mamma was so cross. I am sure I did not want to see him : I was dreadfully bored. We had scarcely time to dress for the Grapnel's dinner party ; and then we went to Mrs. Crutchley's, to meet the Lapland Ambassador. We could not get into the room, and stood for two hours more on the landing. Old Mr. Tawley was there, and would keep talking to me : he bores me always dreadfully. He is going to take mamma and me to see some pictures somewhere. I hate seeing pictures ; they bore me dreadfully ! After Lady Crutchley's we went to Mrs. Owley's amateur concert, which was nearly over. She only has classical music. I don't know what classical music is : I only know it bores me dreadfully. Ashton Howard says, the same people who like classical music buy old china, and wear false hair. All the ice had gone, and the room was like a furnace. The ice had gone, because Mrs. Owley never has too much, and there was a new servant who did not understand her odd ways, and put large pieces in the plates at first. I had a dreadful headache. I wish people would give up classical music. It never amuses anybody—that is, anybody worth amusing. They played nothing but things they called *Ops*. There was Op 42 and Op 16, and something in F, but I don't recollect what. It lasted half-an-hour, and began all over and over again. I don't know whether the *Huguenots* is

classical music or not, I only know, when they give it at the Royal Italian Opera nobody seems bored *then*. I dont know that I am exactly.



[Royal Italian Opera. The Huguenots.]

" Do I like anybody better than another? I do not see what that is to you. I wish you would not ask me so many questions: it bores me dreadfully. I think Ashton Howard very agreeable; but they do not like him at home. I have seen mamma actually rude to him, but then he is a younger brother. No, I cannot dance with those I like when I go to a party. I always know by mamma's manner to say whether I am engaged or no. Ashton waltzes beautifully, but he has never waltzed with me. I say 'valse' as often as 'waltz.' I should like to waltz with him very much. I think he sent a bouquet on the evening of the Cooper's ball. Mamma would not let me wear it—she took it herself; and I don't think I danced three times all the evening. Mamma said she never saw so few good *parties*—(the word was given with the

French pronunciation, which is a small but essential difference)—I am sure I don't know what she would have. Ashton was there, but he never looked at me after he saw mamma with my bouquet.

"I go into the Park every day with mamma, but it bores me dreadfully. I see nothing but the same people, and I know all the trees and rails by heart. I like Jouvin's gloves as well as Piver's; they have got dearer lately—I don't know why—there is not more in them. I ride sometimes: I like it better than the carriage; but papa don't ride very often, and if he don't I can't, except with the Pevenseys and their brothers. John Pevensey is very stupid, and talks to me about farming. I get very tired, but I am obliged to go, because the Pevenseys know so many receivable people. But they bore me dreadfully;—in fact, I don't know who or what does not. I long for the season to be over, and when I go into the country I long for it to begin again. And I am always tired; and I wish I could go about, and do as I pleased, like Marshall—that 's my maid—when she has a holiday. She is going to marry the man at the hair-dresser's; and last Sunday they went down all by themselves to Gravesend. I see mamma's face if Ashton Howard was to propose taking me to Gravesend next Sunday, and without Lady Banner! I wish sometimes I was Marshall. Now and then I would give a good deal for a good cry. I can't tell you why—I don't know; only that everything is a trouble, and bores me dreadfully."

"I give seven-and-sixpence for a pair of satin shoes. I have worn them twice—oh! more than that, if there has been no dancing. A wreath costs a guinea, and gloves are three and sixpence. Do I have them cleaned? Certainly; but not for evening parties: the men's coats blacken them in an instant. They do very well for the opera and evening concerts—nothing else. The Pevenseys wear cleaned gloves; everybody knows it; and Ashton Howard always asks, out loud, if a camphine lamp has not gone out, when they come into the room. You can get a nice bouquet for five or six shillings. Old Mr. Rigby, in the Regent's Park, told me I might cut any flowers from his conservatory, but I don't care for that—I would sooner buy them: he bores one dreadfully. I hope you are not going to print all that. I am always afraid of you authors."

From the above particulars, we find that a young lady's shoes,

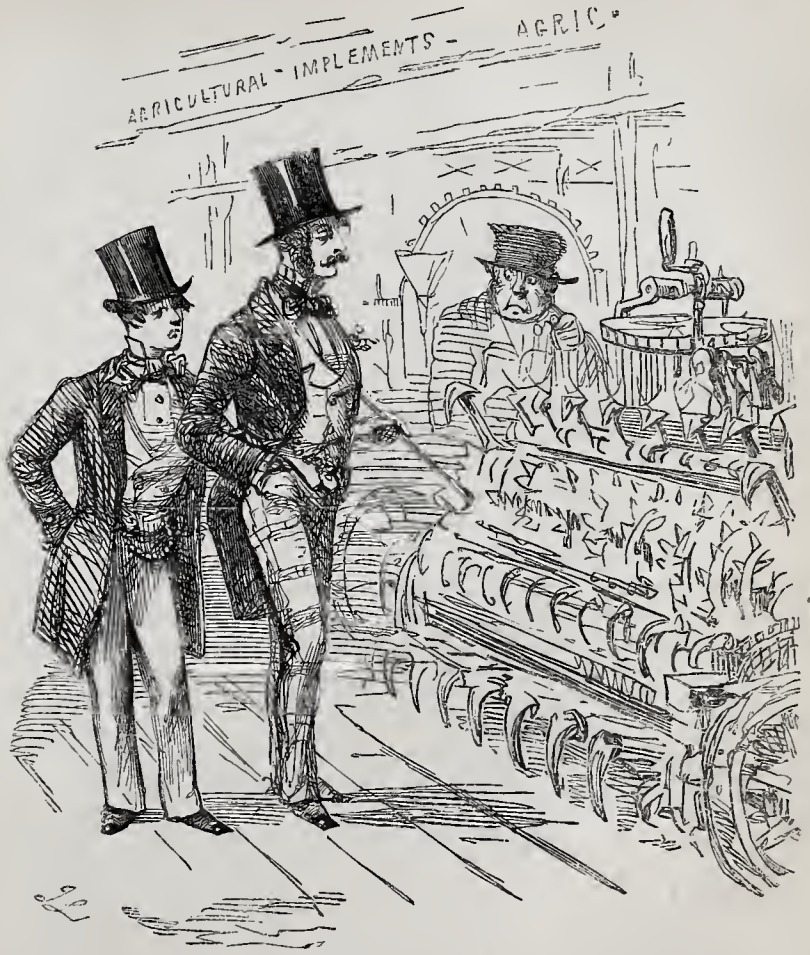
wreath, gloves, and bouquet, for an evening party, cost one pound seventeen shillings. Admitting that two thousand young ladies go out every night, we have the sum of three thousand seven hundred pounds spent daily, during the season, for these accessories.

A POLYGLOT CHARADE.

War's tongue was still—the countries teem'd with corn and wine, and beeves;
The gentle olive in the spring put forth its tender leaves;
The golden age had come again—it was a pleasant time,
And o'er a free pacific sea from every land and clime
Came argosies with every flag that nations had unfurled,
To swell the wond'rous treasury—the store-house of the world:
Whilst over all, in cloth of gold, rich furs, gems, silk and satin,
My first smiled gently on the scene: but name me, please, in Latin.

The glowing metal, liquefied, and run into the sand,
Cools down to tall and graceful shafts, by thoughtful judgment plann'd;
And from another furnace-birth, the crystal torrent streams,
And both combine to form a fane, beyond the wildest dreams
Of her who told the Eastern tale to Schariar each night—
So marvellously beautiful—so vast—so frailly light—
That fashion's *blasé* votaries, a fresh excitement knew,
Which to the all-absorbing scene, in French, my second drew.

Now gather all about us, in a fraternising host,
The nations of the universe—we would propose a toast—
Come Russian bold, and Moslem cold, and German with white hair,
And Frenchman quick, and Yankee slick, and Chinese short and square,
We'll have the Crystal Fountain flow with nought but sparkling wine,
Fill up the cups, and make the building ring with nine times nine.
And some day tell your friends at home, how all, 'twixt pole and pole,
Both far and near, joined in the cheer, to pledge my English whole!



A FISH OUT OF WATER.

"Uncommon wonderful instrument that—vay clevar!—I wonder how many tunes it plays!!!"

THE COMPLAINT OF MR. SIMMONS.

(TO THE EDITOR.)

SIR,—On the morning of the 1st of May, 1851, I emerged from my residence at Islington, to enjoy the holiday granted me to witness the procession to the opening of the Exposition. There was nothing remarkable in my costume with the exception of my hat. Excited by the abuse which had been heaped upon the customary sumptuary abomination by the newspapers,—placing too great reliance on vague hints in periodicals, that five hundred gentlemen would appear in London on the 1st of May in rational head-dresses; and anticipating, moreover, that no particular head-gear would be conspicuous among the crowd of fezzes, glengarries, turbans, tarbooshes, sombreros, war-eagle crests, fantails, casquettes, helmets, cocked hats, and wide-awakes, I expected to encounter in the park, from imaginary pictures I had seen of the Gathering of all Nations, I had boldly ventured to assume a hat chosen by myself, with a view to my own convenience.

It was, in fact, merely a wide-brimmed, flat-crowned, wide-awake, to which I thought a feather, in these days of foreign immigration, would not be an out-of-the-way addition. Its extreme breadth had occasioned the hatter who supplied it, to call it a very wide-awake; a joke of which he made me a present on the completion of the purchase. I had contemplated my own features beneath it in as much variety of light and shadow as I could obtain before my shaving-glass, for half-an-hour preceding my departure, and had arrived at such a satisfactory conclusion as to its effect, that I regarded myself as a modern William Tell, about to release my country, by a bold example, from an oppressive and degrading subjection to a detested Hat.

My appearance in the street certainly created a sensation, but it was one exceedingly mortifying to my feelings. Omnibus drivers winked at each other, and pointed at me with their whips. Occasionally, a stray boy would indulge in personal observations, or a grown-up ragamuffin would sputter out an oath, and burst into a hoarse laugh, which to my mind appeared totally unwarranted by the circumstances of the case.

As I passed along a bye-street, an unshorn mechanic, who was sitting in his parlour reading a cheap beer-stained newspaper, suddenly rushed to his window, flung it open, and roared out "'Ow much for yer 'at?" as if his life depended upon the inquiry. Having made it, the querist slammed down the window and returned to the enjoyment of his short pipe and paper, with an evidently satisfied and peaceable mind.

I began to entertain thoughts of calling a cab. But my appearance in the vicinity of a stand, was hailed by such a volley of jeers from the cabmen, that I gave up the idea in despair.

At length I arrived at the Park, and there discovered that my miseries had as yet only commenced. The crowds assembled had just arrived at that pitch of impatience which an English mob always strives to beguile with facetiousness. My appearance was hailed as a public boon, by a hundred vulgar wags, who had just begun to tire of "chaffing" an unfortunate Chinaman upon discovering that he understood not a sentence they uttered. As popular jocularity usually assumes the form of enquiry, I was immediately beset by demands—"Where did you buy it?" "Did you pay for it, or owe for it, and how much?" "Do you wish to sell it?" "Did you make it yourself?" "You haven't got any like it at home to give a friend, have you?" To all which queries I attempted to assume an air of unconsciousness. But this only served to increase the virulence of my persecutors. They yelled at me, and hooted me, until I began to imagine that had I been detected in picking a pocket, or overheard reviling my sovereign, or suspected of an attempt to blow up the Crystal Palace, I could not have rendered myself a more conspicuous object for public execration than I did by simply choosing to wear That Hat. Nor did the popular humour long restrain itself within the bounds of mere offensive remark and insolent mirth. A bright flash of practical jocularity suddenly illumined the mind of an original genius, who at once carried it into effect by casting at my decided article of costume a large tuft of grass, which struck me on the back of my neck, broke into dry dirt, and raised a perfect roar of delight at my expense. In an instant my pent-up rage found vent, and I struck the wit a severe blow in the face. The next minute I found myself helpless in the midst of a score of enraged partisans of the opposition—my hat was knocked

off, my coat torn, and the impression of an exceedingly dirty fist just implanted on my best shirt-front, when two able-bodied policemen elbowed their way through the crowd, and rescuing me, escorted me out of the Park amid the yells of my opponents. My hat afforded some slight sport as a football for a few moments, after which it suddenly vanished, and was seen no more.

Since that day I have never ventured outside my door with any other style of hat than the ordinary gossamer. I have moreover declared that, unsightly, inconvenient, and utterly unfit for any useful purpose as that article of attire is admitted to be, the wearing of it is at present an irremediable nuisance, protected as it is by England's only tyrants—the vulgar.

I have unburthened my mind, and I am now, Sir, your constant and faithful subscriber,

PETER SIMMONS.

[We sympathise with our unfortunate correspondent, and wish that the present head-dress could be put down. But it is not to be done by persons in Mr. Simmons' station in life. The change, to be followed, must be begun in the parks, the opera lobbies, and the clubs; not at holiday gatherings, pit doors, and night taverns. The graceful girls in Rotten Row and Kensington Gardens would not have discarded the odious riding hats ladies formerly wore for the present becoming one, had it been started by the Miss Figgs, of Mile End Road, on Blackheath and Greenwich donkeys.]

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE favourable reception experienced by *The Stones of Venice*, has induced the author to prepare for immediate publication, *The Bricks of Birmingham*. This will be followed by *The Tiles of Tottenham* and several other similar works.

Indeed the run seems to be on architectural subjects just at present. Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning's *Casa Guidi Windows* has given rise from its success to hosts of imitators. The most popular promise to be *Peckham Rye Chimneys, Highbury Park Doors, Pall Mall Areas,* and an exceedingly poetical work, entitled *Albert Gate Staircases.*

THE ASCOT DIARY OF AN ENNUYÉ.

" Nocte pluit totâ, redeunt spectacula mane."

A HACK fly—damp and fusty, of the real old country-town, liveryman, tea-drinking build—is to me an object so inexpressibly depressing and dismal—so indissolubly associated with slow dinners, and mild dances, and bad singing, and important unknowns, and small conversation, and creeping locomotion—that I do not know what I would not do, short of sitting out private theatricals, rather than find myself in one.

And yet here I am, upon Ascot race-course, four deep from the ropes, and below the distance chair, in a fly: and here I have been for three hours!

It is pouring cats and dogs, and I am alone. Ha! ha! alone: the hermit of the course! I have paid my money to come here. I must pay it to return. I have looked forward to the day for months. I left town in the butterfly glory of no great coat, a new hat, and shining boots. I have dreamt for weeks of talking to nice women over the backs of barouches; and standing on the wheels to lunch; and eating cold broiled salmon from the plate on which the lobster salad had just superseded the pigeon pie; and drinking champagne, pale ale, claret cup, sherry, soda and brandy, bottled porter and sparkling moselle, from the same tumbler in rapid succession, in the bright sunlight, amidst parterres of pretty parasols, and firmaments of flashing excited eyes: and it has come to this!—I have had nothing but some damp gingerbread-nuts and a bottle of race-course lemonade.

There is nothing to be seen anywhere but umbrellas. They have sprung up like *fungi* all over the grand stand, and they have shut out all view of the course everywhere. It will not hold up. The sky is one uniform dark leaden waste, against which the very pigeons starting on their soaking flight look light. I will sit here and think of miserable things—of my prospects, my enemies, and my failures.

A race is going on. I can't see the horses, but they have put down their umbrellas, and taken off their hats, in the betting stand. And now it is over, and the people begin to eat again. That girl in the

brougham is a perfect cannibal—I hate to see girls eat: they ought to be brought up without wanting to do so.

An Ethiopian melodist approaches the window. The rain makes white furrows down his blackened face; his high shirt collars have fallen limply on his shoulders; and his banjo is as slack as the top of a damp jam-pot. No—be off! Well may he desire to be carried back to Virginia, or anywhere else, rather than remain here. He does, indeed, look as if a life by the galley fire would exactly suit him.

[The only "parties" who enjoyed the wet day.]

Nobody appears happy but the man in mustachios, sitting on the

barouche-box with the girl in the net bonnet. They are both wrapped up with a huge rug, and have an umbrella as big as the roof of a mosque over them. They took their place there before it began to rain, and have never moved once. They must have a great power of self-amusement, for they can see nothing but the back of a Reigate coach with ASCOT pasted on a strip of paper over the boot; and that is falling off in the rain. An unhappy little gent in a Syrian paletot—as worn without doubt on the desert—or something with another name that weighs two ounces, and looks as if the wearer had left his coat behind and come out in the lining,—is trying to find shelter somewhere. He, too, came prepared to "do it," and has failed. His white trowsers have become transparent and show the tops of his boots through them. He has gnawed away the corner of his card-list in his despair. No—the lee-side of the omnibus will not shelter him, or keep him drier. Nothing short of wringing him altogether will benefit the state he is in. At present he is fit only to go to a fancy ball as the dropping well of Knaresborough.

Another race-course locust—a conjuror. No—I do not want to see the doll disappear. I know how it is done,—the doll's head goes into a little bag, and you put the body in your pocket. Don't call me a "noble sportsman"—I am not one: do I look like one?—eating gingerbread-nuts in a hack fly. Well—I know it 's a wet day, but don't call me "your honour." If you only deal in truisms and flattery, pass on; you are no conjuror.

There is another race. A bell rings through the rain as I have heard it do at the Waterman's Pier upon wet Whit Mondays. A carriage has gone away; and now a line of umbrellas shows me where the course ought to be—but I see nothing beyond three jockeys' caps which scud by in the teeth of the tempest, and then all is over. The people run away to the drinking booths; and once more I am attacked by harpies. Now do go on—there 's a good woman. Have *I* anything to do with the weather? Do you suppose it is pouring for my especial pleasure? Then why should I give you anything? And why should you call me your "pretty gentleman." Am I pretty? Do I look pretty? Is any idea of loveliness associated with my drooping collars,

and dust-streaked face, and soaked shirt-front? Stuff! No fair lady whose name begins with an F could possibly wish for my company. I have no piece of silver to cross your hand with. Take away the lobster's claw which your infant is trying to poke up its nose, and pass on.

I see one person still more wretched than myself. Crouching under an umbrella, a foreign gentleman is looking as miserable as only foreign gentlemen can look in depressing circumstances. He has paid his money, but has not taken his choice. He has heard of *les courses d'Ascot*, and of *le sport du turf*; and, out of his week's excursion, he has come down to see it. Poor *Mossoo!*—as an English actor would call him, if by chance he did not say *Monseer*. He is far from his home and friends, on a foreign and perfidious soil. He has no one to speak to: he cannot muster up sufficient English to ask for refreshment, and if he could he does not know where to go to; and he has had his pocket picked. He is dreaming of his own dear distant land—of his snug *café*, and clicking billiard balls, and clattering dominos, and cheap *tabac de la régie*. He is smoking a paper cigarette; and as he looks at a proud aristocracy shut up in carriages beneath which the ground-down people cower and starve, he revenges himself by saying, "Never mind; one day the people shall dance in Buckingham Palace."

Still you come on, vampyres! Women with the tambourine and piano-organ, you don't amuse me. Your voices are hoarse and vulgar, and I have hard Jeannette and Jeannot before. Tumblers in muddy tights—beast with plaited hair, a fan and sandals—Hebrew vendor of Battersea cheroots—ragged ruffian who seized me with brutal violence when I first put my foot upon the course, and brushed me until my blood boiled with the combined friction and rage; but I am revenged; ha! ha! there is no dust now—scamp in the old hunting-coat—washed-out deplorable crew of race-course vultures, away! I ask again, why did I come? and echo is too depressed to answer. The question dies away amongst the dusty musty fusty thrums of the fly lining.

The racing is all over. My driver, who is tipsy, collects three other drunkards to share my vehicle back to Windsor. They smoke pipes,

and reek as did King Cole. I will not stand it—here, let me out, I will walk. I cannot shake the dust from my feet, but I will anathematise Ascot; as I leave the sludgey road, and with the first intimation that the thin soles of my new polished boots are on the go, I will plunge into the long wet grass and high saturated fern, and under the thick-leaved, dripping beeches of the park. Away to the merry greenwood squish!

NOT MUCH BETTER OFF.

In an article we chanced to read the other day, showing the bad state of London after dark about one hundred years ago, we came across the following paragraph, copied from "The Kentish Post and Canterbury News-Letter:"—

"On Wednesday last, Mr. Fowles, one of the band of musick at Covent Garden Theatre, was attack'd in Soho by two men, who demanded his watch, &c. Upon his calling out, one of them threatened to shoot him; they then robb'd him of some silver and made off."

This was thought very bad: but the week before last, in the Sunday papers of June, 1851, we read as follows:—

"Daring Robbery. On Thursday last a gentleman was attacked by two ruffians in Bedford Square, about half-past one in the morning. One threw a noose over his neck and half strangled him, whilst the other robbed him of his watch and purse. They then beat him about the face and head with a life-preserver, and left him bleeding on the pavement. There were several carriages waiting in the square at the time."

It does not appear that we live in such an age of progress as we imagine.

If this goes on, we shall hear of descents of banditti from the Highgate Mountains upon Camden and Kentish Towns; and of people being carried away and detained as hostages upon Hampstead Heath until rescued by their friends from the brigands, after a finger a-day had been sent down to them by the post. Jesting apart, it is a very serious affair.

REVIEW.

La Nouvelle Guide des Voyageurs à Londres. (New Handbook of London.) Paris, 1851.

THIS is one of the best handbooks of the kind that we have yet seen; and will be of no less service to our foreign, than to our provincial friends during their visits. We make a few extracts to show the general plan of the work, as well as the care and research bestowed on its compilation, which even Mr. Murray might envy.

1. *Situation.*—London is situated on the banks of the Serpentine at its junction with the Thames, and bounded by the counties of Middlesex, Vauxhall, Leicester-square and Kent. It was formerly a Roman station, and the site of the old Prætorian cavalry barracks is still called Horseliedown; and of the defeat of Cassivelaunus, Wapping (from the Anglo-Saxon *Woppan*, to give one one for himself). The walls were first built by King Lud, who exercised great tyranny over the people: 'so that' says Stowe, 'the phrase, Oh Lud! became common in time of trouble.'

2. *How to enter London.*—The best way of entering London is by Ratcliffe Highway, and so on through Goodman's Fields into Whitechapel, by which means a notion of the wealth and grandeur of this great metropolis is best attained. Intelligent persons may be found about these thoroughfares to direct the stranger, who will do well to follow their directions for concealing his money. They have a peculiar method of doing this, which renders it exceedingly difficult to be afterwards discovered.

3. *Hotels, Lodgings, &c.*—Every class in London may find suitable accommodation. The working orders will find good accommodation with excellent attendance at Mivart's in Brook-street, and the Clarendon, in Bond-street: whilst for families and clergymen, the Garrick's Head, in Bow-street, offers a quiet retreat with home comforts, at moderate prices. Country ministers and the heads of the universities usually patronise the Cyder Cellars, Evans', or the Coal Hole, with which inns, institutions are connected for the diffusion of a taste for Oratorios and classical music amongst the middle classes. Tea and lemonade are the only beverages allowed here, and the waiters are mostly young curates, thus weekly earning an honourable subsistence. The hotels patronised by the nobility and continental potentates are chiefly in the Borough, and of course the charges are proportionately high; but the majority of the foreign diplomatists are to be met every afternoon at Berthollini's, near Leicester-square, a house much patronised also by the leaders of the fashionable world. Some clean and quiet hotels, used principally by scientific men, will be found round Smithfield, which for tranquillity and pure air are to be strongly recommended. The Angel at Islington, from its proximity to the Thames, is solely supported by sea-captains, and here white bait may be

had in perfection, from November to March. The Eagle Tavern, City Road, will be found very central for the parks and theatres; but for the foreigner wishing proximity to the Dover Railway terminus, the Euston-square Hotel is perhaps the most convenient. At Limmers', in Conduit-street, most of the leading city merchants of serious disposition assemble, after the Exchange closes, and the Record, the Mechanics' Magazine, the Shipping Gazette, the Church of England Quarterly, and the Mark Lane Express are filed in the coffee-room. The cheapest lodgings are in Regent-street and Pall Mall; those in the streets running out of the Strand are only let to country families on an application through the Lord Chamberlain.

4. *Places which a stranger in London must see:—*

The Turnstile, in Holborn.
Aldgate Pump, Knightsbridge.
The Standard, in Cornhill.
Statues of Kings George III. and IV., (both near Charing Cross.)
Outsides of Buckingham Palace and National Gallery.
Tottenham Court Road, by sunset.
Wheatstone Park, Holborn.
Lamb's Conduit.
St. Giles' Pound.
Tyburn and its Tree.
Model Lodging-houses, Belgrave-sq.
Sailor's Home, Park-lane.
Palladium Club-house, Seven Dials.
French Plays at the Victoria Theatre, New Cut.
Catnach's Gallery of living Artists.
Puddle-Dock.
The Birdcages, in Birdcage Walk.

5. *Cabs and Omnibuses.*—Cab-fares are fixed at the uniform rate of as much a mile as the driver pleases, which comprises all sums, except sixteenpence, and this has never yet been demanded or paid. Omnibuses are often driven by younger sons of noble families, with whom it is rather a pastime than an employment: and the conductors must be members of parliament. Means are frequently found, however, of evading this duty. Complaints of incivility or overcharge should be made to His Grace the Duke of Wellington, and they will receive immediate attention. For things lost or left in cabs apply daily, between 10 and 4, to the Chief Commissioner, Colonel Sibthorpe, Executive Committee, Crystal Palace.

Drury Lane Theatre.—This establishment is open, usually for nothing, except on particular occasions, all the year round: or rather at any season that a lessee may choose to gratify the increasing public taste for the legitimate drama. The plays of Shakspeare may here be seen in all their purity, especially The Merry Wives of Verona; Romeo and Cleopatra; Much Ado about Venice; Macbeth, The Moor of Windsor; Did you ever send your Shrew to Denmark? and others with which Alexander Dumas, by his excellent translations, has made the Parisian public familiar. After Drury Lane was burnt down in the great fire, and rebuilt by Mr. Hume at his own expense, Garrick is reported to have made the well-known *bon mot*, in allusion to the opening that "it was a long lane that had no turning;" which from subsequent events made a deep impression on the public mind at the time, and gave rise to countless rejoinders. Of these perhaps Colley Cibber's was the smartest, who said "It was all very well for Davy to talk about

turning, but people wouldn't eat a bit the more currant jelly with their cod-fish for all his red wigs." From this happy allusion to the real state of affairs sprung the celebrated Beef-steak Club. The members were obliged to wear canvass pinafores made in the scene-room and a head-dress composed of a squib and two parsnips in honour of Boswell's aunt, who is reported to have cooked the first steak for them on Dr. Johnson's gridiron. Vide Boswell's History of England, Vol 6.

Exeter Hall.—This fine building, situated in the Strand, at the Surrey foot of Blackfriars Bridge, was founded by Nell Gwynne, in 1672, as an asylum for Mad Missionaries, but when the Castlemaine party came into power it was turned into a play-house and continued so for many years. It was here that the great John Kemble produced his tragedy of the Green Bushes, which is reported to have run, by fits and starts, for fifty years with the same performers. Laurent's band performs here every evening, and there is a ball, to which the admission is one shilling. During May certain days are set apart for the exhibition of the Howling Dervishes, and crowds are attracted by their performance. At present there are suppers and singing every night after the theatres. The hall may be hired for Bals Masqués, Poses Plastiques, and similar diversions by application to the secretary.

The Monument.—This lofty column, constructed entirely of spermaceti, was self-cast in a water-pipe during the great fire of London, and set up in its present place by Sir Inigo Wren. Down its centre runs a huge wick made from the cables of the Spanish Armada, and this is lighted annually on the Queen's birthday. From the summit on a clear day the Alps are distinctly visible with the naked eye. It is calculated that it will be many centuries before it is quite consumed. Our readers will recollect Pope's curious blunders about the monument, in which he says "it lifts its head and lies." He should have said, "and stands upright," since the instant anything lifts its head it ceases to lie. We must always deplore this lapse of a great mind.

Clubs.—Strangers are admitted to the uses and advantages of all the clubs, by newspaper-orders, which are readily procured at the offices of The Times and Bell's Life. The Athenæum club-house, in Pall Mall, is the resort of all the young bloods of the day. Sparring and rat-catching take place in the Library every Monday evening at eight; and every Thursday during the season, there is a *bal masqué* conducted by M. Jullien in the great saloon. A fine collection of sporting pictures here will interest country visitors, as well as the arrangements at the top of the house for training bull-dogs. In the library is preserved the famous dog, Billy, presented to the club by the late Bishop Jones. At White's, in St. James's Street, an excellent ordinary is open every day at eighteen-pence a head, and most of the leading pantomimists dine there in full costume of harlequin, clown, and pantaloon; but sprites are not admitted. There is a good dry skittle-ground attached to the club. The Coventry, in Piccadilly, is supported entirely by the ribbon merchants of the city, as its name indicates. It was founded by Lady Godiva, in 1072, and is the oldest club in London. The visitor from the provinces may spend a pleasant hour in the smoking-room of the Guards' Club, in Pall Mall, where he will hear all the palace news; cigar and cup of coffee, 1s., and the *Family Herald*

taken in. The Garrick, in King Street, Covent Garden, is entirely composed of gentlemen devoted to agricultural pursuits; and the Travellers, as its name implies, is the town resort of commercial parties. The Central Curates' Club, or C. C. C. as it is usually called, in Maiden Lane, Strand, provides a retired home for the clergy visiting London, with the use of an admirably selected moral library; no admission after nine p.m.

The Wards of London.—Mr. Peter Cunningham in his excellent Handbook of London says that the Wards of London are twenty-six in number, but the last corrected edition of Kelly's Post-office Directory makes 228, beginning with Ward and Capel, Coal Merchants, Blackfriars, and ending with Ward, Wm., Esq., Tavistock Street. This list at the same time does not include those in Chancery.

We may return again to this valuable addition to our typographical works.

BEER.

A LAY OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

BY A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

I 've come up to see
The world's industry,
And hours I 've wandered here,
And I'm out of breath,
And tired to death,
And I can't get a bottle of beer!

Chorus.

For I like a drop of good beer,
It 's worth all the wish-wash here,
And dang their eyes
If I eat their stale pies
Without a pint bottle of beer!

The ham and the veal
Is as hard as deal,
And the bread 's as dry as a chip,
And the cakes are stale,
And the cherries are pale,
And syrups I can't sit and sip.

Chorus.

For I want a drop of good beer,
The dust from my throat to clear;
They may shut up their shop,
With their nectar and pop,
If they don't get a barrel of beer!

I'm vastly afraid
Of their lemonade,
And besides it's a little too dear;
For drenching your throttle
At sixpence a bottle
Is awful compared to beer.

Chorus.

For I like a drop of good beer,
But they won't let them keep it here;
I'd have let the whole gang
Of executives hang
If I'd thought they'd have stopped my beer!

Coffee and tea
Won't do for me,
At two in the afternoon;
And I don't mind the price,
But I never eat ice,
Or anything else with a spoon.

Chorus.

For I like a drop of good beer,
The committee were wrong I fear,
When they wouldn't let pass
Reid, Guinness, or Bass,
Or any like sample of beer!

In Coalbrook Dale
They brew good ale,
And I wish we had some of it here,
If instead of their gates
They'd have filled some crates
With little pint bottles of beer!

Chorus.

For I must have a drop of good beer,
And I'll go, if I can't get it here,
And I'll come no more,
For the show is a bore,
If they won't let you have any beer!

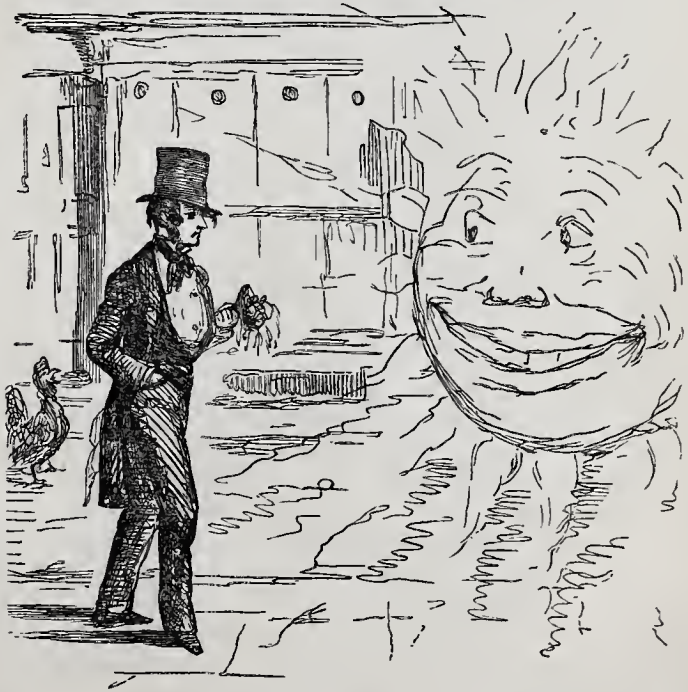
HOME FROM THE PARTY.

It's all over, as Mr. Punch observes, when the eventful drama of his life is cut short by inadequate remuneration. The daylight has been coming on brighter and brighter for the last hour, we first saw it through the staircase window where there were no candles. The girls *cerise* dresses have assumed beautiful tints in the blue morning; we find our gloves, which we bought for white in a hurry, as we came along, at a strange shop where an anxious boy knew nothing of their numbers, but tried on the old delusion of measuring across our knuckles to show us that they really were seven and three quarters, and slapped every fresh paper parcel he took down, in his desperation, upon the counter to give an appearance of activity and bustle, and recommended a light-blue tie as very much worn at present—we find they turn out to be straw-colour. Two of the candles on the mantelpiece have set their ornaments on fire, and half-a-dozen more are about to follow them; the musicians turn the waltz to the Sturm-Marsch, to show us that they think it is time to finish if the dancers don't; the waterman says, "Mind the step, my lady," and holds his lantern to it in the broad sunlight; we fish out our folding hat from behind the window curtains, where we hid it at an early period of the evening; and looking at a mild gentleman in the hall, who finds that 91 has taken his hat and left him 16, from reading his ticket topsy-turvey, we are once more on the pavement.

It is a bright clear morning. We see the long lines of houses as clean and sharp as we used to do in the country; and the birds are chirping away in the squares as cheerfully as if they were in a field. A policeman and a sparrow alone occupy the thoroughfare with us; one turns the corner, the other flies away, and we have it all to ourself.

There is a supernatural legibility about the names over the shops: the blue is brighter and the gold more glaring than usual. Why should Benson assert his name so much more palpably than in the noise and bustle and streaming life of noon?—and when there is nobody to look at him too? We wonder whether Benson is asleep where the blinds are down on the second floor; and if so, whether he is dreaming or not, and what his dreams are about, and what Benson is; for the shutters are up, and he might be a linen-draper, butterman, or shoemaker, with equal probability.

Wheels coming on behind us. A brougham goes by, and through the windows drawn closely up, we see the handsome dark girl with the clematis and fuchsia wreath, looking pale and pretty, with a pocket handkerchief over her head cornerwise, held together at the chin. We think about that brougham girl until she is out of sight; and wonder if we appeared to the best advantage as she passed. We don't much think we did. One of the springs of our hat is out of order, and we were carrying our gloves in our hand, crumpled up to the size of a walnut, as though we were going to conjure with them: and we were



blinking as we met the sun at the corner, and holding a seedy bouquet in our hand, which evidently she had not given us. Indeed we forget exactly who did. Our collars retired from public life in the last polka; and the melancholy leaf of the lily of the valley is all that is left,

carefully pinned into our button-hole. Never mind—what does it matter? Perhaps we shall never see the brougham girl again.

The sun gets up higher and higher, and is tipping all the chimneys and attic windows, as we think of the old story of the king that was to be chosen from whoever first saw the sun rise, and the cunning slave who turned his back upon the east when all the others were staring their eyeballs out at it, and caught sight of its earliest rays on a minaret. We don't feel at all inclined to go to bed—not a bit tired. We have a light champaignetre desire to walk about perpetual squares. More wheels behind, and more brougham girls,—no, it 's a market cart, with a man and a boy sitting on a perfect stack of cabbages; and at the same minute a sweep knocks up a weary housemaid over the way, and the baker's chimney begins to smoke. Hang it all! people are commencing another day before we have been to bed. We experience a sudden revulsion of feeling, and really will give up this late racketing. As we think so we gape, and almost envy the people who went to bed at eleven. Still we don't feel tired. If we are not more sleepy when we get up this afternoon than we are at present, how fresh we shall be!

A fancy ball is over somewhere, and a Greek is gravely walking along the pavement with Don Cæsar de Bazan, and both are smoking. We have not seen fancy dresses by daylight since the Montem. They do not promote hilarity under such an aspect. We gape again: the Greek and Don pass on their way, and we on ours, like strangers in the desert. They have astonished nobody but a cat, who shot with ghostly facility through a narrow grating as they approached.

Here we are at home, at last. A night lamp is burning, in dreary opposition to the daylight, in the passage. It is hardly worth while putting up the chain, and drawing the bolt, for the servants will be down presently. We carry the candlestick mechanically up-stairs, and place it as usual on the drawers. Undressing with a reckless unconcern, that flings our clothes into all corners of the room, we set our alarum—which we know will not wake us, or, if it does, we shall not get up—to go off at half-past eight (three hours and a half hence!); and with a long yawn, and a longer stretch, fall into a feverish, whirling, half-conscious sleep, in which all the features of the last six hours are fitfully jumbling together, the brougham girl predominating.

MARIANA ON THE SECOND FLOOR,

WAITING FOR HER LODGERS.

(ANOTHER SUBJECT FOR THE PRE-RAPHAELITES.)

With polish bright the coffee pots
  Were newly cleaned up, one and all,
And hooks and pegs were screwed in lots
  To hold the hats in the entrance hall.
The drugget was still clean and strange,
  Unhampered was the Bramah latch,
  And unconsumed the congreve match
Beside the new set kitchen range.
    She only said, The Season's dreary,
      I thought there would be some.
    She said, I am aweary aweary,
      When will the great rush come?

Upon the middle of the night,
  Waking she heard the cabs below;
Some gents sang out before 'twas light—
  From Smithfield Bars the oxen's low
Came to her, in a fit of gloom
  In sleep she dreamt of beds forlorn,
  Till carts and busses woke the morn
About the lonely furnished room.
    She only said, It 's very dreary,
      I thought there would be some.
    She said, I am aweary, aweary,
      And yet no lodger 's come!

About a stone's throw from the wall,
  A man with blackened features swept,
And round him many, large and small,
  Ill-manner'd boys for mischief crept.
Hard by an organ's dismal moan
  Play'd worn out tunes of nigger airs,
  And mock'd with 'Sich a gettin' up stairs,
Yet no one came to mount her own.
    She only said, It 's very dreary,
      I thought there would be some.
    She said, I am aweary, aweary,
      And yet no lodger 's come.

All day within those lonely walls,
The maid kept clean to let folks in;
The lilac blew i' the grate; the squalls
Of coop'd up children did begin;
Yet no one came a room to seek,
No strangers waited at the door,
No lodgers viewed the second floor,
No people asked, 'How much a-week?'
She only said, It's very dreary,
They do not come, she said.
She said, I am aweary, aweary,
And cannot let a bed.

The men who came to mend the roof,
The tax collector, and the sound
Which to the weary maid aloof
The potboy made, did all confound
Her sense, but most she loathed the hour
When all the last up-trains were in
Without the lodgers, and the din
Of wheels began to lose its power.
Then, said she, This is very dreary,
They will not come, she said,
She said, I am aweary, aweary,
Why won't they hire my bed?

DIAMOND DUST.

Grief is the perigee of the world, to which none but the ties of nature gravitate.

The sun never shines so brightly but labour overcomes his rays.

Happiness is the yesterday of to-morrow.

The wings of friendship are the poor man's toasting-fork.

Perseverance is like water flowing over worsted; but determination is the still pool which gives birth to the locust.

Progress is a twin almond, the shell of which is inconsistence.

Many men use fortune as a goblet, but few treat her as a smoke-jack.

MORAL COURAGE.

SCENE—*A Station of the Shoe-black Brigade.*

First Boy.—Here 's another swell, Bill, a coming to be blacked.
Second Boy.—Ooray !
Third Boy.—Ain't his boots thin neither !
Fourth Boy.—Wouldn't they pinch my toes if I had 'em. Oh my !
Fifth Boy.—They don't pinch his'n.
Sixth Boy.—Yes they do.
First Boy.—Go easy, Blacky; mind his corns. (*Swell winces.*) That was a nasty one.

[*The comments are extended from the Swell's boots to his costume and appearance generally. And all this for a penny.*]

AN ENGLISH HOLIDAY.

WE have never entertained very great notions of "the people." And pray let us be clearly understood in our sense of the word. We intend anything but a sneer at the intelligent and educated artisans, either in town or country, in whose own hands the power lies of fitting themselves for whatever station they please: by "the people" we would define the riff-raff of the million—the "I 'm as good as you" class of snobs, amongst whom the cant of cheap bad literature has found its chief supporters, who "sympathise" with runaway patriot scamps from foreign countries, look upon respectability as a crime, and bawl about "the rights of the poor man" with gin-shop enthusiasm. Usually regarding the masses who get tipsy about the streets on Monday evenings under their old classification of *Tag-rag-and-bob-tail*, we cannot endow them with those attributes which writers of high philanthropic purpose say they possess. And therefore when we see that "a great holiday of the working classes" is coming on, we prepare to witness a most humiliating national spectacle of beery, dreary, weary incapacity for amusement.

"Different people have different opinions," as the player observes when a doubt is entertained as to the actual thimble under which the little pea is concealed. Some think otherwise; especially large-hearted reporters, who describe these holiday diversions in the next day's paper. Every year we read of the thousands who visited the British Museum in the course of Easter or Whit Monday. We know all about them, not from theoretical ideas, but actual observation. We know that they were not amused—that they learnt nothing—that they did not understand what they saw—that they did not care to. They went because there were some, to them, incomprehensible things to be seen for

nothing ; and they had nothing else to do but to walk about the streets, and get tired and cross towards night—perhaps tipsy. Should our readers doubt us, we earnestly ask them to stand by and listen to the remarks of any in the stream of gaping ignorance that flows through our gratuitous exhibitions on "an annual festival ;" and we think we shall soon gain them to our own opinions.

These remarks were freshly induced by a visit on Whit Monday last to Greenwich Fair—the chief of the "holiday amusements of the people." We conceive that nowhere did we ever witness such a scene of unmeaning attempt at fun, snobbish riot, and unmitigated vulgarity, as this festival presented. It was very sad to consider that possibly many foreigners, used to the pretty fêtes of Paris, Vienna, Florence, Berlin, or Naples, had come there to witness the English "merry-making" amongst precisely the same class of people. They must have gone away with an impression little creditable to us, which the glories of the Crystal Palace could scarcely efface. It is long since we ourselves have seen anything so contemptibly degrading.

Greenwich Park must be always beautiful, with its green turf, and wooded slopes and avenues, and waving chestnut trees, but "the people" did their best to spoil the picture. They were there in thousands ; but amongst all these there was not an amusement started. They ran about, to be sure, and bawled and yelled, and pulled one another down, and shouted with loud unmeaning laughter at nothing, and occasionally swore, but this was all. Cross red heated women dragging whining children : men in a state of sulky reaction after mugging half the day in public houses ; ragged blackguards looking sharp about them ; gentish shopmen, rabble boys, and tawdry servant maids—rigged out rather than dressed—formed the greatest portion of the company. The only attempt at anything like diversion was a melancholy little sport called "kiss in the ring," which was gone through with a gravity that made us think the ladies were the kissers' sisters rather than their sweethearts for the time being.

The fair itself was much worse. For hours the people did nothing but bearishly fight their way through a muddy alley of stalls, shows, and nut targets, until they got to the end ; and then they turned and fought their way back again. When the merchants assured their customers

that "the fun of the fair" was comprised in their wooden rattles, they were quite right; for there was none besides. Nor was there much in these; the people themselves evidently had lost belief in the fun therefrom engendered. Nobody was alarmed, nor did any one think that their coat was torn, and yet they kept on running them down the backs of those before them with joyless perseverance, until the noise reminded one of the Italian grasshoppers on hot afternoons. There were perfect heaps of these things for sale: and in them, and huge out-of-season oysters, the staple trade of the fair lay. For ginger-bread nuts appear to have had their day; and not even the importunities of the stall-women, who caught you by the sleeve and called you "my dear" upon a first acquaintance, succeeded in making the visitors "try a pound of the best spice."

The shows were on a level with the people. Outside one of these

[The Romance.]

was displayed an enormous animal with an elephant's head and ox-hoofs, attacking two negroes. Tempted by this, we went in and saw the original—a malformed abortion of, we expect, a cow, hung in a bottle about six or eight inches square. In a cage was a Dorking cock, with a horn growing from his head. We mistrusted the horn. The bird appeared to have been shorn of one comb, and had the tooth of another

[The Reality.]

grafted on its place, and looked marvellously uncomfortable and crest-fallen, as though ashamed of lending himself to the deception. Altogether this must have been the worst museum in the world.

The next show was an exhibition of *poses plastiques*, and was very painful. The audience, amounting, perhaps, to a score of people, were huddled together in a close, damp, steaming booth ; an organ played a polka, and then a curtain withdrawing discovered a "turn-table," on which were placed five attenuated persons, male and female, in some hazy allegorical tableau, containing Britannia, Fame, a Warrior, and two others who were nothing in particular. As a mere show the effect was dismal enough, but over this group, shrouding them with grim, dusky wings, we could see a terrible Presence, with bright red arteries throbbing fearfully quick through transparent limbs whose fine, delicate mechanism of valves and fibre had been pumped and chafed and torn and heated by over-energy; and cold blasts roaring through the furnaces of vital heat, until everything was charred, or blazed into hot breath, by their violence: and this hideous demon floated over the five figures in gloating certainty of the prizes. One of the street naphtha gas lamps threw a white jumping light upon the group, and vividly brought out all their misery. The ochred tights almost flapped about their wasted limbs, and the sharp facial bones made deep pits and long shadows upon the orbits and cheeks; whilst, as they turned round, the figures, meant to be statues, jerked and quivered with the suppressed unceasing cough, provoking cries of "Hold on, old feller!" "Don't mind us, mum!"

and similar chaffing speeches from the audience, until the scene became so ghastly that we got away from the booth, and found even the thick, tobacco-laden, generally noisome atmosphere of the fair preferable to that of the hilarious charnel we had just quitted.

"*Ul*—low there! There is no deception! They are all alive! Inquire the nature of the Exhibition of the company who are now leaving the caravan. *Ul*—low!"

A gong, a policeman's rattle, a dustman's bell, a steam-whistle, two organs, and a post-horn, all in full play at the same time, prevented any one from learning the general impression of the audience, had he felt anxious to do so. Two rival establishments of living wonders faced each other. In one was a large ox, with five legs; a terrier from the Arctic regions; a sheep with a superfluity of feet, and a whole family of tropical dogs without any hair. In the other, were a fat man; a giant in a cocked hat, whom we had seen last year at Cremorne, and a little gentleman in a hunting-coat. The animal show was the best in the fair: the other was more conventional. But it made us wonder whence the unfailing supply of dwarfs, giants, and fat people comes; for we have never known fairs to be without them, and in common course of time they must die as well as ordinary mortals. Is there a secret of manufacturing them? Are those of the Lambert race fed from the cradle upon oil-cake? Can it be possible that dwarfs are kept down, when babies, by gin? Do giants spring up in hot, moist situations, like blades of rice? Once behind the chintz curtains of a show do they always stop there, or do they make night hideous, by walking after their caravans along high-roads in the moonlight, for air and exercise? Where do they come from originally? Where do they go to eventually? One or two may find that tomb from whence no skeleton returns, in the College of Surgeons, after the body-snatchers have been shot at by the watchful relations every night for a month in the churchyard; but this assumes that they are buried. We do not think they are; at least we never heard of a giant's, or a dwarf's funeral. In fact they are, and ever will be, mysteries.

It was anything but holiday with Richardson's show. The rain had put out the variegated lamps, and the flags of all nations above the façade drooped in melancholy saturation. The armed and plumed

[THE GREENWICH GIANT AND FAT MAN.]

SHOWMAN *log*. The young man is a native of Haymerrikey, and as never ad a day's hillness since he was born. He will walk up and down the caravan, and you will please to observe he is well proportioned and ealthy. He is prernouneed by medical men to be the greatest wonder travelling.

TALL INCREDULOUS GENTLEMAN. How tall do you say he is?

COURTEOUS GIANT. I am seven feet eight, sir—grown eight inches since last year, and nineteen years of age.

GENTLEMAN. Why I am only six feet two, and yet I look taller than you.

SHOWMAN (*hurriedly*). The next wonder I have to intrerduce to your notice, ladies and gentlemen, is the fat man.

PARTNER (*through the door, sotto voce*). Cut it short, Jem. Richardson 's is turning out.

[*Showman thanks the company, and dismisses his audience. Conclusion.*]

nobles threw no spirit into that peculiar platform quadrille, the like to which no man has seen elsewhere ; and the drops of rain chased each other down the cheeks of the three dejected clowns in melancholy succession. It is very sad to see a clown out of spirits. We can put up with his being horsewhipped, nipped by lobsters, knocked through pastrycooks' windows, and brutally treated generally, and even laugh at this till our ribs ache : but the instant he becomes unhappy, we break down as well. As we stood for shelter under the gorgeous canopy of red and black serge, ornamented with brass scutcheons, similar to those which cover the screws of a bedstead, one of the damp merrymen asked us for a cigar, or rather, with great humility, he supposed we hadn't got such a thing about us. At the same moment, a dripping, but spangled, baron, made the same request. In the confusion we held one out, and the baron took it. The clown sadly observed, "If he 'd have heard another party in the company ask first he wouldn't have took it ;" and more heart-broken than ever, he moved away to take his turn upon the platform. When we last saw him, he was telling a Venetian nobleman about a remarkable cat belonging to his grandmother, in a pelting shower. We should like to have heard something about that ancient lady, for ancient she must have been, although how a clown's grandmother could survive the inevitable trials and troubles to which her grandson's natural propensities towards old ladies, as taught in that great moral school, the stage, must have subjected her, we cannot tell. But it was pouring whilst the hapless merryman was becoming soaked ; and as we conceive that, next to a wet Sunday afternoon in the City, or going home after a wedding breakfast, a washed-out clown must be the saddest thing in nature, we went on our way.

All this time there was no cessation to the jostling, and driving, and bawling, and scratching of the crowd ; but the concentration of snobbish stupidity and coarse unmeaning attempts to be funny, was in the Crown and Anchor dancing booth.

It is possible in these days of cheap and rapid locomotion, that most of our readers may have been present at a French fête. Five hours from London even, by the South Eastern railway—by that cheerful, rapid high road to Europe, Asia, and Africa—they may still do so at a

Boulogne *ducasse*. If so, they must have remembered with pleasure the pretty dancing pavilions, so artistically yet cheaply arranged, with their fluttering tricolored flags, and excellent orchestra (supported by voluntary contributions cheerfully paid), and very moderate harmless refreshments, and well-dressed polite company; most of them working people though—journeymen carpenters, who looked quite like young gentlemen; and trim little girls who made dresses, or bound books, or painted maps, or even washed clothes, all the week; and orderly families at the tables surrounding the dancing platform, looking on with keen delight. No rude jostling, no pasteboard noses, no beery gents with cheap cigars dancing together—we should like to see them try to do so in the five sous *Bal de Paris*. All was order, and good temper, and light laughter, and real amusement.

It was not precisely the same thing at the Crown and Anchor. Imagine a huge tent, that might have done equally well for a stable on the Derby day, with a rough temporary flooring, and a quantity of illumination lamps hung about upon frames of stars, and balloons, and flags, beyond which, as at stupid old Vauxhall, no "brilliant illuminations" appear capable of going. High up an orchestra is slung to the bare supports of the canvas roof, and here the musicians are working away, more, however, to attract the crowd from without than to the benefit of the people within. All about people are drinking and smoking. The air is close, and muggy, and oppressive, and clogged with dust; and the people are still running the scratchers down the backs of others, and shoving about and yelling. The mob is so dense and unsavoury, that you feel inclined to pay a shilling more readily to get out than you did to come in. One or two facetious snobs are blowing tin horns; ten or twelve others have put on false noses, for what purpose it is difficult to imagine: if for fun, it is certainly a failure—if to disguise themselves, with equal certainty they do not appear to belong to that class who might lose *caste* by being seen there. As the band strikes up a polka they begin to stamp and jostle about; perhaps there is a fight by way of variety to the dancing; perhaps two gents run as hard as they can through the dancers—anything to keep up the fun stunning! When the polka finishes they feel a little reaction. The lark flags. They can't talk, so they scratch the coats again to get up a little excitement,

or beat the tables with their sticks, or scream "Yoicks!" Then all this goes over again, until at last the time comes for the booths to close, and the rabble of the fair and ball-room is turned loose into the town to get back to London as it best can. The holiday is over!

We wish we could have found subjects for more genial writing. But there was no redeeming point about this dreary "annual festival." It was one long, wearying, degrading, joyless scene of traditional English holiday-keeping vulgarity. We use the word "vulgarity" in the same proportional reference to "the people," as we should to a higher class; for your poorest and most uneducated person may be courteous in his degree. It was no holiday to the mob assembled there, for there was nothing to amuse them in their lack of power to amuse themselves. It would have been much better for all of them to have kept in town, quietly following their respective occupations. As they went home in the train, they were either screamingly drunk, or morosely stupid; and we thought what a good thing it would be, if somebody of great influence would turn his mind to the laudable end of altogether putting down Greenwich Fair.

CONUNDRUM, BY OUR "ENGAGED" CONTRIBUTOR.

When is a lady's lip like a man in a low shiny hat, a rough great coat and a pair of cord trowsers, with a badge round his neck and his pocket full of half-pence?

The question is so daring, that we have not the courage to answer it ourselves; but would rather the reply came from any one of our readers, who will have a clear month to make up his mind on the subject. We had, it is true, some thoughts, at first, of printing the reply; but in consideration of this being the first number of a new periodical, in which it concerned us to be exceedingly particular and cautious—moreover, intending it as a vehicle for purely moral and high-toned sentiment, we deemed it best, ultimately, to let the reply come rather from some other pen than our own.

A PHAETON OUT FOR THE DAY.

LIBERALLY TRANSLATED FROM OVID. METAM., LIB. 2.

A STEADY old coachman was Phœbus, proprietor of "THE SUN DAILY FLYING COACH," which, in the classic ages, before the Gravitation Bill had passed into a Law of Nature, performed its diurnal journeys from Eastern India to the sign of the "Thetis' Arms," in the Western Ocean, keeping on the average exceedingly regular time, carrying no passengers, and never stopping even to change horses or pay turnpikes.

One summer morning, a few minutes before sunrise, Phœbus was startled from his nap by a knock at his bedroom door, and a young man, hastily announcing himself as "Phaeton from Egypt," flung himself into the arms of the wondering old gentleman, and saluted the Sun by the endearing title of Father. The jolly old luminary rubbed his eyes, and recognising his visitor, the Sun embraced his heir, and inquired what brought him up so high and so early?

"Governor," replied Phaeton, "you know that being sprung from you I could not be in the dark as to my parentage. But so far from procuring me any respect, my avowal of my birth excites only the envious sneers of my companions. They sometimes beg of me to write to you for a fine day when we are to have a holiday, and in foggy weather taunt me about your being 'in difficulties'—'under a cloud' —and 'afraid to come out.'"

"Well, well," replied Phœbus, hastily enveloping himself in his red morning gown, "whip up, my boy, the drag starts in ten minutes.— Confound this early rising, say I: I long for the winter, when one *can* have a quiet snooze."

"They even go so far," continued the youth, "as to say that all I tell them of you is false: that you are not my father, and never had any offspring but cucumbers."

"Impudent scoundrels," replied Phœbus, and putting his head out of window, he roared out to the nimble Hours to clap the horses to. Then turning to his son, he told him, in his blunt way, that time was precious, but if he would only just say what he wanted, he 'd do all in

his power to help him, confirming his grant by swearing by Styx, an oath which with the Pagan gods implied—"What I says I sticks to."

Bitterly did he repent his promise when Phaeton eagerly demanded to drive the coach for the day. In vain the old gentleman advised and entreated—Phaeton was alike impervious to supplication and monition. The oath by Styx could not be recalled, and Phaeton triumphantly mounted the box, and gathered in the reins, unheeding his father's parting advice to take the cattle steadily up hill as they were fresh, and, above all, to steer clear of the planets, and give a wide berth to the constellations when he turned the corners.

A few minutes more, and the world was in confusion. It was the wrong time everywhere. It was midday in Egypt at 6 A.M., and sunset throughout India in two minutes afterwards. The great sea serpent coiled round the north pole, grew feverish, and looked round in vain for ice. The fair-skinned inhabitants of Africa were so scorched that they became perfectly black, a fact which the Ethiopian serenaders testify to this day. The snow-clad Alps took fire, and Lybia was burnt up from verdant meadow land to a sandy desert. Fried fish floated on every sea. Neptune putting up his head to see what had converted Ocean into a hot bath, received a *coup de soleil*, which frizzled his eye-brows and curled his whiskers for ever. The earth, parched with heat, cracked to such an extent that the sun's bright rays penetrated into the lower regions and frightened a certain Ancient Royal Couple, whom Ovid politely terms "*infernum cum conjuge regem*," very nearly into fits at finding themselves thus suddenly exposed to the glare of day.

On went Phaeton, the loosened reins dropping from his grasp, as he beheld the hideous muzzle of the Great Bear, who advanced to see what was the matter. The horses shied, and dashed wildly among all the signs of the Zodiac. Virgo screamed and fainted, Taurus, parched by the heat, ran mad, and tossed Aries into the Scales, Leo roared with passion, the Fishes rolled their eyes and invoked Gemini to witness their wonder and dismay, while poor Aquarius was knocked under his own water-cart, and was discovered an hour afterwards lying insensible in the centre of the Milky Way.

The clatter at length reached the ears of Jove, who perceiving the

cause of the disasters, let fly a thunderbolt at the unhappy Phaeton with so correct an aim, that it knocked him at once off the driving-box, whence he fell into an Italian river, in which he was drowned, to the great grief of his affectionate mother, Clymene.

Shortly afterwards, Ganymede, the Olympian button-boy, conveyed to Phœbus a polite message that "Master wanted to speak with him up stairs." Here the unlucky parent received such a reprimand that he for once forgot his civility, and told Jupiter plainly that "he wasn't going to be 'carpeted' that way, and if his services wern't required, Jove might provide himself with another coachman, or drive the Sun himself, and see what sort of an 'out' he could make of it."

This idea suddenly pacified the irate Jupiter, and Phœbus continued in the service with great credit to himself until the invention of the present solar system, by which his services were dispensed with.

Thus endeth the melancholy tale of Phaeton, the fastest young man recorded in the Classics.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

E. F. Half-past Eight. Don't knock loud.

IF THE YOUNG LADY who was in Persia on Wednesday afternoon, and was a few minutes afterwards stopped by the police on the Frontier between China and Switzerland, as connected with the popular progress meeting tending towards the Zollverein, will go to Canada at five to-morrow afternoon, it may prove to her advantage.

STOLEN from the Crystal Palace between the hours of four and six, on Saturday last, Kiss's Statue of the Amazon and the Tiger. A foreigner who was observed lurking near it, and subsequently went off hurriedly in a cab, is suspected. Whoever has found it, is requested to send it back immediately, post-paid, to the Executive Committee, and he will be rewarded for his trouble.

£500 REWARD is offered to any one who will produce nastier Vanille ices than those which unfortunate visitors are driven to eat in the Refreshment Department of the Great Exhibition.

OUR SOCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

We have observed, in common we imagine, with most of our readers, the odd queries upon matters of everyday life forwarded to the cheap periodicals of the day. We always conceived these to be inventions, until the appearance of this work threw us into the way of receiving similar communications, which we think may interest our readers :—

Ardent Amy says that a gentleman offered to take her to the Opera on the night of Viardot's first appearance ; but she did not go because she did not know what dress was proper in the stalls. Amy's usual walking dress, with bonnet and boots, would have been very nice. On entering the stalls she would have announced her name to Mr. Costa, and, if she had a parasol, have put it up between the acts.

Booby Ben complains of blushing whenever he goes into society, and being entirely at a loss for conversation. Under these circumstances we recommend him to keep out of it.

A Vicious Violet.—Certainly, it would be in the worst taste for a young lady to throw stones at the windows of any young man's father's house who objected to her as a daughter-in-law.

Pussy.—No ; you are wrong. The only way to learn the true French accent is by a pronouncing dictionary. The phrase, *Eel knee ah par bocoo der landoostree der lammcreek dan ler pallay der cristal*, is perfectly correct.

Minna and Brenda have a cousin, with whom their mamma permits them to go to the Exhibition. Minna likes the diamonds, and could look at them all day long ; Brenda only cares for the wax flowers ; and their cousin John won't come away from the agricultural machines. Hence they always come home squabbling. What can they do ? If they don't go with him they can't go with anybody else, and it is so nice to be without a *chaperon*. We recommend Minna and Brenda to select two eligible virtuous young men, and meet them by chance, at a given hour, under Dent's clock, when they go. Should one of these have a pretty sister, fond of the country, she would be a great acquisition to cousin John. Many matches have already been made up in Paxtonia.

Jones is ambitious, and wishes to go into the Guards—which is the best way ? A note to Prince Albert, accompanied by some small present—an American pine, an order for the Adelphi, or a lop-eared rabbit—in which the intention is the object rather than the value, will almost ensure a commission.

THE ELECTORS OF LITERATURE.

We have said that we intended to have nothing to do with Mr. Politics. But if Mr. Politics insists on forcing his way to us, common politeness demands that we should present him with a piece of our mind. We have just read—with feelings which it would require several pages to explain, and particulars must therefore stand over—the following announcement in the columns of our cotemporary, the "Athenæum."

"We are given to understand, on reasonably good authority, that the measure which Lord John Russell proposes to introduce next year for the extension of the parliamentary franchise will recognise *literary standing*—apart from all other considerations—as an *electoral qualification.*"

Now what 's that for? Can't you leave literary people alone? What next? What 's the good of it? Who cares? Who wants a vote? Almost every "literary" person of "standing" lives in London. What 's the use of giving him a vote? Is not every one of the London constituencies a perfect swamp of small shopkeepers, publicans, lodging-house letters, and the like, who poll by thousands and thousands? What sort of honour do you confer on an educated man by sending him into a mob of this kind? To tell him that after having read, studied, meditated, written, and been listened to for years, he shall have exactly the same privilege, and the same "voice in the country," as his dapper hairdresser over the way, or his tipsy greengrocer round the corner. How kind!—How appreciative! We hope Lord John Russell's proposal will have nothing of the sort in it. If it have, we shall demand to be heard by counsel at the bar.

In the meantime, to be very practical, let us imagine a literary gentleman, who has duly claimed his vote on the ground of "standing," and whose vote has been duly objected to by the hired agent on one side or the other, wasting his morning by attending the Revising Barrister's court to support his claim to rank with the barber and greengrocer. We should read something of this kind in the *Times* and *Morning Chronicle* next day.

Parish of St. Sewerage the Less.

Yesterday Mr. Pecker, the revising barrister, sat at the Pickled Egg

Tavern, to revise the lists of voters for the above parish. Eighty-eight voters having been struck off, because the overseer had forgotten to number the corners of the pages of the book in which they were entered; and the overseer having been fined 10*l.* for his neglect, besides being exceedingly well "blown up" by the learned barrister, the objections were taken.

Erasmus Slasher Biggins, literary man, was objected to for want of "standing."

Considerable scandal was excited by the claimant's proposing a preliminary compromise, by voluntecring to "stand" anything the court liked to call for. This proposal having been overruled, the examination proceeded.

The Claimant.—Claimed to vote, because he understands that an Act of Parliament entitles him to do so. Is a literary man. Writes anything he is asked to write, provided the people employing him are respectable. Has written upon a great many subjects, and so supposed he must have been more or less acquainted with them. Is considered a well-informed man, he believes. Is connected with a newspaper, and that sort of work requires a man to have all his wits about him. Conceives that he is perfectly well qualified to decide between the rival claims of Mr. Tom Duncombe and Mr. Ernest Jones to represent Finsbury.

The Court.—We know nothing of candidates here.

Claimant.—But that 's what it comes to, isn't it?

The Court.—I regret to say, Mr. Biggins, that I really do not see upon what "standing" you can claim to vote.

Claimant.—Nor I; but you have just allowed the claim of old Mr. Colophon, another literary man.

The Court.—Ah! But he has been twenty years occupied upon his great standard work, *Memoirs of the British Vice-Consuls, with Topographical Descriptions of the Countries in which they reside.* That is something like a qualification.

Claimant.—Yes; and I asked him, yesterday, whether more corn came from Odessa or from Galatz, and he promised to let me know in a few days. Well-informed man, and fit to have a vote,—wants an encyclopædia to enable him to judge a hustings' speech.

The Court.—The question before us is your claim, not Mr. Colophon's.

Now, if you can show the court that your standing is within the meaning of the act, I shall be happy to insert your name.

Claimant.—I don't profess to understand the theory of qualification, unless it means the giving a right to a man who is qualified to use it. The right in question is to decide between Tom Duncombe and—— well, I beg your pardon, between two gentlemen holding different views. To estimate their merits one should know what was going on. I am a short-hand reporter, and hear some of the parliamentary debates every night. I write political "leaders" for a country newspaper. I am a barrister—*in futuro*—and dine in hall. I belong to a debating society in the Temple. And I am often called on, at the shortest notice, to contribute magazine articles, reviews, biographical notices, and all the miscellanea of literature, which must be written up to the time of the very day on which they go to the printer. I make about 800*l.* a year, but live in apartments. As these, for which I pay about 50*l.* a year, don't give me a vote, perhaps my literary qualification may.

The Court.—No, sir—no. In all probability you know more about the current political questions of the day than nine hundred men out of the thousand in this list, but I cannot see that you have any "literary standing." Deeply regretting the necessity, I expunge your name.

The rest of the list was then revised, and several small-coal men, vendors of quack medicines, Jew masquerade-dress makers, dealers in marine stores, and other householders, having been inserted in the registry, the court rose.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

JOHN. You are implored not to return, your mother is in perfect health, nothing can be arranged satisfactorily; and your family generally get on much better without you.

TAKEN BY MISTAKE from Lady Wrackett's ball on Tuesday, an entirely new Gibus hat. The party who took it may have his Glengarry cap back again by bringing it to 12, N. Albany.

HER MAJESTY'S STATE BALL. The best screened Wallsend coals at 26*s.* a ton, in your own jugs. Slater and Ash, Blackfriars. Recommended by the faculty.

NURSERY RHYMES OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

FOR OUR VERY LITTLE READERS.

Koh-i-noor, Koh-i-noor, go away home,
You 're duller than ever beneath your gilt dome:
Sunlight or gaslight can't make you look well,
Koh-i-noor, Koh-i-noor, you are a sell.

Hey diddle diddle
The organ and fiddle,
Sibthorp, he hated a tune;
And bothered the man
Who was driving a van,
And swore he should smart for it soon.

Pat a cake, pat a cake, pastry-cook's man,
Make the refreshment as queer as you can;
Make it and bake it and keep it till stale,
For people to eat without porter or ale.

Dickory Dickory Dock,
At four beneath Dent's clock,
My charming fair,
You 'll find me there,
Dickory Dickory Dock.

Yankee Doodle 's come to town,
And begun to blubber,
When his counters only showed
Lamps and India-rubber.
Yankey Doodle look'd around,
Sharp as any beagle,
And the organ soon he found
Blew away his eagle.

CHORUS OF CHILDREN,

To be sung on the arrival of the Hero of Waterloo, dancing up to him and retiring.

Here comes The Duke a riding, a riding, a riding,
Here comes The Duke a riding
Rantam a tantam a tizzamy tee.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

IT IS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN that the Koh-i-noor in the Crystal Palace was manufactured at Messrs. Logy's Golconda Paste Works, Birmingham, who have the original in their possession for sale, by private contract. No one who cannot command one sovereign need apply.

DIORAMAS FOR SALE. All sorts of Dioramas of everywhere to be sold cheap, the proprietors being about to quit the business, for whatever may turn up next. Dioramas of rivers, cities, colonies, voyages, tours, routes, &c., on terms that must realise little fortunes in the provinces. Also for sale, fifteen miles of damaged canvas. Grand moving diorama of the Route of the Overland Mail from Brompton to the Bank: also a fine panorama of Australia for sale, which, by merely altering the figures, will do equally well for Switzerland, Greece, or California. Several half-finished dioramas of Algiers, China, Edinburgh, the Thames, Norway, Upper Clapton, St. Gothard, the Brighton Railway, Naples, the Euphrates, Hampstead Heath, and other attractive subjects, to be sold under prime cost. Be in time. Improve the working mind, and make the poor man happy.

MR. THACKERAY'S LECTURES.

A LITTLE time back there was a great deal of howling and grumbling going about the literary world, to the effect that its members were not recognised in society as they ought to be—in fact, that they were popularly considered as a gin-drinking, bill-owing, questionable set of people, not fit to be received into the house of any good private family, or indeed into any circle at all claiming position. Stoutly holding that a literary man may get into any society he pleases, by a judicious and respectable line of conduct, paying due attention to the *convenances* of existing social life, and always recollecting that a public reputation is of little avail, however brilliant, without an unspotted private character to back it, we fretfully waited for some practical example of our rule to contradict the theories of our discontented contemporaries. At last it came. Mr. Spatter of the Weekly Engine was not asked to dine at the palace ; Mr. Nib of the Coffee-house Review was not made a peer of England ; nor was Mr. Wince of the Tomahawk paid any remarkable homage to in Belgravia. But Mr. Thackeray, of Vanity Fair, announced a simple course of lectures on a purely literary subject ; and for the reason that Mr. Thackeray, living entirely by his pen, was still recognised as a fine gentleman by all—and they were many—who knew him in private, so accordingly his room was filled by an audience as brilliant and fashionable as intelligent and judicious—in fact, after the lecturer, the agreeable sight of the excellent set of people who gathered about him with such thoughtful attention, was really an attraction. Whereat we were much delighted, and felt amazingly relieved in our mind.

The daily and weekly papers have already put our readers in possession of the heads of Mr. Thackeray's lectures as far as he has yet gone. But one cannot imagine, from these mere notices, the hold he has obtained upon his audience. So pleasantly has he worked out his subject —so vivid are his pictures, so apt and quaint his comments, so sly his satire and so genial his admiration, that one regrets, and scarcely knows how, the hour and a quarter has passed, when he concludes, so ably has the attention been commanded. We have been living for a while among the wits of a time long gone away ; and when he has finished, the whirl of the carriages, the common salutes of the day, the bustle of

MR. MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH,

As he appeared at Willis's Rooms in his celebrated character of Mr. Thackeray.

passing life, the last new fashions rustling and glancing down the stairs —all these things, so agreeable at other times, come now as interruptions to our day-dream, which we might almost call unpleasant.

We congratulate Mr. Thackeray on his marked success. It has been as great, in its way, as the Crystal Palace: indeed the beautiful temple in Hyde Park is his only rival lion. His present course is drawing to a close; but we hear that it is his intention to commence another; and we hope that our readers will take the opportunity of bearing testimony to the truth of what we have written.

NEGLECT OF NATIVE TALENT.

Among the many illustrations in the Crystal Palace of almost every department of science and art, it appears somewhat strange that no specimen is exhibited of the industrial products of the British Lawyer. We feel confident that a two-thousand guinea brief, under a glass shade, would have congregated around it the wistful and admiring eyes of a large body of professional men capable of appreciating its benefit. A series of Daguerreotypes of the Passions, as excited in ten or twelve defendants of various temperaments, by the service of a copy of a writ upon each, would have formed an interesting spectacle. Nor do we doubt that many of our attorneys could have provided us with a Monster Bill of Costs, as gigantic, as brazen, and as terrific as the colossal lion from Munich.

As for machinery, we ought surely to have been presented with a model of a new chancery apparatus, with an increased rapidity of action, and a contrivance whereby the pressure of the client, occasioned by the present screw system, might be avoided. The known aptitude of our attorneys in getting up cases, surely justified us in expecting to see an elaborate case containing specimens of the English writ in all its forms, from the generous *Subpœna ad testificandum*, with its concomitant conduct money, to the the incarcerating *Capias ad satisfaciendum*.

But, vexed as we are at the neglect displayed, we console ourselves with the reflection, that at present the funds of the Exhibition boast a surplus; a result which would have been impossible had any lawyer been engaged in the proceedings.

GALAS AND VETERANS.

We shall be very much obliged to anybody who can favour us with a definition of the word "Gala," considered with reference to attraction. Now and then we see put forth, that certain proprietors or directors of public places of amusement will give a "gala;" and as this word is generally thrown out in great letters on the bills, we must conclude that it is something remarkable. When the fine weather came in lately, "galas" sprung up everywhere—for we should state that they are principally connected with *al fresco* places of amusement; and although we went to a great many, and quietly tried to find out in what they consisted, the result was, to us, anything but satisfactory.

A balloon, a ball, illumination lamps, a band, and fireworks, go a great way towards forming a gala. Collectively, these sound festive, but individually the revelry they promote is not very wild. Let us, for instance, take Vauxhall—dear old, unchanging, wearying, redecorated, rotting Vauxhall; the spot at which the foreigner expects to see, united, the fairy *Château de Fleurs*, and the sparkling *Bal Mabille* of the Champs Elysées, and is disappointed. It is a "gala;" let us go.

On our way, we paint a "gala" in our mind as we imagine it should be. We picture Naples, with its constant cheerful ringing noise of happy life. It has been a lovely day: when is it otherwise there? The water of the bay—liquid crystal, tinged with ultramarine—is lapping the oars of the boats, and falling back in flashes of phosphorescent light when disturbed; elsewhere it is so calm that the bright stars in the clear deep throbbing heaven are quivering on its glassy surface. The gardens along the shore are brilliantly lighted up with graceful paper lanterns—shaped like globes and bell-flowers and delicately coloured—hung amongst the trees, and in festoons. All round the edge of the bay, below Pausilippo, and along the Mergellina, lights are twinkling; as well as far away on the other side, by Portici, and over the lava-bound Herculaneum, above which the terrible Vesuvius is still breathing forth smoke and steam, lurid from the gloomy furnace below. Everywhere is light, noise, and revelry. The very man who

cries his "*limonate,*" and shakes his pressed snow up and down in the swinging cylinder, makes his cry musical. Gigs come jingling in from Resina, holding as many as you please above a dozen ; guitars tinkle ; *cáfés* send forth pleasant sounds of laughter and social life ; merry fellows and olive-cheeked girls dance for very light-heartedness, but never become obtrusive ; little boats, hung about with more coloured lanterns, seem to be going all alone by themselves about the bay ; and now, just above Pausilippo, the Mediterranean moon is peeping over the hill ; and as a girl strikes up the *Napolitaine,*—which we will promise to our readers, music and all, next month—we hear—

"Now then, cabby, where are you a drivin' on ?"

Here we are—at the "gala." We enter a portico and find ourselves in the pay place, which is like nothing else in the world, being a mixture of a covered river-pier, a stable, a steam-boat cabin, and a pit entrance. Pass on, sir ; by the policeman and along a dingy tumble-down trellised avenue, at the end of which is a bad transparency of a stout gentleman with a bald head and a stick, raising his hat and pointing his toe behind him. Who is this ?—What ! don't you know : pshaw ! you 're joking. We repeat the question nevertheless. Why, that 's Simpson.—Oh, indeed—and who 's Simpson ?—Our guide still thinks that we are making fun of him : it is not until we assure him such is not the case, that he tells us how Simpson was the celebrated master of the ceremonies. We are more puzzled than ever. What could have been his duties at Vauxhall ? Did he run about introducing people, who didn't wish it, to one another ? What could possibly, in the most remote way, have required his services ? Walking about and bowing to everybody, and saying, "Welcome to the Royal Property," must have become a monotonous duty after a time. It appears to have been considered all right, though.

We emerge into the halls of dazzling light : and this first *coup d'œil,* when unexpected, is the best thing about Vauxhall. But the brilliancy will not do to examine in detail. Not many people are in the walks. They are all jammed into the rotunda theatre looking at the horsemanship. You can only see the upper half of a flower-girl as she goes round and round. It is all badly arranged. The place was never meant for a circus. The people stand on a level with the ring and cannot see

above one another's heads: and the boxes are inconvenient, the angles having been taken for the stage instead of for the arena. Those who cannot see, are cross: and those who can, can't get out when they wish, for the others. So we don't go in, but walk about and scrutinise some of the "effects" too closely: and find that, in spite of all the alterations and improvements which herald the opening of Vauxhall every year, all the staggering old properties, freshened in some instances with a little paint remain, in the forcible language of Mr. Wright, as they used to was—Eve, Neptune, the Hermit, and all of them. It does not come up to our notion of a "gala" yet.

We promenade round and round, and round and round the covered walks, until we have met everybody six times over; so we turn back, and go the other way. We are very tired and cannot sit down, except in the supper boxes, which entails fowl and ham, and lobster salad. We cannot listen to the singing, for we have heard better. If it did not amuse us, sitting at our ease in a theatre or concert room, it will not standing in a crowd, with our head on the stretch, below the orchestra. Where is the fun? A bell and a scamper—this way to the firework! The mob rush, and scramble, and jostle, and the concluding joke of the comic gentleman is lost in the *melée*. As we climb the gallery stairs, we look about and catch odd glimpses of old and decaying pavilions, and rotting timbers, and withering trees. No change for years! Everything as it was when we first went there in the holidays, and drank more punch than we ought to have done, and broke our wine-glass, and danced with the waiter. The gallery seats are the same—damp, and green, and ricketty—the fireworks are the same—the waiters are the same—the fowls are the same, suggesting larks without giving rise to any,—nothing has changed. Manufactories and railways, villas and crescents, have sprung up around—public taste has taken more cultivated flights. Smithfield has been put down—the Palace Court has disappeared. Leicester Square has been built upon,—London has been covered over, and bored under, and perforated, and shifted and improved, and brought within eleven hours of Paris; and here we have the Royal property remaining just as it was, with the same worn-out routine of amusement, or rather lack of it, as when George III. was king, and Madame Saqui danced on the tight rope, and, for aught we

know, Mr. Harley played at trap-ball, and flew kites on the Field of Forty Footsteps. Good, enterprising, time-honoured directors, free us from this "gala" mediocrity. Give us something so bad that it shall be the talk of town, or so good that your ground shall not contain the assembled thousands;—anything, either way, is better than this gasping unalterable year-after-year inattractive inartistic stupidity. Try to amuse your visitors rather than make them drink brandy-and-water; place seats for them independent of jugs of stout and bottles of mulled port; let there be some variety to the toiling about the walks to see nothing—show them something that, from the very nature of the place, they cannot see anywhere else. Vauxhall was thought good in its day: so were the ancient concerts, night coaches, four-post bedsteads, hessian boots, harpsichords, and five-act plays; but we have lived, with yourselves, to see these things become extinct, or nearly so: and be assured, that unless great change takes place, your "galas" will tumble down into the gulf of oblivion with them.

We have scarcely left ourselves any space to speak of the usual accompaniment to a gala—a "veteran." We shall be very glad when he also is disposed of: inasmuch as the quick-sighted public begin to look upon the title as another name for semi-superannuated inefficiency. We do not allude to any "veteran" in particular—far from it; but we take them as a mass. A man does not feel any pleasure in routing out an old forgotten coat, of bygone fashion, however good in its time, to wear on a holiday, when there are others, of more modern cut, at hand. He rather wishes to appear as not holding any sympathy with the past-away relic. The same with a "veteran." His resuscitation is usually painful, and always unamusing. Coupling our own feelings with the impression he usually appears to make on an audience, in whatever capacity he comes before them, we would rather see a Greenwich pensioner dance a hornpipe upon two wooden legs, than witness the galvanic performance, in any line, of the most lively "veteran" of the present day. As we get old we do not like *souvenirs* of thirty years ago thrust in our faces, albeit to recal them to ourselves, in our own fashion, is pleasant. We prefer still appearing to go with the times, and being placed in proximity to youth, and talent, and freshness, and beauty; from which we perhaps lull ourselves into the complacency of a harmless idea that we imbibe the attributes.

THE BELLE OF THE BALL.

AN EXCELLENT BALLAD,

Which may be sung to the tune of "The Charming Woman."

THE very last guests have departed;
The candles burnt into thin air;
The ball-room is dark and deserted,
And silent again is the square.
The band, tired of playing and blowing,
Are wishing Herr Kœnig good night,
And Gunter's assistants are going,
Assured that their plate is all right:
And somebody says it is snowing!
And there's not one hack cab left in sight.

The page in the study is lying
Asleep on the dining-room chairs,
And the housemaids to slumber are trying,
And the butler is tipsy down stairs.
And the love-birds, who long have been blinking,
Quite scared by the music and light,
And e'en the canaries are thinking
At last, that it must be the night,
And tired of chuffing and winking,
Are tucking their heads out of sight.

And she, the fair queen of the numbers
  Who came to that beautiful ball,
Perhaps thinks now of me in her slumbers,
  And perhaps—horrid thought!—not at all.
In nights of such unalloyed pleasure
  Why cannot existence be passed?
To laugh at all power and treasure,
  If life could be always so fast;
To spend years in a Polka's gay measure,
  And die of a Sturm-march at last!

I think that I made an impression,
  Because, in the course of the night,
Whilst polking, she made a confession,
  That she liked to be held rather tight.
Then what her mamma had just told her
  Not minding, but taking some ice;
Just putting a scarf on her shoulder,
  Because the cold stairs were "so nice!"
And afterwards grown somewhat bolder,
  We waltzed down some wallflowers twice.

When Vane coarsely said she was "stunning'—
  He wanted to stand in my shoes;
She gave me a *deux temps* twice running,
  And threw over one of the Blues.
And then she got rid of her brother
  So well, when the supper time came;
And then we kept by one another:
  And one time, our plate was the same,
A very long way from her mother,
  Concealed by a *panier du crême.*

She told me she loved lobster salad,
  And rode in the park every day,
And doted on Hayes's last ballad,
  And Tennyson's "Qeeen of the May;"
And she pulled cracker bonbons and flirted,
  And laughed when I made some vile pun,
And when all my wit I exerted,
  She said I was "capital fun;"
Till the ladies the table deserted,
  And she was, I think, the last one!

How dreadfully hot ! I am tumbling
And tossing, and can't get to sleep ;
And over the streets the dull rumbling
Of wheels is beginning to creep ;
And all round the room I see whirling
The women and lights, and I'm dinned
By Kœnig, who plays to their twirling
The Olga, and Bridal, and Lind,
And long tresses, no longer curling,
Are floating about in the wind.

I wish I could marry—it's shocking
That my income will not carry two ;
Oh dear ! at my door there's a knocking,
And I have not slept the night through !
I must dress, then, as well as I can,
And trudge to that horrid Whitehall,
The Treasury work is so heavy,
The salary, too, is so small.
And so there's an end to romancing—
Adieu to the Belle of the Ball !

NOTES AND QUERIES.

We shall be obliged to any of our correspondents who will answer the following questions, which have been sent to us, against our next number :—

Can any of your readers inform me when the words *Tooral looral* were first introduced into our ballad minstrelsy, and what is their derivation—whether Anglo-Saxon, or Provençal ?—A. B.

Are butterflies named from the butter they secrete, as bees do wax ; or is not the term rather a corruption of the Selavonic *boota*, brightly coloured ?—Lepidopterous.

What became of the weathercock that was struck by lightning from Old Clumpley Church, in 1796 ?—F. S. A.

Is there a work published, called *Who's What*, or *How's Which*, or *When's Where*, in 1851 ; and if so, where can I procure it ?—J. T.

HOTELS.

CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTION.

BELIEVING that every succeeding year, with its increasing facility of travel, rubs away a certain amount of our insular prejudices; and that those opinions may now be freely uttered, which a quarter of a century ago would have exposed us to social martyrdom, we propose to run a tilt against all tolerated conventionalities, one after the other, in these pages. And as every fresh trip abroad convinces us more and more of their inconvenience and discomfort, by comparison, we take for our first subject, English Hotels.

This is no new whim. Years ago we avowed that the writer who once tried to invest an inn with such an idea of comfort, made a great mistake; and so have all those who, in the sturdiest traditional spirit,

still believe they believe so. Light and warmth, after a cold night journey, make an inn comfortable: so would be a brick-kiln, or a glass-house, or a blacksmith's shed, under similar circumstances. But the feeling upon arriving at an inn in the day time, when you know you have got to stay there, is to us irresistibly depressing. The utter isolation in the midst of bustle is bad enough in itself; but everything about you makes it worse. The chilling sideboard, with its formal array of glasses; the thorough Swiss of the household, whose services can only be procured by paying for; the empty tea-caddy and imperfect backgammon-board; the utter absence of anything to beguile even two minutes, beyond a local directory, a provincial journal of last Saturday, or Paterson's roads; the staring, unfeeling pattern of the very paper, and, in the majority of country places, the dreariness of the look-out; the clogged inkstand and stumped pens; the inability to protract a meal to six hours to get rid of the day; and, above all, the anticipations of a strange bed with curtains you cannot manage, and pillows you are not accustomed to, and sheets of unusual fabric;—all these discomforts, and a score more that we could enumerate, keep us from ever falling into that state of rampant happiness at an inn, which popular delusion assigns to a sojourn therein.

We were permitted, a few months ago, to give to the world a few more opinions on this subject; and more especially on the matter of paying attendants. We were aware that many foreigners would be travelling about the provinces, and visiting our great towns, this summer; and we were anxious for them to go away with as good an impression of us as possible. And, moreover, knowing how, abroad, hotel-keeping has become a perfect science; and how a fixed charge for everything, makes stopping in a first-class continental house so very agreeable, we determined to launch the first pebble at the brittle hotel conventionalities, in the hope that the multitude would follow our example and smash the whole system to atoms.

The circumstance of, what sly friends have been pleased to term, "travelling with a show," has given us rare opportunities, during the last year, of visiting hotels all over England. We have tried them all. The leading expensive sea-side establishment, where you can scarcely ring the bell without paying for the privilege—the old, almost for-

gotten, dingy, rambling inn, that was great in the coaching-times—the flaunting, gas-blazing, French-polished, bustling terminus tavern—the small country-town bow-windowed, old chambermaided, stone-passaged, tobacco-odoured family and commercial hotel and posting-house—and we have found the same things to object to in most of them. Not all. The North Staffordshire Hotel at the Stoke station, is a model house for England; and a man might do much worse than find himself at the Imperial, at Huddersfield—the London, at Edinburgh—the Victoria, at Liverpool—the Royal, at Manchester—the Buck's Head, at Glasgow—all well conducted houses. We could make out a terrible list of bad and dear hotels, everywhere; but our object is to reform, rather than injure, and so we will keep quiet.

CHAPTER II.—CERTAIN ABUSES.

Possibly a few of our readers may recollect, at the period we have already alluded to, we took as an example of the harpy spirit brooding over most hotels, the elaborate and expensive process of washing one's hands, which is as follows:—

You go into the coffee-room, and, previous to dining, wish to wash your hands. You ring the bell, and the waiter appears, to whom you communicate your wish. He says, "Hands, sir—yessir," and goes away. After waiting a reasonable time you ring again. He then conducts you to the foot of the staircase, and calls up it to the chambermaid. You stand in expectancy, with the waiter, for a little while upon the bottom rug, and then the chambermaid appears. She precedes you up some stairs, and down others, and along passages on different levels, and round corners, and at last introduces you to a bedroom. She next draws the bed-curtains, and pulls down the blinds—not because such is wanted, but from mere mechanical habit—and then leaves you to your own devices, with some hard water that would curdle the soap if it would dissolve; but you might as well wash with a bit of chalk as with the singularly hard white cake in the soap-dish. There is one towel, damp and hard, and very like embossed pasteboard; and with these aids you make what toilet you may, and then come out to find the

attendant waiting for her fee at the door. This is no exaggeration: we are certain there are few of our readers who will not bear us out in the truth of the picture.

And this at once brings us to the nuisance—for it is really one—of having to pay "what you please" to servants, without a fixed charge in the bill. We do not wish to diminish the earnings of hotel attendants; let them be paid at whatever rate they please—eighteen-pence, two shillings, half-a-crown a day—but let it be understood and included in the bill. Commercial men have generally a tariff of their own; but they will tell you themselves that they are bothered at times to know what to do. If such is the case, what must it be with mere tourists and visitors; who find that the donation received by one waiter with smiles and thanks, is sulkily carried away by another without a word, or with a muttered question of "whether it includes the Boots?" We recommend all travellers, if the choice is offered, to patronise only those houses which advertise "a fixed and moderate charge for attendance." The practice is already extending, and as the railways scared away the tribe of ostlers, porters, coachmen, guards, postboys, and other vultures who fluttered about inn-doors and yards, so we will promise that the more we travel and insist on these changes, the more rapidly will the old system blow up or decay.

In aggravation of this inn-fluenza, we have suffered much at hotels from wax candles, having been made first to burn them, and then to pay heavily for them, at all sorts of places. When we are at home we do not burn wax candles; very few people in our position in life do—we make bold to say that the majority of our readers do not—we are content with Price or Palmer. Then why should wax be forced upon us by hotel conventionality, to swell the bill, and why, the instant they are lighted, should every other charge be run up in proportion, until the prices of the commercial room are, at least, doubled? We should, perhaps, add that these extortions—it is the only proper word—chiefly occur in the inns that were great in those days of misery, the "fine old coaching times." Whenever we see pictures about the walls, of "Pulling up to Unskid," or "Down the Road," or "The Salisbury Rumbler meeting the Exeter Delay upon Easterly Common," we are sure wax candles burn in that room at the Pope knows how much an inch. And

we are certain also that the honest domestic chop upon the hissing hot blue willow-pattern plate will be superseded by the "cutlet" in the old battered, silver-edged, ricketty-handled, copper-betraying, plated side-dish; for the sake of an extra shilling on the candles and another on the dinner, looking to their refinements.

We are not flattered by these attentions. They do not make us think we are one-sixteenth of a degree higher on the ladder than the intelligent cosmopolitan gentlemen in the commercial room. They only provoke a melancholy smile at the dull contrast the wax candles and side-dishes present to the hard homeless aspect of the room. A hearse hung round with illumination lamps could not present a more depressing antithesis.

A great many of our readers know the charm of a well-conducted foreign hotel. Let us take for example the Grand Laboureur at Antwerp—the Baur at Zurich, or the Balances at Lucerne—Bairr's at Milan—the Colonies at Marseilles—the Etrangers at Naples—in fact, take one anywhere, everywhere, all about Europe, wherever Murray guides, or Farquhar and Herries are solvent, and we have not a house in all England to compare with them. The quick appreciative attention—the moderate charges—the utter absence of feeling yourself compelled to drink what you do not require "for the good of the house"—the single small cup of good coffee brought when wanted, instead of the fine old entire equipage, making another actual meal at most houses—the cheerful lofty bed, which you can sit in all day, so light and elegant is it, if you please—the pleasant change in the bill of fare from the "chop, sir, steak, broiled fowl," and all told—these things might be paid for at double their usual rate, and yet be cheap compared with our own tariffs and vaunted English comfort. And far above all, to return to our old grievance, the servants are charged in the bill.

At some of our hotels, as if still further to harass and perplex the departing guest, when he has humbly paid his so-many shillings for the attendance, the waiter says to him—"How is this to be divided, sir?" as if, in addition to the annoyance, an intricate and sure-to-be unsatisfactory calculation was to be forced upon him. We have found out a plan of retaliation in this case. We carefully pencil down the two shillings a day, for attendance, at the bottom of the bill, and when the

waiter asks our intentions as to its distribution, we make an elaborate division. We write—*Waiter, eleven-pence three farthings ; Chamber-maid, eight-pence three farthings ; and Boots, three-pence half penny.* You cannot think how this distresses him ; and, as servants at hotels never agree one with the other, what a war it occasions after you have left.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

Busses, Hansoms, Vans and Coaches,
Cramming, choking, all approaches,
Thousands gasping with amazement,
Once within the mighty casement.
Fountains, statues, jewels, models,
Far too much for feeble noddles,
All at once upon them breaking
Till their brains are turned and aching.
People to the stuff'd birds rushing,
Toiling, gaping, staring, crushing,
Swells at half-past four arriving,
Into Milan, driving, stiving.
Organs playing, fly-wheels humming,
Artistes wild pianos' strumming,
New York brooms and shoes neglected,
Envelope machine inspected.
Showmen whispering their prices,
Fainting pilgrims eating ices.
London chat, and country magging ;
Fagging, dragging, tagging, lagging.
Hubble-bubble, toil and trouble
Multiply all this by double,
And you will not have a notion
Of the Hyde Park Show commotion.

THE POPULAR DISAPPOINTMENT.

In common with all London we have been amazingly disappointed with respect to the Great Exhibition. Not with its wondrous beauty, nor its receipts, nor its success; but with the people we expected to meet in our neighbourhoods and about the streets. Where are the foreigners that sanguine artists taught us to believe, in their anticipatory views, we should see almost obliterating the parks and pavements? Where is the Highlander who was drawn in conversation with the Turk, like Rob Roy and Blue Beard; and the Chinese gentleman giving his opinion on the palace to the Tyrolean peasant and the Russian nobleman? Where are the Greeks, and Arabs, and Hindoos, who were represented as making every part of the metropolis look like a fancy ball turned out of the Hanover Square Rooms by daylight? We have not seen any of them. The mandarin came up from the junk, and one day we met two Greek sailors on board a steamboat, but we have encountered no others. Fezzes don't reckon; for we have long been as familiar with them, in London, as with Gibus hats; and an Oriental, whom we saw following his old English master about the Exposition, only wanted a broom to degenerate into an ordinary street-sweeper. We question, after all, whether some of the provincial shillingers have not been stranger and more removed from our habits and customs than the real far-off foreigners. We confess it has been a regular Sell.

Another wonder to us is, where the sixty or seventy thousand people go to, foreign or not, who, according to the returns, daily throng the Crystal Palace. We have not the slightest idea. Were they dropped from the clouds into the Exhibition and taken up again when they had been over it, we could not see less of them. There is no perceptible difference in the streets, except on the western thoroughfare. The bills we saw up in several lodging-house windows in April still remain there. The omnibuses load better, to be sure, and the theatres fill; but not more than during the cattle show. It is altogether as great a mystery as where the people go to who are shot out by hundreds every quarter of an hour from the steamers into the town of Gravesend on a fine Sunday.

And where are the Revolutionists? We must confess that we *did* hope they would try and get up a row, just to have shown them how

very quietly we put such a thing down ; with one or two policemen—how completely we pooh-pooh "demonstrations"—how little we believe in political "conspiracies," or the pleasure of *mourir*-ing for one's *patrie*. The fraternal democrats are at a sad discount amongst us. We have met one or two wandering about the parks, looking uncommonly harm-

[The Wolf and the Lamb.—A Sketch in Kensington Gardens, 1851.]

less. The other day we saw one staring for an hour at a sheep, in Kensington Gardens ; and the sheep was no more afraid of him than we were. He was too stout to pass between the iron hurdles that border

the Ride ; and finding he could not, he turned away. It was a terrible drop for him. He had come over to pillage the Palace, and blow up the Tower, yet he did not even dare move a bit of light wire fence on the domain of tyranny and the people's right.

We suppose we have seen all the crowds and foreigners that we shall see ; but, we repeat, we are miserably disappointed. The Scotchman, the Grand Turk, the Tyrolean, the Andalusian, the Chinese, the Rajah, the Moor, the Brigand, and the Greek, have never come amongst us, at least not as they ought to have done, according to the pictures. We almost begin to disbelieve in costumes altogether, and to entertain the notion, that the glittering masquerade stores of Mr. Nathan are only so many deceptions, planned and invented by him to show how he thinks foreign nations ought to dress, and how they should, if he was appointed Costumier to the *Bal Masqué* of the Universe.

INTERESTING.

From Banger's Zoology of California, just published, we select the following account of a new animal :—

" The Pantodon is an animal found on the banks of the Sacramento, and in the value of its components far exceeds that of the cow, as told in our spelling-books. Its nails are of iron, and are used as such by the natives, as well as its tongue, which, when dried for a file, will cut steel. The lenses of its eyes are crystal, which are cut and polished by the settlers for spectacles in looking after the gold dust. Its bones are of the finest ivory ; and, by a freak of nature, the vertebræ compose an entire set of chessmen. By feeding it on madder, as is known to physiologists, they may be stained scarlet. The hair, which is long, is of pure gold thread ; and in the skull is a jewel similar to that of the toad mentioned by Shakespere. The flesh is exceedingly delicate, resembling jugged hare in flavour ; and so nutritious, that one small animal, the size of a rabbit, will feed a dozen men. If kept near the sea, the animal will salt itself for winter food ; and by turning it out afterwards in the spice bushes an excellent flavour is obtained. The Pantodon is

re-produced by sowing its teeth in a light loamy soil. The young animal has wings at first, which are large and flimsy; and manufactured by the natives into fans, screens, &c.: these fall off in six weeks, and the perfect pantodon is left.

"We are informed that one of these interesting animals is on its way to the Zoological Gardens, per *Revolver*, Captain Colt; and should it arrive, it will entirely put out of joint the noses of the Hippopotamus and baby Elephant.

"By the last advices from California, we find that the running water of that country has the property of turning everything into gold that is immersed in it for six weeks. A ship has just left Liverpool with a cargo of sixpences to be turned into half-sovereigns. A large consignment of German-silver forks and spoons, Albata waiters, and jack and dog chains has been made for the same purpose. There is no telling where this will end."

THE SCHOOL OF ABUSE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I have a fancy for attending public meetings in which personal matters are discussed with acrimony; and vituperation and recrimination give zest to the proceedings. But it seems to me, that in the true science of abuse, the English are very strangely deficient. It is one of the few matters (except bricklaying) in which the Irish excel us. Instead therefore of such coarse expressions as "fool," "liar," and "coward," the banishment of which from the vocabulary of an orator entails so much tame circumlocution, and tends so greatly to abate the virulence of an attack, I beg to offer, for the use of future disputants, the following "model observations," which I trust will be found to answer every purpose:—

Mild Contradiction.

"I will not accuse the gentleman who has last spoken of being a

wilful propagator of untruths, because his general reputation renders such a charge utterly superfluous. But as his circumstantial statement has only excited curiosity by showing what did *not* happen, allow me to lay the facts before you."

Indulgence in Personalities.

"By a singular perversion of terms, Mr. Chairman, I am accused of having 'indulged in personalities' against the individual opposite. Sir, when that individual becomes the necessary topic of discourse, no allusion to him can be properly called an 'indulgence.' Such allusions must be as painful to the speakers as dishonourable to their objeet. The only real 'indulgence' desirable in such a case, would be a total forgetfulness of his existence."

A Peaceable Disposition.

"Sir,—Not even the constitutional timidity of the preceding speaker need lead him to apprehend personal danger from the violence of my temper. The consideration that were I to follow my natural impulse, I should disfigure his features beyond recognition, is quite sufficient to withhold my arm. For, sir, I should thus simply confer upon him an inestimable benefit, by elevating him from an object of contempt into a subject for mistaken compassion."

Possibility of Improvement.

"But, as some philosophers teach, that even the lower animals run their course of progress, and advance systematically towards perfection in the scale of creation, we may yet entertain a hope for the moral, physical, and intellectual improvement of my opponent, by his removal into a more elevated grade of existence. Who knows but that, in a few centuries, he may reappear upon earth, refined into a baboon."

Hoping that my system will meet with the approval it deserves, I remain,

Yours,

VITRIOLEUS CARBOY.

GRAND MENDICITY SOCIETY.

In consequence of the description lately given of the Protective Police System in *Household Words*, and the habits of the street strugglers in *London Labour and the Poor*, a large meeting was held on the 25th ult., at the Cock and Trumpet, Little Crown Court, St. Giles, to consider what steps should be taken to guard against the approaching bankruptcy of the mendicant profession in the metropolis. The attendance of the most celebrated cadgers of the day was very numerous.

Mr. Sneal, the celebrated reduced-merchant, who wears black gloves and high white shirt collars, and holds six small sticks of sealing-wax in his hand, was called to the chair.

The Chairman stated that since the public were becoming so wide awake, he had not taken a half-penny—nay, he had been exposed to insult. Ribald young men would say, as they passed, "Ullow, old feller! not a bad get up, eh? "—insolent boys would ask, "How much for your gills without the starch?" The other day two young miscreants of the better orders stood one on each side of him, with great gravity, each holding a stick of sealing-wax similar to his own, until the passers-by roared with derisive laughter. Even the old ladies turning out of Exeter Hall, all religion and rheumatism, mistrusted him.

Tom Starboard, alias James Bunter, agreed that something must be done. The late races had not been worth a (bad word) to him. He had carried a ship on his head, imitating a storm at sea, until his neck was almost dislocated, with a child in a sort of Punch's show at his back, and changed six times a year from overgrowth; and now, in his old age, he had nothing to look forward to but scudding under bare binnacles, without a shot in Davy Jones's locker, shiver his fokesel.

A deputation of distressed mechanics was then introduced. After three of them had sung a concerted piece, commencing "We are poor men from Manchester," which had a very great resemblance to the constant trio of the Anabaptists in the *Prophète*, the leader observed—"My Christian Friends, I am truly ashamed of being seen in this deplorable situation. I am a native of Stockport, in Lancashire, a stocking-weaver by trade, and thrown out of employment by machinery. The smallest trifle will be thankfully received and gratefully acknowledged by a starving family."

And he was proceeding to give out the words of a hymn, when the Chairman begged him to recollect that he was not "doing the soft uns" there. He said that was not his intention; but he wished to call attention to the fact, that his simple and unaffected story had been made fun of, right and left, even at the Princess's and Adelphi theatres. The game was up.

JOHN CHALKS observed that, after intense application to enable him to write "*Necessity compels*," and "*Hunger is a sharp thorn*," on the pavement; and also to draw a mackerel in all its natural colours, which was worth three or four shillings a day, he had been driven to extreme destitution. He had subsequently gained a few pence by chalking "*Free Trade and Starvation*" on the National Gallery, Buckingham Palace, the Carleton Club, and other good walls; but he had got into a scrape about that, and was compelled to abandon it. He had looked into cookshop windows at steaming juicy joints for hours together, with a wistful face, to melt the passengers; and crouched at night in palpable doorways for the same purpose, but all now failed. The policeman walked his chalks out, and he was really starving.

The CHAIRMAN said he believed it. He had received a communication from a family, formerly high in the lucifer line before a gas lighted baker's or gin shop, assuring him that they had not tasted a hot supper and grog for nearly a week, nor asparagus this year.

WILL OATFIELD (of the Mint, in the Borough), a well-known "distressed labourer from Somersetshire, without a farthing, or a friend in London," said, it was their own fault if they didn't set the crushers at defiance, for there was enough on 'em. Let the swells mind what they was about. They wouldn't do away with the slaughter-houses in Paris for fear of the rats; now they 'd prove a blessed sight worse than the rats if they was deprived of the means of their livelihood. He was for firing the Crystal Palace, and grabbing all they could.

The CHAIRMAN said such a scheme was no go. He had been a Chartist, and knew the failure it would turn out.

After a long argument, it was generally agreed—

"That a subscription be immediately started to purchase a ship, and proceed to California."

Sums were readily put down to the amount of £800, and the meeting was adjourned.

SOUVENIR DU SMITHFIELD.

ROMANCE.

BY A COMMON COUNCILMAN.

Air—I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
How my childhood fleeted by,
When amidst the pens of Smithfield
We all play'd at I-spy-I.
For the riot and the row, love,
We never used to care,
For they said just then as now, love,
It was such a healthy air.

I remember, I remember,
How my childhood there went by,
'Midst the beef of its December,
And the lambs of its July.

Then the sewers, then the sewers,
Were as nice as nice could be,
And the odour from the brewers
Was less fresh and bright to me.
Scent to night, scent to night, love,
Is brushed upon my hair,
But not so fragrant quite, love,
As Smithfield sewers were.

I remember, I remember, &c.

I was merry, I was merry,
When some beasts were to be slain,
And I thought it funny, very,
When they made them howl with pain.
Now I 've you, love, now I 've you, love,
To hear me scold and swear;
But my oaths are not so new, love,
As the Smithfield drovers' were.

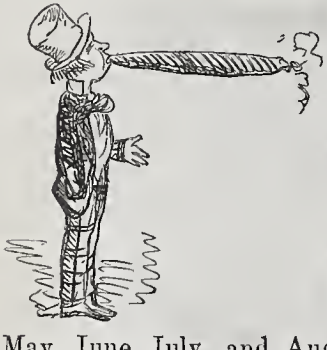
I remember, I remember, &c.

SINGULAR CASE OF SUSCEPTIBILITY IN A CRAB.

[FRIGHTENED INTO FITS BY AN "UGLY."]

We had entertained great hopes that the odiously unbecoming calashes which ladies wore at the seaside last season—making their bonnets look like bathing machines turned hindside before—would be discarded. We only know that we were attracted one day on the *Boulevard des Italiens* by a moving concourse of people; and looking along the pavement, we saw an English lady in an "*Ugly*," perfectly mobbed, and proceeding amidst the yells of laughter and derision from the boys, and the speechless wonder of the general passengers at her incomprehensible disfigurement. We were in hopes they would be similarly treated everywhere, but it is not so. In a local paper of the month, we find that a lady ventured on the sands for a walk in one of these frightful machines, and that a large crab, who was soberly edging away in the sea, on beholding it, fell completely over on his back in such violent convulsions that he was easily captured by some fishermen half an hour afterwards. Let this be a lesson!

THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.



OR some time after the opening of the Crystal Palace, the theatres, panoramas, and exhibitions generally, were in a state of unparalleled depression. Nobody would go anywhere—not even with orders. Some of the houses closed on occasional nights—others shut up altogether; and two or three times, at the most popular resorts, audiences were dismissed, from paucity of attendance. The numerous speculators who had swarmed up to London, believing that all through May, June, July, and August, gold would roll into pay-places sooner than it could be taken up, lost heart one after the other, and disappeared from the Exhibition advertisement column in the "Times:" restaurateurs starved; shopmen pared their nails behind their counters; orders for the Operas flew about the clubs at half-past six, p. m., on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, without being clutched at: in fact, everything was going to ruin.

It was not until the middle of June that business everywhere began to look up: but by that time most of the *entrepreneurs* of public amusements had lost so much money, that we question whether even the present influx of visitors will repay them for previous losses. For full as London now is—and most incomprehensibly so with respect to any marked increase of people about generally—yet still "the rush" has not come as was anticipated by managers and proprietors.

The tide of public favour has set in most strongly towards the two Operas. This might have been expected, since country families visiting London, and having but a limited number of nights available for amusements, would most naturally go there. The Royal Italian Opera has held its ground bravely, in the teeth of a more unfortunate series of *contretemps* than ever drove a manager crazy. Its two great attractions, *Les Huguenots* and *La Prophète*, have, as usual, drawn to more than

overflowing; and Tamberlik's unexpected hit in *Don Giovanni*, has furnished the company with an additional attractive tenor. The success of Mademoiselle Cruvelli, at Her Majesty's Theatre, has also been undeniable; and the bringing out of Auber's *L'Enfant Prodigue* with great splendour—the right of which has been claimed by the other house—has done good service. *Fidelio*, at both establishments, has made both audiences proclaim it "very fine," and then go yawning home.

Drury Lane is closed, we believe this time, finally. In the absence of any leading tragic talent, *anywhere*, the so-called "legitimate" drama—propped up, quacked, and always viewed through a false medium, has at last gone away to hopeless oblivion; and there we hope it will keep. We look to Mr. Anderson to establish a theatre for *Dramas*.

The Princess's has held up its head well, even during the weeks of the greatest general depression. There is that care and intelligence shown in most of the departments of this establishment, which the public now *will* have, and always recognise; at the same time, the Keeleys are great favourites, and with the excellent stock company collected round them, including Mr. Wigan, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, and Mr. Harley, they cannot very well fail in their undertaking. To those who do not recollect its original cast and representation in Paris, the present adaptation of *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle*—remarkable for Mr. Wigan's admirable performance therein—may pass tolerable muster.

The Haymarket has, we are sorry to say, been doing but little of late. Constant secessions from its once unequalled company have sadly diminished its attractions; and we cannot commend the late attempt to introduce light operatic performances, in a theatre manifestly unsuited to them. Mr. Webster is reported to be in Paris looking out for novelties. We trust his untiring enterprise will be rewarded; for lately the energies of the management have been directed to that species of "hitting wildly," which precedes the losing of a fight. One thing is certain—it is all up, and we trust for ever, with the long-tolerated five-act standard plays.

The incomprehensible, popular, always-crowded Adelphi, has lost none of its attractions. Hot or cold—wet or dry—holidays or working-term—it is all the same. There is the Adelphi, and there is Mr. Wright

and Miss Woolgar, and Mademoiselle Celeste, and Mr. Paul Bedford—to say nothing of Mr. Hudson, Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam, and Mr. Honey—and there are the people always cramming and screaming and applauding. And there we go too, and like to cram and scream and applaud with the best of them: and fifty years hence, some Monday, when we see that "*The Green Bushes* will be revived on the return of Mademoiselle Celeste from her provincial engagements," there we shall hope to be still, and cram and scream and applaud as much as ever.

The graceful LYCEUM has revived *King Charming*, with Mr. Beverley's wondrous fairy scenery and effects, and *The Court Beauties* came in opportunely enough at the period of Her Majesty's Ball, as well as to show country playgoers to what a pitch artistic effect is carried under the direction of Madame Vestris, and the pains-taking heads about her. The company is by no means strong, but it is worked with consummate tact, and the severe good taste of the directress is evident in the smallest details. Nothing, however insignificant, is scamped. The one act pieces here are always well played. As we hold Mrs. Keeley, far and away, to be the greatest actress of the day, so is Mr. Charles Matthews, above all comparison, the greatest actor.

The OLYMPIC has not flourished particularly. Mr. Farren's unfortunate unintelligibility of speech renders his personations at present far more painful than attractive; and causes every one to lament that so fine an actor should thus outlive his great reputation. Mr. Leigh Murray has left the company; and Mr. Compton is now the only performer of mark remaining. We fear that the expenses under the present management must greatly have exceeded the receipts.

As for the STRAND, the SURREY, the MARYLEBONE, and SADLERS WELLS, they scarcely come within the ring. VAUXHALL, CREMORNE, and most especially the SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, have been crowded during the fine weather. The latter place of *al fresco* resort is most admirably managed, and M. Jullien is alone worth our shilling. The PANORAMAS are, generally, grumbling. The *Holy Land*, at St. George's Gallery, ought to do far better than it has done hitherto, from its subject and admirable treatment; and Mr. Gompertz's *Arctic Regions*, in St. Martin's Lane, deserves especial praise for its artistic excellence. The figures are everywhere life-like and effective; but the moving pictures have had their day. There is a melancholy little

collection of bygone ricketty mechanical contrivances at the Lowther Arcade, which will scarcely repay inspection; and the luckless *Cosmorama Rooms* in Regent Street are now opened as the Prince of Wales's Bazaar. We wonder what they will be next!

M. Levassor's Entertainments, at the St. James's Theatre, have afforded very great amusement to the frequenters of that house. We have nobody who can touch him but John Parry. Mrs. Butler's Readings have proved a class attraction at the same theatre; and Rachel, on her nights, carries all before her.

In Leicester Square Mr. Wyld's Globe is a stupendous and admirably constructed work; but we do not see in it sufficient elements of popularity to repay the clever projector for his time and money. The eye takes in its plan all at once; and then you appear to want something else, to constitute a "sight."

Amongst the amusements of the month, certainly the most interesting, as well as the most inexplicable, has been the exhibition of Madlle. Emilie Vandermeersch's trained Birds. This young lady—who, by the way, is a very pretty dark-eyed girl—has contrived to gain an influence over her feathered scholars that sets all conjecture at defiance. It is not a common exhibition of birds who wear cocked hats, and draw gigs and water, and have had all their feathers blown off their polls by firing guns and dying as deserters, but a remarkable series of what we might almost term educational performances. The birds, which are sleek little foreigners, in beautiful condition, are in a long arabesque cage with four compartments. In front of this cage is a long tray, in which are possibly two or three hundred cards, perfectly uniform in size and appearance. Behind the birds stands their young mistress, with a slender rod of whale-bone in her hand, with which she scarcely directs them. The visitor is then asked to see what time it is by his watch. We will suppose it to be a quarter past two. The bird is told to repeat the time, and, gravely leaving his cage, without any fluttering or uncertainty, he walks up and down the cards, and at last pulls one out with his bill having the number 2 on it. This he displays, and then pulls out the number 15 for the minutes. The card perhaps falls on its face; the bird directly turns it over, and then enters his cage, with a seed given to him by way of reward. This is the simplest of the performances; and after it they increase to an elaboration utterly incom-

prehensible—rings, coins, and dice being made subservient to their wonderful feats, without the slightest appearance of collusion or trickery. On being told to draw a lady's portrait the bird picked out a drawing of a rose ; and next, upon being asked for an explanation, drew forth a neat little compliment. A die was thrown, and he immediately produced its proper number. The little fellows are equally clever. If one appears idle or inattentive, another directly takes his place, for the same question, retiring in an orderly manner when he has finished. But of twenty or thirty *tours* there was only one failure, and this was rectified on the second trial. In fact, so very novel and astonishing is the whole affair, that now Madlle. Vandermeersch is going to hold public *séances*—for hitherto she has only attended private parties with her little academy—we entreat all our friends to witness the performance, and we are convinced they will be as gratified and astonished as we were.

The Weather is a matter of such great importance to us, with respect to our amusements, that we must give a word to it. It is never very remarkable for stability in England ; but this year it has set all calculation at defiance. It puzzled the young ladies—who form *the* feature in all our amusements, as we suppose they do everywhere else—dreadfully. At the fêtes, races, morning concerts, and *déjeuners*, that were held during the severe frosts of June, they did not know what to put on. If they went out in warm semi-winter *capucines* and opaque bonnets, the sun came out in the middle of the day for an hour or two, and made them feel as uncomfortable as Laplanders at Calcutta ; and as soon as they put on their airy, cool, most admirable muslin dresses, with the large falling sleeves, and their fairy-textured excuses for bonnets, the north-east wind surged forth, and the rain began to pour, and they were washed away like delicate sugar-work. The only place in which our *belles* have been enabled to show, to any advantage, has been in the Crystal Palace ; and there, on Saturday, they have drawn all the attention—even from its avowed wonders. They looked as light and finely-constructed and beautiful as anything under a glass-case ought to look. We know little about fashions—we can only perceive when people look very nice ; and believing that there is more pretty taste shown in ladies' dress in London this season than we well remember to have remarked, we anticipate a pleasant occupation in watching its coquettish turns and combinations at all the approaching

amusements of the season, which we regret to hear is to be but a short one.

Mrs. Graham has had another accident with a balloon. She appears to be a most unfortunate person, and we would advise her to give up the business. It is by no means a feminine occupation. There may be a minute of enthusiasm in the crowd, as a female is borne up into space, with flags waving and a band playing. "Off she goes;" but when the balloon comes down, and the aforesaid female has to bawl after rustics, and squabble with labourers, and haggle with waggoners, and pull cords, and pack canvass, and push off crowds, it becomes quite another affair.

ALMANACK OF AMUSEMENTS.

FOR COUNTRY AND FOREIGN VISITORS.

JULY.

1	Tu	Grand Meet of the Queen's hounds on Kennington Common, at 4 p.m.
2	W	Total eclipse of the Sun, visible at Blackwall.
3	Th	Lord Mayor's Day, and City Pageant from Westminster to Guildhall, by the York Road, Stamford Street, and Bankside.
4	F	Grouse shooting begins on Hampstead Heath.
5	S	*Old May Day:* dancing round the May-pole in the Strand, by the coryphees of the Royal Italian Opera, from 2 to 6.
6	S	
7	M	The Skating Club meet on the Serpentine, weather permitting.
8	Tu	Great Match on the Brighton Railway, between the favourite engines Phlegethon and Etna. Once round and a distance, clearing six sleepers. Heats.
	W	Bartholomew Fair in Grosvenor Square. Old English sports—badger-baiting, horse-collars, and rolls and treacle. Open to all foreigners.
10	Th	Opening of the New Cattle-market in the Green Park by the Emperor of Russia and the Mayor of Westminster.
11	F	Review of the Household Troops on Soho Square, by F. M. The Duke of Wellington.
12	S	State Visit of Her Majesty to the Adelphi Theatre; and midnight Floricultural Fête in Temple Gardens. Benchers' Handicap.
13	S	
14	M	Grand Launch of the *Dreadful*, 186, and last match of the Royal Yacht-club, in the enclosure, St. James' Park.

15	Tu	Hare Hunting ends in Lincoln's-Inn Fields.
16	W	Musical Festival in the Crystal Palace, with 20,000 musicians, for the benefit of the Egyptian sufferers by the conflagration of the Great Pyramid, on the night of Monday, the 30th ult.
17	Th	Tournament in the Tower, and grand *assaut d'armes* by Officers of the Royal Life Guards Blue. Severing of a cold round of beef by the non-commissioned officers; cutting the bar of bread, and the celebrated table-cloth trick. Also the trial of attack and defence between the mad bull and the umbrella.
18	F	Display of Fireworks in the Thames Tunnel.
19	S	Fancy Fair and Fête Champêtre in Smithfield with grand ball in Bartholomew's Hospital and quadrille of Orthopœdic patients.
20	S	
21	M	Inauguration of the statue of M. Jullien in Westminster Hall, by the Attorney-General.
22	Tu	Southwark Races, first day.
23	W	Balloon ascent from Batty's Hippodrome of M. Poitevin, with the children of the St. Anne's and St. Olave's Charity Schools, in sixteen omnibuses.
24	Th	Nothing particular to-day.
25	F	Padre Gavazzi's first appearance at Cremorne Gardens on the *corde volante*, by special desire.
26	S	Regatta for the championship of the Thames, and great rowing match between the Chinese Junk and the Dreadnought Hospital Ship, from London Bridge to Croydon.
27	S	
28	M	Madlle. Jenny Lind is expected to arrive from America this day; and, if so, will sing every night at Rosherville Gardens, Gravesend, for a month.
29	Tu	General illumination in honour of all nations, and the two Italian Operas open for nothing all day.
30	W	Increasing amusements. Deer-stalking in Clement's Inn Gardens, and salmon spearing in the Regent's Canal.
31	Th	Grand National Festival of Industry. The fountains in Trafalgar Square will play pale ale and cyder-cup all day long; and M. Soyer throws open his Symposium gratis, with refreshments to all visitors, from sunrise to midnight. Stupendous model of the Mer de Glace at Chamouny, in strawberry-ice cream, by Mr. Masters and the Wenham Lake Ice Company, in Kensington Gardens. Scramble of new sovereigns from the top of the Nelson Column, and grand gratuitous distribution of the contents of the Crystal Palace.

Our readers will see there is enough to amuse them this month, of which we have endeavoured to render a faithful report. And so we wish them a good-bye until the first of August.

CHARADE ACTING.

THE MONTH.

A

VIEW OF PASSING SUBJECTS AND MANNERS,

HOME AND FOREIGN, SOCIAL AND GENERAL.

BY

ALBERT SMITH & JOHN LEECH.

AUGUST, 1851.

PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE OF "THE MONTH,"
No. 3, WHITEFRIARS STREET.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Editor cannot, in any case, undertake to return any MSS. forwarded to him. Writers are therefore recommended to keep copies of everything they send.

All communications must be addressed to the Editor, at the Office of "The Month," No. 3, Whitefriars Street. It will possibly save much trouble, as well to many of our correspondents as to ourselves, to inform them that all the business arrangements of the work are in the hands of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, Whitefriars.

A WRETCHED INDIVIDUAL sends us the following solution to the conundrum of our Engaged Contributor, in the last number :—

"In shining hat, and rough great coat, and badge, and corded smalls,
'Bank!' 'Paddington!' or 'Holborn! Bank?' the *'bus conductor* calls.

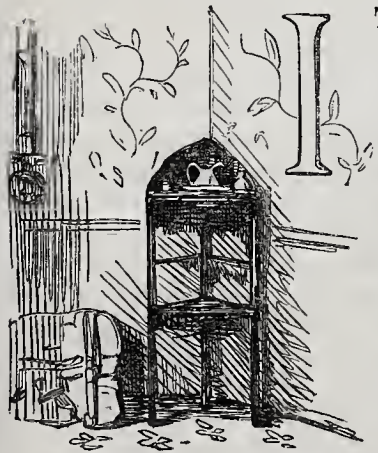
In bonnet light, with trimmings bright, and *barége* in a fuss,
That fair girl with her cherry lips, likewise *conducts a buss.*"

We have great pleasure in informing our readers that we have, at considerable expense, engaged a first-rate Humbug, who will from time time to give his candid opinion in THE MONTH upon things in general.

Answer to Charade. PAX—TON.

HOTELS.

CHAPTER III.—OF THE GOOD OLD COACHING DAYS.



The Infernal Three-cornered Washing-stand of the good old coaching times.

IT was a blessed thing when the stage coaches were run off the roads by the winged engine of the rail: and therefore we think that the enterprising proprietor who heads his advertisement in Bradshaw "The Olden Time Revived," and has a woodcut of a four-horse coach below the announcement, mistakes the public taste, and offers anything but an attraction.

We all of us remember the misery of a journey on a coach ten or fifteen years ago. Who the people were who used to write and talk about the pleasure of sitting behind "four spanking tits," we never could understand. The tits never spanked when we were perched behind them on the black shelf which was called a seat, and was about as comfortable as a mantel-piece. Then again "the box" was considered a great thing to secure. We never intrigued, or fee'd, or struggled for it. It entailed an uncomfortable position, with the trouble of holding a bunch of hard leathern reins in your hands while the driver got down; and the bore of listening to his commonplace uninteresting attempts at conversation when he kept his place. If you went behind you had no room for your legs, or they hung dangling over the wheels. If it was

cold you were frozen ; if it rained you were soaked ; and if it was dusty you were smothered. All was as bad and dreary and miserable as it could well be. And yet no one had the courage to say that it was so, anymore than he would now have to affirm that everything classical is unamusing—that English watering-places have had their day—that Shakspeare is better to read at home than to sit out at a theatre—that all *crochet* productions are ineffective nuisances—that the exhibition of the Royal Academy wearies more than it interests—or to run tilt against any other tolerated conventionality. Thank goodness, however, at last the coaches have gone ; and all the coachmen, and guards, and loaders, and hostlers, and helpers, and hangers-on generally, with them. The coarse hurried dear inn-dinner is gone : the troublesome passengers who got down to drink brandy and water at every stage, and would talk to you afterwards, are gone ; the horses, whose histories you were supposed to be interested in—how the leader had been picked up for a " fippun " note, or the wheeler had worked ten year in the Brighton Higheharger—are gone ; and in their place we have the civil unpaid guards, the rapid exhilarating transit, and the all but actually reasoning steam-engine, of the glorious railroad.

It is about the hotels, to which these coaches formerly ran, that discomforts and abuses are most obstinately collected. Founded before our universal intimacy with the Continent showed us what good hotels were really like, they have got absolutely mouldy in their usages. From the very moment you arrive, until your departure, everything goes on as it did forty years ago. As you come up to the door a bell is rung violently, not that anybody replies to the summons, but it gives a little sort of galvanic bustle to the establishment, and impresses you with the notion that you are creating a sensation, and must do something immediately for the good of the house. Formerly it called all the harpies together for the arrival of the coach ; but now, although there is no coach, the bell is still kept up, like the curfew or any other old usage. So we have seen reduced people still ring a dinner bell, when living in a six-roomed cottage in Camden Town.

At these old hotels the waiters have decayed with the life of the establishment. They are slow of action and comprehension. The chambermaids are the same ; and they hate being asked for a plurality

of towels. The rooms are the same ; they have old forgotten names painted on them—the *Chatham*, the *Portobello*, the *Ranelagh*. The passages are dark and intricate, and on different levels, with obtrusive sills every now and then to trip you up ; and the grand characteristics of the bed-chambers are bad soap and four-post bedsteads, and inconvenient three-cornered washhand-stands, about which we will say a few words.

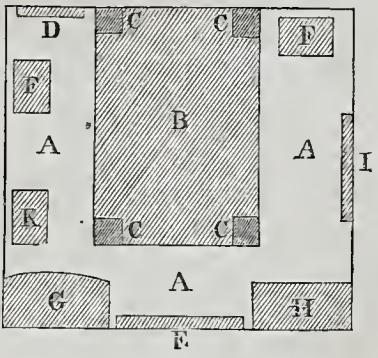
CHAPTER IV.—OF SOAP, FOUR POST BEDSTEADS, AND WAX CANDLES.

And first of the soap—of that little inconvenient latherless cube of indurated composition which is a part and parcel of the old hotel system. What is it? Where is it bought? How is it made? What is supposed to be its use? Is it really soap, or cheese, or wax, or chalk, or gutta percha, or cement, or all these things combined? If you try to wash with it in cold water, you might as well use a square of ivory—if you put it in warm, after a time a film collects about it, as we have seen about a dead perch in the well of a punt ; but you will get no lather. And if, in your desperation, you try to rub it hard on your coarse single towel, its nipped-up cornerless form offers no hold ; and slippery, without being saponaceous, at last it darts out of your hands, like a bullet, into a corner of the room, where you had better let it lie, and purchase some brown Windsor on your own account.

The accompaniment to this soap—to the conventional hotel and all its appendages, is sure to be that grand old temple of suffocation, bed-besiegers, and night-mare, the four-post bedstead. It is one of those fine and ancient institutions which it is the glory of England to cling to. Originally constructed in the dark ages, when doors and windows would not close, and chimneys were blast-furnaces, and space was no object, it has come down to us in all its original hearse-like imposing presence—shorn only of its surmounting plumes of dusty feathers, which may yet be seen in some old places, gloomily brushing the ceiling.

Why it so always happens that the smaller the room, the larger is the hotel four-poster, we cannot explain. We only know that it is so—that

the ordinary chamber would have that appearance in a plan whereof the explanation is—



A A A The Chamber.
B The Bedstead.
C C C C The Four Posts.
D The Door.
E The Window.
F F The Two Chairs.
G The Chest of Drawers.
H The Washhand Stand.
I The Fire-place.
K The Portmanteau Stool.

Now it will be seen in this plan that there is not room for anything. Within the heavy expensive elaborate mass of serge, chintz, feathers, mahogany, horsehair, sacking, holland, ticking, quilting, winch-screws, brass rings, castors and watch-pockets, the hapless traveller rolls about in vastness, and swelters and gasps, and breathes the same uncirculating air over and over again, and before he ventures into it is even at times asked "if he will have a pan of coals?" Without the bedstead, his toilet operations are necessarily contracted to cabin-like space. There is no table to put anything on, nor is there room for one; sitting in such a cribbed chamber is out of the question, and so he has no choice between the coffee-room and the gaunt stark expensive private apartment, where the old waiter makes him an assenting party to all the old tomfoolery of burning two old wax candles in two old plated heavy candelabra rather than candlesticks, after which it is possible the chamber-maid sends him to bed with a mutton dip without snuffers.

How great the contrast here presented to any foreign hotel you like to

THE WAX-LIGHT MYSTERY.

remember, with its airy comfortable simple bed—its half sitting-room bed-chamber, with tables, chairs, bright chimney ornaments, and convenient *escritoire*—its ready, quick, perceptive, civil attendants, for whose services you know how much exactly you will be charged in the bill. No wonder people like travelling on the Continent!

Touching wax candles, we would recommend travellers not to have private rooms unless they see gas introduced. There is something so enormously comical and absurd in a stranger at an hotel sitting down alone in a cheerless room with two wax lights burning before him in dreary solemnity, that he must be a dull fellow who would not laugh outright at this melancholy little bit of state, but for the annoyance we all feel at having useless expenses thrust upon us.

We have something yet more to say on our subject, which we defer until next month. Meanwhile, we beg that travellers will assist us, and determine only to patronise those hotels at which a regular and fixed charge is made for attendance. Many of them have lately added this intimation to their advertisements; these houses are by all means to be selected, as, in the general way, their other arrangements will be found equally sensible, even to the abolition of wax candles. When new hotels are announced, the proprietors of which, in the old stereotyped phrase, "hope, by moderate charges, to merit a continuance of those favours," &c. &c., let us determine to mistrust them unless we see at the end:

"A FIXED MODERATE CHARGE FOR SERVANTS."

ARCADIAN.

A LADY, at a suburban villa, a few days since sent her page to inquire concerning a neighbour who had been for some time ill. "Mrs. Percival's compliments to Mrs. Taylor, and desires to know how she is to-day." Buttons returned, and delivered himself thus: "Mrs. Taylor sends her compliments, and, if you please, ma'am, she 's dead."

THE NEW WESTMINSTER PLAY.

(Suppressed Scene.)

The M—rq—s of W—stm—r's *Picture Gallery,* Gr—vn—r House. *The M—— himself walking about in carpet slippers. A knocking heard.*

M——s. Who waits?

Enter Footman.

Footman. Your lordship called?

M——s. Dolt! why dost ask?
Had I not called, how could'st thou, ass, have heard me.
Enquire who 'tis that comes to call on *me.* [*Exit* Footman.
No doubt some visitor to see my pictures—
Those which, in evil hour—the dinner done—
I vowed to show, and those reporters heard me.
Ellesmere! I would the Mere that gives thee name
Had held thee, ere thou 'dst set the fond example—
Ward! I award thee anything but praise.
Northumberland! I thought thee too far north
In folly—scion thou of Syon House
(Owned sometime by that Proud One, who did chide
His wedded wife, that onee presumed to kiss him,
And told her 'twas a liberty), dost *thou*
Open thy portals wide, and of thy porter
Make but small beer! What has the Public done
That I should let it in to see my pictures?
Now, by my coronet of Marquis (gold,
With ermine, set with four strawberry leaves,
As many pearls, on pyramidic points
Of equal height alternate) I'll be hanged
If I do stand it. [*Enter* Footman.
Now! Who comes?

Footman. My lord,
Two ladies and a gentleman—their names
Are on these cards (*kneels and presents cards*) and in their hands they bear
Your Lordship's invitation.

M——s. Are they clean?

Footman. O yes! Nay, might I speak without offence
I 'd say, got up regardless of expense.

M——s. Vulgarians! What 's their carriage?

Footman. 'Tis a Brougham—
A new one.

M——s. Ha! Well, as new brooms sweep clean,
I'll risk them on my carpets. Let them in;
But tell them if I find one speck of dust
Upon my Aubusson, there'll be a row
They do not dream of—tell them, from thyself,
(The message might not come so well from me)
Thou know'st 'twould please thy lord, if at the door,
In Orient fashion, they would leave their shoes. [*Exit* FOOTMAN.

M——s. (*soliloquising*) 'Twere not amiss that I did keep list slippers,
Which I could force all comers to put on;
But these would cost some shillings, and my rents
Which, this year, of three hundred thousand pounds
Their average, lacked full ninety.—
[*The* FOOTMAN *flies into the gallery head foremost and falls at his master's feet*
Well! how now—
'Tis thy befitting place, but thou assum'st it
Something in hurry or state, whose pig is dead?

Footman (*rises*). My lord, I gave the message to the man
Who brought the ladies. As I spake the hint
About the shoes, he waxed exceeding red,
Upp'd with his foot, and swearing 'twas "a custom
More honoured—*otherwise* than in observance"
Dealt me a kick which placed me where I am—
And yonder drives he off indignantly.

M——s. 'Tis a good riddance. Thou, too, shouldst rejoice,
For, in the language of the lower class,
A "kick" and sixpence are synonymous—
So thou 'rt twice threepence richer than before.

Footman (*aside*). Before—*that's* not "the place where the shoe hurts." [*Retires.*

Another knocking.

M——s. They 'll wear my knockers out—in vulgar speech
The world will say I am not worth a rap.
The jest is old, an adjective which suits not
My Marquisate, or carpets.

Enter FOOTMAN.
Who 's the next?

Footman. Two gentlemen who——

Enter VISITORS.
Answer for themselves. [*Retires.*

M——s (*wrathfully*). I say, you know—

First Visitor (*bows*). The master of the house
My lord, for your obliging invitation
Myself and friend return our grateful thanks,
And come to feast our eyes upon your wealth—
Artistic wealth, my lord, of course, I mean.
That 's a most stunning Raphael at your elbow—
Next it an out-and-out Correggio, there,
And here a scrumptious Rubens. To the left
No end of a Caracci, and beyond,
A Titian that comes out like one o'clock.
How lovely are the Arts !

M——s. Ere you proceed
In language such as Hazlitt, Eastlake, nor
The gentle Mrs. Jameson ever matched—
I pray you tell me, have you rubbed your feet?

First Visitor. Rubbed them and scrubbed them on your lordship's mat,
Until our corns glow like minute volcanoes.

M——s. Pass on then—walk upon the carpet's edge
And look to every step.

First Visitor. Might I suggest,
The edge runs near the pictures, and by chance
One 's elbow might approach the canvass.

M——s. Well—
Better do that than spoil my carpet. On ! . [*The* VISITORS *proceed.*

A third knocking.

M——s (*runs to window*). It rains—it rains by Jove—the Pluvian Jove
I mean. (*calls*) Admit no visitors to-day.

Enter FOOTMAN.

Footman. My lord, a lady—

M——s. Lady me no ladies !
You heard my orders. Keep her out—it rains—
I 'll have no muddy spots upon my carpets—
That were a lark indeed—a mudlark, truly.

Re-enter FOOTMAN.

What, back again?

Footman. My lord—the case is this—
She holds your invitation for to-day—
To-morrow she leaves town for Italy.

M——s. I wish her, tell her, a most pleasant journey,
But 'tis no reason she should spoil my carpets.

Footman. She 's in a carriage, and its floor is white,
And her small feet are cased in polished leather,
Glossy as jet—she holds no speck of dust.

M——s. No, for down with it was the word with thee,
And she has bribed thee. It will be "no go,"
In stepping out, her foot might touch some damp,
And that might touch my carpet. Bid her hence—
In Italy she 'll see enough of pictures—
(Originals, perchance, of which I 've copies)
Give her good day.

Footman. My lord, I am your slave. [*Exit sulky.*

M——s. (*solus.*) In other days, when chivalry was bright,
I think I should have been a Carpet Knight;
Aubusson, Turkey, Kidderminster, Brussels,
To keep you spotless I have had some tussels—
Dishonoured my own notes—of invitation,
And offered visitors much aggravation.
The papers jeer me, and my household smirk,
To see a Marquis do a Housemaid's work—
No matter, let them laugh—what 's that to me?
A *Tapis Franc* my *tapis* shall not be. [*Clock strikes.*
Ha! 'tis the hour at which I clean my rooms—
(*Calls*) Tea-leaves—the small hand-shovel, and the brooms—

[*As the servants rush in with the implements for a good sweep, the curtain falls.*

AT IT AGAIN!

We thought that we had had quite enough of bad conundrums when we permitted our "Engaged Contributor" to have his last one printed; but one correspondent, who signs himself "A Wretched Individual," and, it appears, is desirous of taking to the conundrum business, has sent us the following, the solution of which, as he had not added it, we shall be glad to receive before next month:—

"When is a collection of flowers thrown out of the third box from the pillar on the grand tier of the Royal Italian Opera to Viardot, after her performance in *Le Prophète*, like the second volume of Macaulay's History of England, half-bound, upon a library shelf?"

WHAT IS TO BECOME OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE?

In that rapid recognition of perfection, which has made The Month at once *the* organ of the day, we have received all kinds of communications relative to the ultimate disposition of the Crystal Palace. We give a few of them, not that we coincide with all the sentiments of the writers, but merely to show the variety of views entertained on the subject.

Mr. Editor—Sir, I am an actor—an 'umble profesor of the Thespian art—now, alas! driven from the boards by foreign artistes. With Drury Lane and Sadler's Wells both closed for the legitimate drama, where can it find a home? The reply is simple—in the Crystal Palace. Let it be made a temple for those great five-act productions, where the vulgar claptrap of construction and situation is discarded, and true poetry in blank verse is talked for three hours without the false aid of plot or interest to disturb it. There shall the fine old standard actor find a retreat and an asylum, which at present is denied him; else we may say with the great bard:—

> "The Thames shot-towers, St. James's Palaces,
> The Middle Temple, Wyld's great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it encompass, shall dissolve,
> And like the Exhibition building rased,
> Leave not a wreck behind."

Yours, obediently, Belmont de Clifford.

P.S.—The area is sufficiently extensive for Mr. Phelps and Mr. Charles Kean, each to act Hamlet as often as they please, at the two ends of the nave, without disturbing each other, or injuring mutual attraction.

2.

Sir—The Crystal Palace is the epitome of the world's industry—why not make it an epitome of the world itself, by which we may travel all over the world without going a shilling fare from Hyde Park corner.

Let each department stand as it does at present, but let it represent

each country to perfection. Thus, in Egypt, I would raise the temperature by an Arnott stove, without a pan of water on the top, to an intense dry heat, and, by a contrivance, whirl dry sand about in the air all day long, to fill the eyes of the visitors. Millions of gnats, for musquitoes, and flies also could be caught in gauze nets and turned loose there; and I would arrange with any London water company to cause an inundation at certain periods, which, subsiding, might leave a rich alluvial coat of sediment on which mustard and cress could be drawn up, by the combined heat and moisture, as rapidly as the Nile-side vegetation.

America might remain as it is. The temperature is not particularly out of the way; and its vast and naked galleries, covered with turf, might convey some idea of its boundless prairies. No difficulty would be found in re-collecting the Ojibbeways (who have settled down quietly about England as clerks, flymen, navigators, and railway porters,) to assume their original charaeters. If they could not be got, the depths of our own agricultural districts would supply savages quite as rough, without the Mohican or Ioway ingenuity.

Switzerland I would put under the care of Mr. Masters, and the Wenham Lake Ice Company, who, between them, could produce a glacier quite as fine as Grindelwald, with the advantage that it might be all made of vanille, *mille fruits,* or peach ice.

By conveying the open mouth of the chimney-shaft of the engine-room into one of the Stockport, Bradford, or Sheffield departments, a fine idea could be obtained of the usual atmosphere of our great manufacturing towns. Vegetation would not be in place here; if needed, I am no horticulturist, but I suppose coalwort and ground-ash would flourish best.

I don't know where the Zollverein is; and indeed I have asked all classes of people, in the building itself, and they can't tell me; and I have looked in the Atlas, and can't find out there. So that I can't propose anything for it, at which I am very sorry; for they are clever, industrious people, and came over very early, and are a great feature in Paxtonia.

Should it be desirable to make a natural sea-boundary, between any countries, I have no doubt the Brighton railway would lay down pipes on their line, and bring up salt water, fresh and fresh, at a small cost. In

fact, to carry out a great notion, I think the Serpentine might be drained, and refilled for bathing, at the same time, with the surplus.

Yours, faithfully, COSMOPOLITAN.

3

SIR—Raise your voice in the name of humanity. Poor Mrs. Hicks has been badly treated; let her have the Crystal Palace as a Curds and Whey Establishment for the people. Your humble servant,

PATERFAMILIAS.

4

SIR—Why not plan out the Crystal Palace into model lodging-houses for respectable invalid families, making each compartment an establishment? The nave could be parcelled into gardens; the transept dug into a lake; and altogether a delightful and perfect town could be established for a happy, but delicate population. Perhaps some of the Owenites, or Mormonites, or Agapemonites might take a compartment off the Commissioners' hands, and so contribute to the expenses. I merely throw this out for a hint. Yours, with respect,

CIVIS.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO THOSE WHOM PROVIDENCE HAS BLESSED WITH AFFLUENCE.—A mythical widow, the mother of no end of anonymous children, and who has been reduced by unforeseen circumstances to the depths of the most apocryphal misery, begs to announce that Mr. Prigg, Oilman, of Pegg Street, Camden Town, has kindly undertaken to receive, and spend, donations and subscriptions for her. Mr. Prigg, takes this opportunity moreover of observing, that he has on hand a large quantity of Superior Pickles at reasonable Prices.

DO YOU BRUISE YOUR CORN? Because if you do you are very foolish, as the operation is exceedingly painful, and does not eradicate the evil. Soak your corn first in warm water, and then cut it.

LOCKS, LOCKS, LOCKS. A challenge to the world. MR. HOBBS undertakes to pick Teddington Locks, or any other that may be selected between Sunbury and Henley, in five minutes.

LONDON LABOUR AND THE LONDON RICH.

No. II.—The Goer to "At-Homes."

S it is customary in the fashionable world to call a "déjeûner" something that is eaten at five o'clock in the afternoon, so, by a similar miscomprehension of terms, a lady usually declares herself to be "At Home" when nothing can be more opposite to the state of domesticity which those words may be supposed to express.

"At Homes" may be classed under three heads—the Polking, the Charading, and the Lionising. The first we may dismiss as presenting the usual features of a simple evening party; the second and the third require consideration.

Of the Charading at Home.

Charade-acting is a contagious complaint, the first appearance of which dates back some twenty or thirty years, and may be termed the great plague of the nineteenth century. Like the pest of 1665, however, it is gradually dying away through its own virulence; and, it is hoped, will ere long become extinct.

I was fortunately enabled to procure the statement, upon this social complaint, of Mrs. Grosvenor Smith. [Memorandum by the way: Persons named Smith always struggle painfully to make an attractive *prénom* carry their somewhat common name, as a painted float keeps the shot from trailing along the bottom of the river. I may mention even the editor of "The Month" as an example. You will find amongst your acquaintance of that name, Mrs. Belgrave Smith,

Mrs. Howard Smith, Mrs. Gloucester Smith, but never Mrs. Smith simply. Yet the lady is no less Mrs. Smith; and this custom extends greatly to monosyllabic surnames. Mrs. Willoughby Peck, Mrs. Darlington Chip, Mrs. Clavering Tims, are amongst your friends; as also are the Misses Mandeville Hicks. These names arise from the same feeling alluded to in my last.]

Mrs. Grosvenor Smith gave me the following information:—"I live in Stanhope Street, and have drawing-rooms with folding-doors; this is principally the reason why I patronise charades. Charade-players travel about in sets, as do hop-pickers and haymakers. Thus when Mr. Smiley comes, I also have Miss Corgy, and Captain Mattison, and the two Hoopers. Will I tell you who they are? Oh, certainly.

"Mr. Smiley is in a government office, and a capital charade-player. He carries a box about with him, with wigs, burnt cork, and a false beard; and he also speaks French, and imitates actors. His disguises are capital. He invented *Night-in-gale* as a charade, of which presently.

"Miss Corgy has property; perhaps she is about five-and-thirty. Five-and-thirty is a favourite age with charading single ladies. I have lived in the country. There, they take to district visiting—in London, to charades, at that time of life. Miss Corgy can dance the bolero admirably, and play the castanets.

"Captain Mattison was in the ——, now, I really don't know. I think it was the Indian army, or perhaps the yeomanry cavalry somewhere. He has moustachios, but not very good ones: he cuts them off too sharp, and will wear stocks. He may be forty, perhaps more; but can play the guitar.

"The two Hoopers, Blanche and Augusta, are sisters. I don't know their ages. Blanche is the eldest. They have played charades all their lives, and know an immense number of good words. They stay about at country houses to play charades, but don't marry.

"Oh! the word I spoke about—*Night-in-gale*. First of all, Mr. Smiley puts a saucepan on his head for a helmet, with the turbot-kettle lid for a shield, and the spit for a spear. That is *Knight*. Then Miss Corgy ties a scarf round his arm, and watches his departure over the back of a *prie-dieu*, meant for a lonely tower, to soft music.

"The second word is *Inn;* and that is played by Captain Mattison

and Mr. Smiley. Captain Mattison comes to an inn in a highland dress, and Mr. Smiley appears as a fat waiter, which is done by a pillow under his apron. Then the Captain wants to know what there is in the house, and he names one thing after another, but there is nothing. At last he says, 'Then, what the deuce have you in the house?' and Mr. Smiley says—'An execution!' It is so very clever, you know—an execution—meaning that they have not been able to pay their bills, and so the sheriff's officers have put a man in to show that they take possession of everything.

"The third word is *Gale*. A steam-boat is made by turning the sofa hind side before, and everybody is in it. Mr. Smiley has an old umbrella, which he does some remarkably amusing things with, such as opening and shutting it, and putting it up the wrong way,—oh! so very good; and Captain Mattison rows with a fire shovel, and Miss Corgy steers with a handscreen, and her hair down.

"Then comes *Night-in-gale*. Blanche Hooper, in a large straw hat, brings on a cage, which she hangs against the window-curtains, and says she has lost her bird. Then she sits down and cries, and Miss Corgy plays a symphony on the piano in the next room, whilst the window-curtains are withdrawn; and there is Augusta Hooper as Jenny Lind, in the *Figlia de Reggimento*, with a little sixpenny drum. She sings the rataplan, and that is the nightingale, you know. *You cannot think how amusing all this is*—so very clever!

"How do I know the people are entertained? Of course they are, for they all say it is so very good, and when they go away they always thank me for a most delightful evening! I think it is better than having any singing people; besides, they don't want to be paid."

Another informant, Mr. Edward Hipple, of the Foreign Office, thus gave me his notions:

"I know Mrs. Grosvenor Smith; I go there now and then, but I can't stand any more charades. Smiley's fun is the slowest thing you can conceive; and poor Mattison always looks as if he'd tumble to pieces if you undid his stock. Do I know Miss Corgy? Who don't—poor old thing! I should think she and the Sphynx were contemporaries in the riddle line. It's the greatest fun you ever knew to see her jig about in the bolero. I've heard that Chester's broken bloodvessel was

brought on by it, smothering his laughter. I don't know what the Hoopers are: I never heard that they did anything for their livelihood but charades and tableaux. They used to be goodlooking till they got so hacknied about. I always run away when they get near a piano, because I know Augusta is going to sing that Jenny Lind thing. I 've heard her sing that in Cheshire, and Norfolk, and Sussex, and half over England, at houses, and parks, and courts, and all sorts of places in the country, where people are invited to yawn, and struggle after fun, and squabble, and try to outdress each other.

"Nobody likes Mrs. Grosvenor Smith's charades, — not hers in particular, but anybody else's. People are not amused: they think they are, but if they analyse their feelings they would find they are not. I hate being jammed up in a room for hours to see your friends make fools of themselves. When Smiley puts a muff on his head, and tucks his trousers inside his Wellington's, and believes he's a Russian, I don't think he is. Nobody does. Everybody hates amateur performances but the actors: but when a lot of persons are mad to dress up and spout before others, what can you do? Take it as a rule that all amateur things are bad, from fiddle-playing to pie-crust. The sufferings people have undergone from charades would not be believed. They make the feeble laugh, but the judicious yawn."

At a moderate computation, there are fifty performances of charades four times a week in London during the season of four months. Each charade employs, perhaps, five persons; and each audience numbers about forty on an average: thus we find there are eight hundred performances in the season, employing four thousand actors; but as many of these are the same over and over again, the exact numbers cannot be given. We may, however, put the audiences at thirty-two thousand, inasmuch as nobody ever goes to see acted charades a second time.

DIAMOND DUST.

THE meshes of intolerance catch more fish than butterflies; but the snare of envy attracts equally the mite and mammoth.

THE FINE OLD COMMON-COUNCILMAN.

(AN ADMIRABLE NEW BALLAD TO AN OLD TUNE.)

I 'LL sing you a fine new song at once, before it is too late,
Of a very Common-Councilman who 's trembling for his state,
Who guzzling at his hall comes out partieularly great,
But whom his friends in early life forgot to educate,
Like a vulgar Common-Councilman, one of the present time.

His wife so fine was hung about with feathers, lace, and bows,
Contrived by city milliners, whose fashions no one knows,
And though she dropped her H's, yet she wore expensive clothes,
And "wot 's the hodds" she oft would say, "which way the money goes?"—
Of this fine old Common-Councilman, all of the present time.

And when the Queen was to be seen he rushed into Guildhall,
And took his wife, and his wife's aunt, and daughters, sons, and all;
And swore and push'd, perspired and crush'd, and fought his way about,
And showed his wife Prince Halbert, when desired to 'pint him hout,'
Did this fine old Common-Councilman, all of the present time.

Few names I wot, those guests had got, that England loves to claim,
But those the civic wards supplied did every bit the same,
And figged-out dames with cheeks in flames, did on the throne entrench,
Who could not well speak English, not to say a word of French,
Nor those fine old Common Councilmen, all of the present time.

But "which there is," (as they would say) a paper called THE TIMES,
Which drags up by the roots, all old abuses, cheats, and crimes;
And when its heavy ordnance soon was pointed at Guildhall,
They quaked in dread, because they knew, their power soon would fall,
Did these fine old Common-Councilmen, all of the present time.

And surely 'twill be better far, by universal frown,
When following dirty Smithfield, they themselves should be put down,
Who are more vulgar than the most uneducated clown,
And ought to feel at last, that they are not of much renown,
These fine old Common-Councilmen, all of the present time.

GENERAL BIOGRAPHY OF GREAT MEN.

(COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE MONTH.)

PART I.

BRADSHAW.—An English lawyer noted in history for having acted as president on the trial of Charles I.; imprisoned at the restoration, he spent the remainder of his life in compiling a Railway Guide, of which a fresh edition is still demanded every month.

WARREN.—The discoverer of the famous Jet Blacking, 30, Strand. Upon the backs of the bottle labels he wrote his celebrated tale of *Ten Thousand a Year*, thus shining in two lines.

HARLEY.—The great Earl of Oxford, impeached in the House of Commons in 1714, and committed for two years to the Tower. After this he took to the stage, and acquired great celebrity as a comic performer. He was the original *Cox*.

PITT.—This great man's life presents a vivid picture of the vicissitudes of fortune. Son of the Earl of Chatham and Prime Minister of England, after many ups and downs, he was at last obliged to earn a living by keeping a toy and marble warehouse in Seven Dials, and painting scenery for the Adelphi Theatre.

WATTS.—A native of Bolton, the author of some divine and moral songs, and inventor of the steam-engine: Died, 1748.

BELL.—A distinguished anatomist, and sculptor, as well as author of a novel termed the "Ladder of Gold," and founder of the "Life in London" Newspaper. After establishing a new system of Education in schools, he was returned for St. Albans, A.D. 1850.

SMITH.—This celebrated personage was born in England in 1780, and at the commencement of the present century filled many important public and private situations: in fact we find his name connected with all the great events of the time. He was a divine, an actor, an officer, and an author; and is said to have written his *Wealth of Nations* during the siege of Acre, which he defended successfully against the French. Subsequently getting into bad company, he was hanged, for setting fire to Plymouth Dockyard. His family branches, which are very extensive, are fully treated of in Kelly's Post Office Directory.

AN INTERESTING COUPLE AT THE EXHIBITION.

They can't think where mamma can have got to—they have been looking for her everywhere.

N.B. The most remote Refreshment-room selected.

THE TENNYSON MOVEMENT.

With all our devoted admiration for the sweet muse of Alfred Tennyson, yet we feel something must be done to stop the hold she is obtaining upon everybody. She has much to answer for, under her different disguises of The May Queen, the Miller's Wife, Mariana, The Princess, The Gardener's Daughter, Dora, The Sleeping Beauty, Godiva, The Lady of Shalott, The Lady of Burleigh, and all the other charming persons. To say nothing of the part she takes in all flirtation conversations, she has driven a great many people to write poetry who ought to have been engaged in honest occupation instead.

In instance : the following has been forwarded to us from our barrister, as a production found amongst the papers of his discarded clerk. The young man was never attending to his business ; and, bitten by the muse aforesaid, is supposed to have passed all his time in looking miserable, and attempting similar poems.

LINCOLN'S INN.

Comrades, leave me here a minute, for it is not five o'clock,
Leave me here, and when you want me, you will find me at the Cock.

'Tis the place, and all around it as of old the smoke-cowls spin,
Dreary gleam the dirty windows, never cleaned in Lincoln's Inn.

Lincoln's Inn, that from its chambers overlooks a grimy square,
With some blackened stubby bushes, killed by smoke and want of air.

Many a morning from my office, have I heard the dirty boys,
Shouting "Paper!" down the area, in the full delight of noise;

Many a night I 've watched the gaslights—all around a dazzling host,
Gleaming like a lot of glow-worms, stuck by bird-lime on a post.

In the Spring a lighter paletot is by Messrs. Nicoll made ;
In the Spring a young man's neck is in a brighter tie arrayed ;

In the Spring the Opera opens, and an order may be got ;
In the Spring the oysters finish, as the weather gets too hot.

Then I saw her dress was smarter than the other Cranbourne girls,
And her eyes gleamed softly on me, shaded by her glossy curls,

And I said, dear Amy Johnson, wilt thou my own sweetheart be?
For, my pretty bonnet builder, I am much in love with thee!

Love toss'd off the glass of time as though it had been only gin,
Love dwelt in those dreary chambers three pairs up in Lincoln's Inn.

When my master had departed, and I felt unwatched and free,
Would my Amy come to see me, and assist in making tea?

Many a Sunday by the railway did we go to Hampton Court,
When the chestnuts were in blossom and the days were not so short;

Many a Sunday on the water, made we inexpensive trips,
Talking then was not the only use to which we put our lips.

Oh! my Amy, Amy, Amy! Oh! my Amy, mine no more!
Oh! the dreary, dreary Sundays: Bushy has become a bore.

Is it well to wish thee, happy?—having known me, thus to drop
To a man with lots of money, but who keeps a retail shop?

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower still, in spite of all his pelf,
Till from sad reverses you may have to sweep it out yourself.

As the gent is, so the lady; thou art mated to a snob,
And he'll sink thee to his level, in a cheap Excursion mob.

He will treat thee, when he wearies on thy jaded face to look,
Something better than his strop, but more as if thou wert his cook!

What is this? his speech is hazy—think not he has had too much—
Go to him—it is thy duty—you're his wife—behave as such!

He will answer to the purpose—perhaps he'll murmur "It's all right,"
Better thou wert dead before me, though I gave thee arsenic white!

(*The rest of the MSS. is so blotted with tears as to be illegible.*)

CON. FOR LORD JOHN.

When does a ministry display an exemplary virtue?
When it encounters a defeat with resignation.

A STREET SKETCH.

(July 9th, 1851.)

ORAY—y—y—y—y—y—y!!! Bang! Here she comes, Bill! *Oo*-ray—y—y—y—y—y!!! Rang-dang-dang-dang!! Now then, Missus, one way or the other! Rang-dang! Rang-dang-dang! *Ooray—y—y—y—y—y—y!!* Rang-dang-bang-kling-klang! Bang! Bang!! Bang!!! Where are you a shovin me under the orses eels? Hur-ray—y—y—y—y—y!!!

God save the Queen! It is long after midnight, but the streets are alive with life; and the mighty stream eddies round the horse-soldiers on guard, and nearly hurries the policeman on its current. The gas-stars light up the road like day, and flash on the breast-plates and helmets; the people are taking early places on the kerbs; the boys have appropriated to themselves all the churchyard railings, and building hordes, and mountains of wooden pavement on the line; the heavy life-guard chargers are moving their hoofs about as daintily as though they imagined that a lady's little foot was likely to be under all of them; and with renewed hurrahs, and bell-clanging, and distant guns, and braying trumpets,—through Temple Bar, which appears, from the Strand, to be the portal of a temporary city of light and banners—on comes The Queen!

They have held high festival at Guildhall to-night, and the riches of our mighty city have flown right and left to do honour to Her Majesty. But we would not have given much to have seen her there, otherwise

than as the chief personage in a grand mob. It is here—at midnight, in the streets amongst her people—that we feel our heart rising into our eyes, as we watch her progress and hurrah with the best of them.

Look at her, European democrats, and republicans, and liberators, and patriots, and all other names of restless scamps who bawl about "freedom," and "light;" and, having nothing to lose, plunge your countries into bloodshed and misery before you scramble off to England, in which you ought to arrive, if practicable, at a cart's tail. Look at that young woman, so honoured and so secure in the honest affections of her people, that although her guard is as nothing compared to the crowds in the streets, she sits there as calmly as if she was in her own room in Windsor Castle. Dare but even to scowl at her, and you shall be yelled, and chivied along the causeway like curs on a race-course. Look at her smiling face as she passes, and the roar of enthusiastic recognition becomes louder and more continuous until she can scarcely acknowledge it. And then look at all those good folks who are cheering and crushing round her carriage in thousands. They have no secret police, or spies, after them, except the clever detectives; they do not know what domiciliary visits are; they have never been "disarmed;" they may all make gunpowder in their outhouses, or cartridges in their back-kitchens, all the week long if they please; they have no passports, they can leave England when they like, and return at their pleasure; if they had common sporting permission, they might all have carried double-barrelled guns and cutlasses about the streets all night for their own diversion: and yet the Queen is safer among them, than she would be in the centre of a belt of bristling bayonets and artillery!

The cortège goes on: and the public once more take entire possession of the streets to stare at the illuminations. What a festival it is! Every body seems to have a party to-night, in every room of the house. We never saw so many decanters as are visible through the first-floor windows: and there is Master Brown, who would light up the V.R. himself from the window, in broad daylight, so excited and anxious was he, and has sat behind it ever since, to show his connection with the spectacle, and will not go to bed until the last wick has expired in smell; and there is Jones and Bunting, who have taken advantage of their neighbour's gas-

star, and hung a flag from their second floor, which catches all the light therefrom, and makes a great effect at a cheap rate, whilst their neighbour, whose banner is obscured by its own shade, like the cloek at the White Horse Cellar, achieves small triumph. Why, there is a very old friend—to be sure it is—in the shape of a transparency. We can scarcely call to mind when we first saw that, but it was some time ago. It is what is called an "allegory," a sort of thing you see in the frontispieces to old magazines and encyclopedias, and on the ceilings of Hampton Court, which nobody can ever make out, or, if they can, don't care about. Here we have the queen in a large scallop shell, riding on the sea, drawn by dolphins, with a lion at her feet, and girls with great display of shoulders, swimming about her; and Neptune getting bang in her way, with large calves and deltoid muscles, offering her a trident. By the way, why are calves and deltoids always larger in allegories than anything else? Now all this is very absurd. Heaven forefend that Her Majesty should trust herself with a lion in a scallop-shell, and go to sea. We question, indeed, whether any persuasion would make her do so, so long as she had her own steamer,—especially to be drawn by dolphins,—quite out of the water, of course. We know the instant fish get out of their element what freaks they indulge in, and we should mistrust the dolphins. No—no; it is all nonsense; we prefer the reality of the clown in the washing-tub drawn by ducks, and this is all that it reminds us of.

Half-past one! The crowd still keeps streaming on; and we go with it. But the illuminations become rather monotonous. The inventive genius of the folks in this line never gets beyond a V, an A, a star, and a crown: and these wear on repetition. The "lampions" of the Continent are beyond all comparison more effective in their *ensemble* —those pretty, many-coloured globes with which they festoon the streets and cover the houses. One naked gas star over the shop front of a dingy brick house is certainly worse than nothing; it puts one in mind of a dirty man in corduroys, with a diamond brooch on.

By degrees the crowd thins and the lamps go out. Temple Bar, so gorgeous an hour ago, looks as ragged as a moulting parrot; and the people who sat up all the evening at the adjoining windows to look at it, have gone to bed. The wind is getting up, and the gas-stars go in

and out, the lights and shadows flying about them as on a corn-field. Sometimes the R becomes a P, and then an I, and then a small D; and the fading devices of the variegated lamps assume unintelligible patterns, like the cards of a Jacquard loom, or a constellation without its picture. And now, right away to the east, a glimmer of grey light steals upwards, and the tops of the houses, hitherto hidden by the glare below, begin to show their outlines against the sky.

The mob is gone; the soldiers have gone; the policemen even have gone, except the ordinary numbered letters of the district; and the great heart of London begins to beat tranquilly once more, soothed by the pure air of morning. And now another procession begins along the line of the Royal progress. Waggons of cabbages and vans of flowers come toiling on to Covent Garden; and the Essex labourer whips his team unconcernedly along the streets where none but the wheels of Majesty were permitted to revolve a few hours ago, and stares with stupid wonder at the dying illuminations.

What a chance for a writer of large sympathies and great purposes, that Essex clodhopper affords! How he could be advantageously compared in his stalwart health to the pampered children of empty state who rode in their tinsel and spangles along the same route two hours ago! How his utility in the great scale of creation could be weighed in sonorous words against that of the idle courtiers who preceded him! Stuff and nonsense! we have seen a swell thrash a snob into fits, and with the greatest pleasure; and, as far as the utility line goes, we wager if the Essex clodhopper was subjected to a rigorous examination, it might turn out that packing cabbages and driving a team, was all he was fit for, or capable of achieving.

Still he is useful in his way, and so are the swells, and so let us hope we all are. And it has been a very pleasant day, and thousands of people have appeared very happy, and we all seem very flourishing and comfortable generally, and don't envy anybody, and are very proud, prouder than ever, of England and our Queen; and so, God bless us all!

REVIEW.

Impressions du Voyage, par PIERRE FLICOTEAU. Paris, 1851.

As a pendant to our last notice, of the Handbook of London, we are glad to bring the present work before our readers. It is written in a more cautious spirit than the other ; but may be curious as affording us a few notions of what we are, or which of our habits appear most singular, in the eyes of foreigners. M. Flicoteau is evidently a close observer. He was only in London for a fortnight, but appears to have made an excellent use of his time.

The following is very true :—

Although you pass twenty gin-shops in a street, gorgeously embellished, you will not find one *Café*. What will not be believed is, that there is not one in London, as Verrey's is but an attempt. The *Coffee-house* is not a *Café*, but usually a common dwelling, partitioned into gloomy boxes, and everything is coarse, dirty and common. I suppose London is the only city in the world where such is the case.

At Windsor I was struck with a curious anomaly. On Sunday the band was playing selections from Lucrezia Borgia, with polkas and waltzes, on the terrace : whilst an organ-boy grinding a hymn on the same day would have been annihilated by the police.

All houses of public entertainment must close at 12 o'clock on Saturday-night, because they say it is then the Sabbath morning ; but after church for the rest of the day, folks may get as tipsy as they please. If a man opened a casino, with dancing to begin at midnight on Sunday, they would not allow that it was Monday morning.

Tea-drinking is a curious ceremony, in England, and is almost made into a set meal. The lady of the house sits at the table, with the cups and saucers all ranged before her on a tray. She asks her guests if they will take milk or sugar ; and then distributes a cup to each. Afterwards she hopes their tea is as they like it ; for which, if it is not, there is no remedy, but well-bred persons rarely say so. The process is one of great gravity : and when the tea-things are removed, there is a period of silence, which is almost painful. The whole process is very curious and odd to a foreigner.

A church in the quarter of Hanover Square, called St. George's, is in repute for fashionable marriages. A friend has told me, what I can scarcely credit, that affianced persons have taken lodgings in the parish for a week or two before, only to qualify themselves to be married at that church. The struggles of the English to clutch at false position, with all their common sense, is remarkable.

The London Opera-houses and Theatres have a custom of publishing the names of the audiences in the papers on the following days, whereby the managers declare that the public is influenced in going, rather than by its own desire of seeing anything especially. It would be very droll in Paris to find that the presence of the Duc de Grammont at the *Italiens* had influenced M. Coudrier, ex-negociant of the Boulevart du Temple, to go the next night.

It is not uncommon in England to see large joints of cooked meat, brought up the next day perfectly cold, without any attempt at improvements.

The season in London begins exactly at that pleasant time of Spring when you would imagine that everybody was anxious to get out of it. This is the more curious, inasmuch as the coal-fires destroy the urban foliage, so beautiful in most continental cities; and there are few public walks.

Beer is really a national beverage in England. It is singular, however, that families in the constant habit of taking it with their domestic meal, inviting other families to a dinner party who do the same, on such occasions never introduce it; and indeed think it bad taste to ask for, or offer, it.

APPALLING CONUNDRUM.

"WHAT constellation most resembles an empty fire-place?"

We tremble at the thought of giving the answer. However, it only requires a little forced courage. Here goes then. The answer is, of course, "THE GRATE BARE." (Hooray!)

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PURSE FOUND.—As there was nothing in it, the Owner may have it upon payment of expenses.

MANY HAVE ASSUMED THE USE OF the word Paletôt, but nobody knows why, or by what right it was called so, or what it is really presumed to be in its normal state, nor is it supposed to be of any great consequence.

BLOODHOUND FOR SALE.—A fine animal, of most savage disposition, and perfectly untrained. Only parted with on account of his having eaten several infants in the Park lately. Enquire at our Office.

BACON REDIVIVUS.

OF GARDENS.

A GARDEN is indeed the pureſt of Humane Pleaſures. It is the greateſt Refreſhment in the Spirits of Man; without which, Buildings and Palaces are but groſs Handy-works. And a Man ſhall ever ſee, that when Ages grow to civility, Men come to build ſtately rooms than to garden finely; as if Gardening were the greater Perfection.

I do hold it there ought to be a *Garden* for all, at all times of the year, whereby in Winter you ſhall have *Ver Perpetuum* to this effect. And for this I would have a fine Palace, and of Glaſs, whereby Light could be the ſame as in open air, and ſupported by Iron Columns whereon might climb Vines and Clymatis, and alſo Hops, which I do hold to be of dainty beauty. And around I would plant rare Trees which by reaſon of the Climate would not flouriſh in open air, and *Flowers*, not tenacious of their ſweetneſs, that do beſt perfume the air, ſuch as are the White double Violet, the Sweet Briar, the Wall Flower. Then the Honey-Suckles ſo they be ſomewhat afar off: and all other Plants whoſe excellent Nature make Men turn with gratitude to Heaven for ſo great delight.

For *Fountains*, they are a great Beauty and Refreſhment, and bring no Froggs. Fountains I mind it be of two Natures---the one that *ſprinkleth* or *ſpouteth Water*, making it in fine Devices of Feathers, Arches, Globes and the like; the other a *fair Receipt* of Water, for the Lotus and the

Lily to grow on for great delight, and the Forget-me-not. But about all I would have fine *Statues* of great and good Men and Figures of Curiosity and *Beauty*, and below these some *fine Pavement* doth well of Variety and Device: but *Images cut out in Juniper* and other *garden-stuff* they are for Children.

For Aviaries, I like them well of largeness, as they may be *turfed* and have Living *Plants* and *Bushes* set in them, that the Birds may have more scope and natural nestling, and so breed and thrive to *Admiration*. And so, all under Cover, we may become acquainted with rarities of all *Sorts*, which otherwise we could not see for long *Travel*, and in the *Midst* of Winter have all the delights of Spring and Summer, and excellent Fruits indeed, in all Seasons. And I would have *Musick*, which I take to be a great Corrector of evil Humours: so that, what with fine Sight and Smell, so great and pure *Pleasures* may be got, not to speak of Exercise, whereby even the most *Tender* may profit, that our Delight shall know no Bounds.

For Palaces are fine in their degree, and Trophies, and Ceremonies of State and Magnificence, but none compare to the true Pleasure of a Garden.

ADVERTISEMENT.

LEFT IN A CAB, a country young lady, of considerable personal attractions, by her friends, returning bewildered from the Exhibition. Answers to the name of Julia. Any one finding her, who will send her back to the Belle Sauvage, to be kept dry, with care, will be handsomely rewarded.

ON COMIC SONG.

(TO THE EDITOR.)

SIR—The present disgraceful state of our comic-song literature induces me to address you, in the hope that the powerful organ you have just started may tend to improve it. I have bought heaps of comic song books, and read them until I could almost have burst into tears, so depressing were their effects. I have waded through their slang until I feared I never should recover the use of my vernacular. I have stumbled and halted over their metre till my ideas of versification became as confused as those of a translator of an Italian opera libretto: and my powers of language have been exhausted in a vain attempt to render their lines harmonious. Sir, another such trial would make me abjure comic singing for ever, wear a white cravat, leave off straps and studs, and frequent charity sermons.

It is painfully evident that the spirit of the age is calling aloud for a new style of comic song; that those who try to write it can't; and that those who can, won't. I have a notion that the difficulty can be met. Since we now know that the stupidest words set to a comic air, and sung in public, will elicit the mirth of the ignorant, let us, since we cannot have wit in our songs, at least put some sense in them. Let us diffuse information and instruction through the medium of the old comic airs. I offer the idea freely to all. I don't propose to put jokes or puns into the new comic songs; but to make them vehicles of facts. As an illustration, I send the first verse of a classical and historical ballad:—

Air:—Giles Scroggins' Ghost.

Come list to me while I tell you all,
Ri fol tiddle ol de day!
The tale of Rome's decline and fall,
Ri fol tiddle ol de day!
I'll sing how the Empire was overrun,
By the Vandal and Gaul, by the Goth and the Hun;
In short, I'll abridge all that Gibbon has done,
With my Ri fol tiddle ol de day!

This, and the following examples, are selected from a volume I am preparing for the use of schools. Observe the application of the principle to scientific education. A mathematical teacher is supposed, in the next fragment, to be instructing his class, who respond in the chorus :

Air :—"Bow, wow, wow;" (or that of many songs equally idiotic, always excepting "Guy Fawkes.")

A point, my boys, is that which has no length, breadth, or dimension.
A line has length, and yet is but a point drawn in extension.
All lines have names expressing some distinguishing particular.
As: horizontal, parallel, oblique, and perpendicular,

Chorus of Pupils. Oh ! dear ! oh !
A pretty science mathematics is to know.

The lines called parallel are those, which drawn in one direction,
Continued to infinity, will never make bisection.
The thing perhaps sounds odd, but if you entertain a doubt, boys,
I 'll draw the lines, (=) now take your rules, and work the problem out, boys.

Chorus of Pupils. Oh ! dear ! no !
We readily believe it, Sir ! since *you* say so !

I have many other specimens for next month. In the mean time I shall write to Lord Ashley on the plan : and am, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

PALALE.

EOTHEN.

A GENTLEMAN of serious disposition, from the country, on his way from the Crystal Palace, turned into the public-house adjoining the old Chinese Gallery. He was much startled at hearing an order given to send "Two pots and a screw to the Holy Land," followed by the announcement "that Bill could not come yet till he had got through Damascus." It was not until a placard informed him of his vicinity to the Panorama of Palestine that he could at all recover from his amazement.

ROYAL PASTIMES.

It is known that the committee of the Royal Entertainment in the City were sadly puzzled to know how they should amuse Her Majesty when once they were taken away from their ordinary municipal programme of guzzling and swilling. A little bird has communicated to us the following plans that were submitted to the council. It was successively thought that it might do for the Queen—

To play cribbage or backgammon with Colonel Sibthorp.

To take a hand at three-card loo with the common council and their ladies.

To dance *La Gorlitza* with the Lord Mayor.

(*A gentleman, who declared that neither La Gorlitza, nor the Schottische, nor the Mazurka, nor Cellarius, nor Redowa, nor any other terpsichorean vagaries, were recognised at the Palace, or Almack's, was put down with execration.*)

To look at prints and albums, the property of city families.

To make tea for the assembly.

To play at "Family Coach," or any other game of forfeits.

To see a Charade, or "Box and Cox," acted by the Sheriffs, in the council chambers.

To inspect the kitchen.

To listen to an instrumental concert, supported entirely by the liverymen.

To be asked to favour the company with something on the piano.

To look at fireworks in the yard, through the end window.

To hear a lecture by Mr. Borer on the comparative merits of the double-handed back-action calico shuttle, and the eccentric, oscillating, self-supplying warp, as applied to sack-cloth.

To be entertained by a double rowing horn-pipe between Cardinal Wiseman and Mademoiselle Rachel.

To witness the Marlborough St. strathspey, as danced by Sir Sutherland Mackenzie before Mr. Hardwicke.

To play at Hazard with the members of the Stock Exchange.

To see Mr. Gordon Cumming kill one hundred rats in five minutes with his hands tied.

To look at some Dissolving Views, containing amongst other evanescent subjects:—

1. The riot the foreigners were to have made on the 1st of May.
2. The fuss about Papal Aggression.
3. The opposition to the permanence of the Crystal Palace, or Paxtonia.
4. A traveller paying hotel servants apart from his bill.
5. The opening of Drury Lane Theatre for the "Legitimate" drama.
6. The comparison of the agricultural with the mechanical mind.

WESTMINSTER WAGGERIES.

Mr. Chisholm Anstey, whose perseverence either in a debate or a *deux temps* is equally marvellous, has made a pun, and above all other places, in the House of Commons. With a wish to encourage the honourable member for Yuffal, (or Yogall, or Yawl, or Yowl, or whichever way the place is pronounced,) we notice it in these pages. In the Jewish debate, Mr. Drummond said that the Oath of Abjuration was framed to keep out *Jacobites*—not *Jews*. Mr. Anstey replied "that it was true, and it showed the mistake to be merely one of Etymology—namely, that an oath against Jacob-ites had been interpreted to mean an oath against all the children of Israel."

The House was a full minute in comprehending the joke; but when it had been explained to the country members, the cries of "Bravo, Chism!" were general. Scarcely had the laughter subsided when another Irish member, who shall be nameless, said "He should like to see anybody post him:" upon which Mr. Serjeant Murphy, who was close by, observed, "So should I, too, because then somebody would put a head on you."

The Irish member went to look after Colonel Sibthorp's sword-stick, but no unpleasant result accrued.

THE BELLE OF THE MONTH,—AUGUST.

Taking a "Constitutional' in Kensington Gardens. Time 8 A.M.

BEFORE THE OPERA.

A QUARTER to seven! We thought we should be at the pit door, in Bow Street, in plenty of time; and yet as we get up to it, there is a little knot of twenty or thirty persons gathered round the portal. There will be a great house to-night. The *Huguenots* again: again and again, and always the same rush!

The people still keep coming up. The country family, arriving in a cab, buy a bill and a wrong book: but it will do just as well. You know the ladies are provincial, for they are all over-dressed for the pit—white and scarlet *visites*, bare arms, low bodies, and heaps of flowers in their heads. They should take a lesson from that nice girl close to the door on the steps, with the pocket-handkerchief artfully tied over her head in a Mary Stuart fashion. Her simple high dress, and plainly banded hair, is perfection; and her *tournure* is so good, one scarcely can tell whether she is French or English.

More people! The insensible manner in which the crowd increases is curious. The experienced eye can soon detect those who are going to pay; those who are on the free list; and those who go in with a newspaper order. The *Payers* have set, thoughtful faces, as though the visit was an important undertaking. It has been gravely planned and arranged; has cost money, and must not be trifled with. With many it is a first time; and these are in a most agitated calm—so to speak—of expectation and anxiety. They also hold their tickets in their hands. The Free-list take it very easy. With great tact they almost imperceptibly occupy a fresh position, and always a better one, every minute. They know every turn the rush will take when the doors open—where the barriers are—where they must mind their arms, and where the corners come. They are not excited. Now and then they exchange a few words with one another, or hum snatches of the music. They only appear indignant or roused when they are offered a book or a bill. There is no appearance of especial dress about them. The Gibus hat, the black tie, the studs, the glazed boots, and the lorgnette, have the air of being always on service in a calm, matter-of-fact manner. The Newspaper Orders are a restless, irritable set; and their toilet

belongs to the extemporaneo-composite school of design. They are not the editors or critics—you must look for them on the pit or second tiers. In fact, you do not know who they are; for when an order once leaves the office, its ultimate destination is a mystery.

A sudden concentration in the crowd shows that the outer doors are about to open. The noise of the bolt sets every heart throbbing: the portals fly back, and the first hall is already filled. And then the struggle begins at the free-list. A dozen hands thrust through that little pigeon-hole clutch at the pen; a dozen more are yet sent in amongst them with tickets and orders. The reversion of the pen is a matter of deep importance. Every one begins in terror and dread, knowing the assault that will be made upon him the instant he has finished the splatch, or blot, or scribble that must stand for his autograph. It is achieved—the pen is snatched from his inky fingers; he is sharply wedged and elbowed out of the struggling mob, he knows not how; and then bearing his check triumphantly in his hand, he gets as good a place as he can at the tail of the crowd pressing towards the inner door. Another half hour of waiting, in which time the hall is choked to the very street. The ladies anticipate danger; gentlemen give them advice as to how they should act when the rush begins; the Orders nearly gnaw their checks away in their expectancy; and the Free-list are seen insinuating themselves everywhere into the best position for the charge.

Now for it! The barrier is removed; the ladies scream; the gentlemen perform prodigies of protection; the customary lecture upon the inutility of pushing is given in various places at once, and the entire mass is rammed and crammed into a decreasing gangway, without the use of arms or feet, separated from their party, and carried off their legs, until they give their checks at the gate, and the race for a seat commences.

Through the wicket and up the double stairs! Which? No matter—get on, get on, or you 'll lose your place. Along the lobby of the pit lies—No—we 're all wrong—back again—through the red baize doors. This way! Where 's Annie? Mind the steps! Here! Mrs. Lilwall, we 've kept one place; stop, let me lift you over—that 's it. Oh! what a crowd it was!

And not over yet; for the tide continues to pour through the pit entry, and

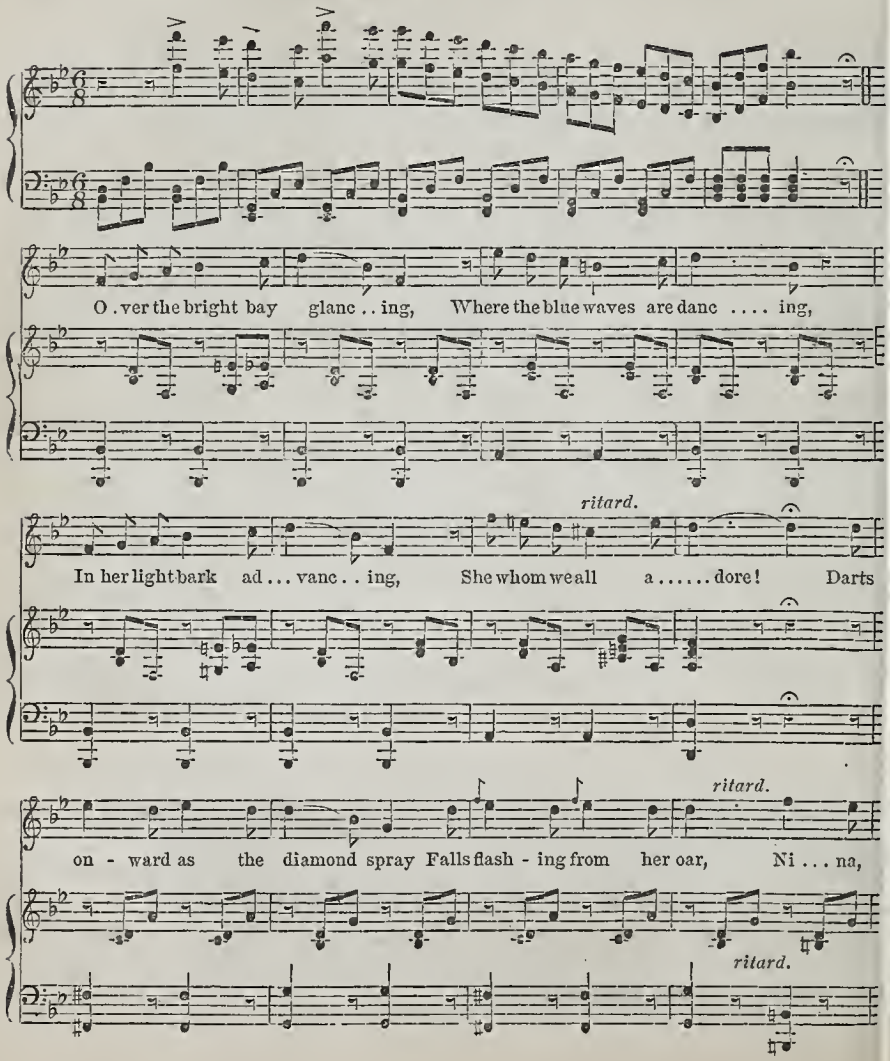
then divides into two currents, which flow on either side under the boxes as far as the stall barrier, and then regurgitate until the alley is choked. There are no more seats. Two minutes after the doors opened every one was taken, even to the little perch, close to the "meat-screen," at the end of the last row. Irate country gentlemen, powerful in the provinces, insist upon seeing Mr. Gye, and cannot find anybody to take their message; the Newspaper Orders go to the end of the alley, and return in despair; but smiling pleasantly, so as not to appear hurt, (as a man gets up laughing from a street tumble,) and saying "they will try up-stairs." Those who have found seats begin to recover their self-possession, wipe their opera-glasses, and look at the people who come early in the top-boxes, or glance over the libretto for an inkling of the plot! Folks in a box for the first time stand up all in a row in front to inspect the house; the library agents inform likely customers, confidentially—for it is a great favour, and must not be known—that there are just two stalls left, if they would like them; eager men jump up on the steps, for a second, and scan the pit anxiously to see if by chance there is a place still forgotten, in the middle; novices pass eighteenpence over six rows of heads for a book, or ask which is the Queen's box; the orchestra gradually fills, and emits mingled sounds; the occupants of the grand tier arrive, and then M. Costa lastly takes his place amidst a recognition of warm plaudits; the first notes of the beautiful *Chorale* of Luther swell through the house—now still and hushed in deep attention; and *Les Huguenots* begins.

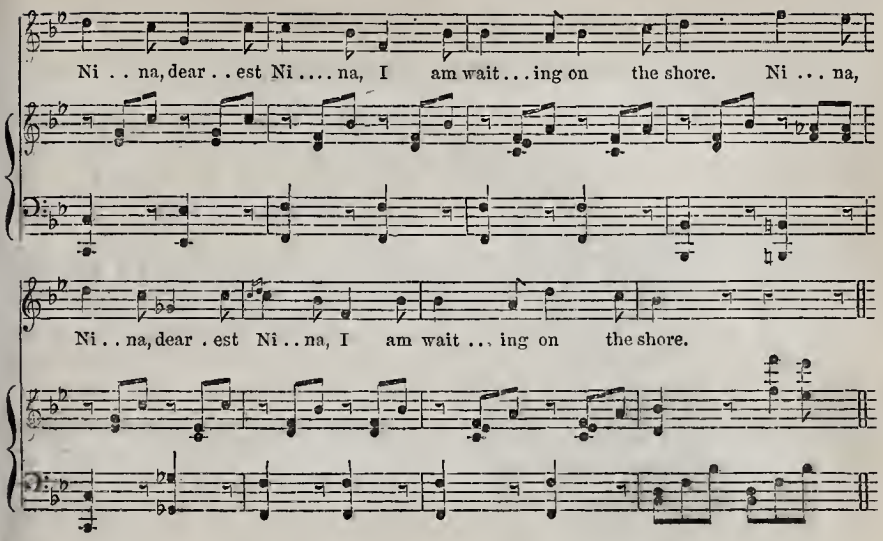
A NOTE.

F.M. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON presents his compliments to the Editor of the Month.

F.M. the Duke of Wellington begs it may be distinctly understood that he was *not* one of the military men who so disgraced themselves by egg-pelting on the Derby day. F.M. the D. of W. begs also to add that he has ordered a new saddle of Mr. Peat, and shall continue to do so frequently until further notice.

NINA LA MARINIÈRE.

THE POPULAR NAPOLITAINE, PROMISED LAST MONTH IN THE PAPER ON "GALAS AND VETERANS."

O . ver the bright bay glanc . . ing, Where the blue waves are danc .... ing,
ritard.
In her light bark ad ... vanc . . ing, She whom we all a ..... dore! Darts
ritard.
on - ward as the diamond spray Falls flash - ing from her oar, Ni ... na,
ritard.



Queen of Sorrento's syrens fair,
Twine these white blossoms in your hair,
Which with their perfume load the air,
Pluck'd from the myrtle bright.
From Portici's long sunlit shore
The distant sounds invite:
Nina, Nina, charming Nina,
'Tis our festival to-night!

And as we cross the azure bay,
You shall enchant me with some lay,
Whilst the light oars in measure play,
Dripping with liquid light.
The birds when your sweet voice is heard
Rest spell-bound in their flight:
Nina, Nina, my own Nina,
We will be so gay to-night!

"VERY FINE OYSTERS."

COPYING from our contemporaries is a habit we do not wish to get into, but the following remarkable extract carries its own apology for second-handedness. Mr. WILLIAM KIDD, who has for some time been enchanting the lady readers of newspapers with miraculous accounts of the tameness to which he has brought canaries, nightingales, guinea-pigs, and other "pets," (concerning whom he writes in a very charming manner,) has just published in the *Gardeners' Independent Dibble*, a narrative which non-subscribers to that impetuous periodical will be glad to see.

HINTS TO OSTRACIDES. "I should be glad if those who doubt the capabilities of the Oyster for educational improvement, could see a little party of oysters now in the back-yard of my house. I selected them (with a few others whom I could not rear) from the best tubs in Billingsgate, on the first of last August. I placed them on a comfortable marble slab in my yard, where the leakage of a cistern kept them constantly cool. Sir Walter Scott, in the *Antiquary*, says

> 'The oyster loves the dredging song,
> For he comes of a gentle kind.'

Knowing that the amiable and immortal author of *Waverley* is an authority upon all subjects he mentions, I made many enquiries as to this 'dredging song' in vain; but at last I accidentally heard my cook, while occupied with her flour-dredger, sing the words which I

have no doubt Sir Walter referred to. They have that absence of exact, definite meaning, which (as Mr. Charles Knight well remarks) forms one of the charms of Shakspeare's songs, but they have a kind of melody :—

'High diddle diddle,
And high diddle dee,
For the Mouse has married
The Humble Bee.'

I caught the notes, and seated myself near my oyster party and began to sing. At first there was no sign of recognition, except that one of the oysters slid off the slab, but this may have been caused by contact with my coat-tail as I sat down. But in a few minutes every one of the upper shells began to rise, and at length all were yawning. I went on singing, and a kind of low hiss arose from each oyster, a symptom I am disposed to interpret as an evidence of pleasure rather than of the feeling usually indicated by hissing. I suddenly stopped, and instantly all the shells closed with a clack like that of the castanets of the Spanish dancers at the opera. Renewing the melody, they opened again, and three or four of the native oysters occasionally clacked their shells in time to the music. Much pleased, but cold with sitting on the stones, I went to bed, leaving my window open. I sleep on the ground-floor back. I extinguished the candle, and as I tried to go sleep I accidentally hummed a few notes of the dredging song. Presently I heard a curious knocking and jumping on the stones of the yard, and what was my astonishment at seeing one of the largest oysters perched on my window-sill, with his shell up ;—he was hissing violently. I got out of bed to take him in, but he snapped at my fingers so angrily that I let him alone ; and, stepping back, another oyster, who had contrived to squeeze in under the door, laid hold of my naked corn with great severity. Similar occurrences often happened after this, and it is evident that the oysters and I understand one another. I frequently leave my door and window open, at night, and in a few minutes after I begin the song, all the oysters are in the room. One of the sauciest, I suppose taking my bed for an oyster-bed, will get upon it, and into my watch-pocket, resisting all attempts to dislodge him. Another oyster discovered one night a pearl stud which I had purchased, and I suppose recognised a

piece of one of his relatives, as he did nothing but hiss and bubble over it for an hour. A mother-o'-pearl snuff-box seemed to excite filial emotions in two of them (in them there was a family likeness), and they caressed it in a very fond manner. I am pursuing their education, and shall have more to say upon the subject. The affection which these little fat flat creatures entertain for me is very pleasing, though sometimes troublesome, as they follow me up and down stairs, and even to church, where one of them was one Sunday seized by a greedy charity boy, whose finger he bit to that degree that the lad roared out, and was in consequence soundly flagellated in the church-yard by the beadle. I rescued my little favourite, and I now cover him and his brothers over with an iron sieve, as soon as the bells go for morning-service. I must not omit to mention that one day the vinegar and pepper cruets being thoughtlessly brought into the parlour, while my oysters were there, they all hurried out of the room with evident displeasure and much clatter, and it was several days before I could tempt them into the house again."—W. KIDD, in the INDEPENDENT DIBBLE.

FOREIGN ENGLISH.

THE Police have a hard time of it, in endeavouring to find out the localities mentioned to them by our foreign friends who lose themselves. A few lessons on French Pronunciation, from one of the cheap periodicals, has not assisted their comprehension. An Italian stopped one in the Strand the other day, and solicited the direction of (spelt as pronounced) *Eeronmonjay Larnay*. D. 52 was puzzled for a long time, but on getting the stranger to write it down, it turned out to be "Ironmonger Lane." The journey to the Tunnel costs our friends most grief, as they have a difficulty in making the steamboat people understand that *Rotterit* is Rotherhithe.

ADVICE TO THE PEOPLE.

PURCHASE your half-quarterns at the baker's—not the gin-shop.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MR. CANTER'S ENTERTAINMENT. Mr. Canter has the honour to announce a new Philanthropical and Musical Entertainment, tending to good sympathies, entitled THE LOWER ORDERS. In the course of the evening Mr. Canter will sing "Sit down with me, my shoeless brother," "We 'll all be level soon," "What slave in model lodging dwells," "The Workhouse Coffin," (descriptive scene,) "I 'll ne'er forget my native dirt," "The miscreant rich," "Who dares to call the chartist, snob!" and "Come, share my palace, honest tramp." No money returned.

THOSE AFFLICTED WITH DEAFNESS should attend the representations of the _____ at _____, when they will at once perceive, from the misery around, the reasons they have to be thankful for their lot.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION. Class 9, Stand 1276. CHAFF MACHINE. This clever invention is particularly recommended to country gentlemen and others, as it will produce chaff to any extent. Small machines for chaffing tax-collectors, overseers, and common councilmen. Second Class ditto, for special constables, costermongers, bargemen, and omnibus cads. First Class ditto, for Epsom races, rowing men, *bals masqués*, Irish members and barristers generally. Warranted never to get out of order.

TESTIMONIALS.

Sir,—I am happy to bear testimony to the efficiency of your Chaff Machine. On being asked by a low person the other day, "How I was off for soap?" it supplied the answer: "Quite enough to shave your head with when you get into Bedlam." Yours, obediently, THEOPHILUS MUFF.

The Earl of Edgeware presents his compliments to the inventor of the Chaff Machine, and begs to tell him rather a good thing. The other day wishing to annoy the yachting M.P. for———, he put the Chaff Machine in order, and called him when he was on board, "Diogenes in his Tub." 'Pon his soul it 's the best fun he ever heard.

Sir,—Your Machine 's first-rate. The other day, riding down to the Park, a wretched boy asked "Why don't you get inside and pull the blinds down?" and the answer was immediately supplied, viz., "Because you 've stolen the key." On the river, being bullied by a bargee, it supplied me with the celebrated enquiry as to the puppy-pie repast under Marlow Bridge; and I was enabled to say to a surly Bus-man on Tuesday, that "He looked as if he 'd pawned his temper and lost the duplicate." In no case was an answer returned: it shut them up at once.

Yours obliged, ANTHONY CHOWLES.

THE FLY.

A TABLE LYRIC.

Oh ! I am an impudent August fly
From the coffee-room of the Carleton Club,
My summer hours pass merrily by,
And I take my fill of Conservative grub.
I crawl on the table, and suck the spilt beer,
And buz in the hair of the members gray,
And if they attack me, I've nought to fear,
For I dart through their fingers, and scuffle away !
Oh ! I am an impudent August fly,
A whizigig buz fuz fly,
Uz—uz—uz—uz—z !

I 've hundreds of eyes, and I open them all ;
I never am caught by the gaslight's glare,
For I see my companions scorch and fall,
And whiz as they die in lamp-glass there.
I laugh at their folly, as those who are green
On the glutinous sheet of red paper stick,
And I murmur a moral, how rash they have been,
As they flutter one wing, and with one leg kick !
But I am an impudent August fly, &c.

I sit on the table and polish my hands,
And stroke them down o'er my gauze-like wings,
And I march over all that their wealth commands,
The strawberries, cake, and French candied things.
And I climb o'er the stopper, and suck the wine,
And probe the moist depths of the empty glass ;
And I dip my trunk in the juicy pine,
And sometimes I fall in the cream—alas !
But I am an impudent August fly, &c.

FOR NEW YORK DIRECT, the first class swindler Roderick Doo, with goods and specie, to sail, police permitting, on the 15th. For further particulars apply at the Central Office, Bow Street.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

[Our correspondents are on the increase. We endeavour to answer them as well as we can; but it will be seen that some of their questions are very perplexing.]

FOXGLOVE joins the numerous party who still wish to know the costume of the Opera. We have said, over and over again, that the correct dress is a Tweed shooting coat, with plaid, or check trowsers, and a blue and crimson stock. Some of the leaders of fashion prefer regatta shirts, but this is optional. Berlin gloves are only worn on Don Giovanni nights; but on state visits an Alpaca paletot is expected in the stalls and on the grand tier. Once for all, we hope this intimation will suffice.

A PUFFED-OUT TAPER complains that her lover was seen dancing at Cremorne the other night with somebody else. Will she do right in returning his presents and breaking off the engagement? That depends entirely upon what they are worth, and if she has another admirer. Husbands are becoming rarer every day, thanks to clubs, and will soon be classed as organic remains: so A TAPER must beware of her flame ending in smoke.

SENSITIVE PLANT. Gentlemen who are engaged generally wear gaiters, but it cannot be taken as a general rule.

EXCITED EDITH says, "Last night, at a party, in a polka, after supper, a gentleman squeezed my hand so, you can't think. I know his address; ought I to write to him and ask his intentions, or should I get mama so to do?" The matter is altogether a very delicate one, and requires deliberation.

BELLE DE NUIT. We cannot help you; if you are christened Sarah Higgs, it will be awkward to alter the name suddenly. Try and change it by another and more agreeable process.

POOR ITTLE TIDLUMS says that she is just eighteen, with soft chestnut hair, blue eyes, a smooth clear skin, regular white teeth, unexceptionable figure, and is generally considered very pretty (but that, of course, she

is no judge of), and yet she has no sweetheart. What can she do? Call at our Office, and we will take the matter into consideration, and talk it over together.

A SCRIBBLING STRUGGLER, who wishes us to engage him for the reviewing department, taking his text from our last number, encloses the following sample of his style :—

CASA GUIDI WINDOWS, *by Mrs. Browning, is a cleverly constructed* FRAMEWORK, *fitted up with great* PAINS, *throwing much light upon the darkness of Italy. It is said that Mr. Ruskin is about to throw Mrs. Browning's work in the shade by a new production called Venetian Blinds.* We are sorry to reject STRUGGLER's application.

SNOBBINS. Your handwriting is bad enough to denote a clever man, but when you speak of yourself, you should put a capital I, not *i*.

BRIGGS is wrong. He has no right to shout out "How d 'ye do?" from the top of an omnibus to a lady on the footpath, whom he had only met once at a dance the night before.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

"*Potations pottle deep.*" Can any of your readers inform me what is the depth of a potation pottle deep? Also, how can a pottle be made to hold a potation at all? I have repeatedly tried the experiment, but without success.—SENOJ.

If a traveller in an Indian temple despoils the idol of some of its hair, to keep as a souvenir, can he be said to have succeeded in picking Bramah's locks?—M. J. O'C.

Can you tell me by what physical law most small Gents have long, slender necks, and retreating chins; and why, in addition, they wear very narrow ties and very shallow collars, which do not even reach to the lower angle of the jaw? LAURENTIUS.

Had the poetry of the Scottish Burns any point in common with the Scandinavian Scalds? T. C. A.

The term *Mantua-maker* was first applied to Virgil, on account of the lucrative popularity his genius conferred upon his native city. J. O.

REHEARSAL OF THE GREAT ECLIPSE.

"From information which we had received" (as the police say when giving evidence) we were induced, on Saturday, the 26th of last month, to walk up Regent Street, about nine o'clock in the evening. Shortly afterwards, we witnessed one of the most remarkable astronomical phenomena ever noted down. We actually saw a rehearsal of the Great Eclipse, which took place two days later.

What latitude or longitude was concerned, we do not affect to say, nor whether what we observed was in the stars forming the tail of the Little Hippopotamus, or in the boot of Bootes, or in the belt of Bendigo, for we never in our life could find our way about the celestial globe. All we know is, that we were in the earthly locality of which we have spoken, and that we suddenly found ourselves in total darkness. At first we believed that we were alone, but this supposition was refuted by a circumstance to which we shall presently refer.

Precisely at nine o'clock—for punctuality is fashionable in the highest quarters—we heard a faint, dim kind of music, of the sort which, when opera critics want to be gentle with singers who can't sing, they call *sfogato*, which is Italian for foggy. If we had not known that we were listening to the music of the spheres, we should have thought that somebody in bed was playing a hurdy-gurdy under the bed-clothes; but we hastened to abandon such irreverent ideas, and to fit ourselves for the scene by privately muttering the formula always used on such occasions, beginning, "These are all glorious works, apparently very good," or something of that sort, we believe by Mr. Milton, and which is always associated in our minds with the idea of anything astronomical, being inevitably quoted by the lecturers.

Presently a bright light appeared in the horizon, and then, late as was the hour, the sun shone out. He looked very white, and the spots on his face were painfully apparent. Perhaps the scene in which he was about to be an actor was too much for him. In a few moments the earth bobbed up by his side, all coloured and crossed, and looking quite smart. Next, the moon pushed in between the two, and they remained for some time motionless. Then they simultaneously departed, leaving us again in darkness, and the hurdy-gurdy in bed began to play again.

We have intimated that we do not expect to be believed, but we are bound to go on recording what we saw. There suddenly appeared no less than nine suns. They were all very bright and white, but a black shadow, more or less extensive, was over a portion of every one. Some had a mere slice taken off, but others were cut well into, like cheeses on a cheesemonger's counter, while others, again, had lost the greater part of their faces. But, we repeat it, there were nine of them. And under each one written some mystic inscription, which we hardly dared to read, but, remembering the case of Constantine, we ventured the attempt, and we think we made out "3 HO. 30 MIN. P.M.," hieroglyphics which we must leave to be decyphered by wiser people.

The nine suns all vanished in an instant, and the horizon became mysteriously enlightened. Europe lay stretched before us like a map. We could distinctly make out all the countries—those we have visited, those we hope to visit, and those we hope never to visit, among which latter were—but no, why should we send despair to a whole nation? But what was most extraordinary of all, we observed a broad black curved line, beginning at the north-west, and extending down to the south-east, and which, if its size was really what it appeared, must have been a hundred and eighty miles broad. All we can say is, that in all our travels we never came upon this line, but improvements are so rapid in these days, that we have no doubt it is all right, and perhaps has something to do with the Ocean Penny Postage, or some other wonderful invention.

But while we were considering this circumstance, and how we should ever be able to account for this miraculous phenomena we were witnessing, a great bell began to ring very loudly, and a voice proclaimed something which sounded like "Diving Bell." In a moment we were again in darkness, and in another we were knocked down, and a great rush of people passed over us, apparently scaling some ascent, and stimulating one another with cries and pushes. We have no further recollection of anything that occurred, until we found ourselves in the street, a policeman putting us into a cab, and threatening the driver with unheard-of penalties if he dared to charge us more than twice his fare.

[Our reporter, on the night he describes, must have been either at the Polytechnic, or at the bottle—perhaps both.—EDITOR.]

THE POTTLETON LITERARY INSTITUTION.

We intend to keep our eyes constantly on this spirited and rising little institution. As it should serve as a model for all others, we shall take care, from month to month, to lay its proceedings before our readers.

The programme of lectures, just issued, looks well. It will be seen, in the spirit of the time, that all the lectures are on sound practical mechanical subjects.

Mr. B. Brallaghan. On Bricklaying. Use of the Hod.—Why the Irish excel in this branch of Art.—How to make three days' work in one.—How to make a day's work last a fortnight.—Witty remarks of celebrated Bricklayers, &c., &c. *To be interspersed with comic songs, whistling, &c.*

Mrs. Harris, (the celebrated female lecturer.) On the Theory and Construction of Mangles. *An entire mangle will be exhibited and worked on the platform.*

Mr. Chumley. On the results of Machinery with relation to Chimney-sweeping. Fall of the Climbing Boys.—Art of cleaning crooked and narrow flues.—The Duck and String system.—Predilection of Sweeps for fried sausages easily accounted for.—A few words on Elia.

Mr. Jobson. On Boot Mending. Ancient system of constructing shoes without upper leathers censured, and why.—Modern system of wearing them without soles equally pernicious.—Invaluable recipe for making cobbler's wax.—Vamping, soleing and heeling, welting, &c., explained and illustrated.—Mr. Thackeray's Book of Snobs proved to be utterly valueless to the practical cobbler.—Non-analogy of sherry-cobblers.—Conclusion.

Mr. Greaves. On Soap Boiling. Popularity of Soap considered.—Its non-support by the people.—Smell of soap-boiling proved to be pleasant.—Soap frequently swallowed by children in mistake.—Varieties of soap.—Moral soap.—Soft soap, &c., &c. *With illustrative soporific anecdotes.*

Music has occupied the chief place in the classes of the Pottleton Institution: and here we must confess that our intellect is gradually breaking down under the perfectly incomprehensible pitch of science to which the said music is arriving. We positively know nothing. If we come away from a concert, yawning at an *Op*—as our Westbourne Belle called it last month—we find the next day that "it was interpreted with faultless purity, only the *larghetto* of the consecutive

dominant in A was less symmetrical than the *presto scherzando* of the C sharp minor, which gave more colouring to the contrapuntal *arpeggio* than was strictly allowable."

It is possible that the Musical Class of the Pottleton Literary Institution may ultimately arrive at this pitch. It has lately given a concert, and we have the pleasure of laying the programme before our readers. We do not hold it up as a model selection, but it evinces a dawning taste for music.

PART I.

Overture to Semiramide, (on the one-keyed flute) . . . Mr. FEEBLE.

Ballad :—"I 'd be a Butterfly." . . Signor LABLACHE.

Who is expressly engaged by the Committee for this occasion.

Fugue on the Tambourine (*Sebastian Bach*) . . . Mr. BINGLE.

Song :—"Piff Paff" (*Huguenots*) . . Miss LOUISA PYNE.

Who is expressly engaged by the Committee for this occasion.

Serenade :—"Com' e' gentil,' (on a pocket-comb) . . Mr. ROOTLE.

Dirge :—"Down among the Dead Men," *arranged as a funeral hymn,* by the MEMBERS.

Between the parts the audience will be allowed no rest, as MR. ASINUS VOCKS will then exhibit his new system of Musical Mathematics, in a sonata on the Triangle.

PART II.

Madrigal :—"Fal lal lal," (1202), by the Vocal Class of the Pottleton Lunatic Asylum.

Ballad :—"For I am a Gipsy King" . Miss LOUISA PYNE.

The "Rataplan" in *Les Huguenots,* arranged for fourteen accordions, by members of the class.

Song :—"Jeannette and Jeannot," (*first time*) Signor LABLACHE.

Violin Solo :—"Souvenir du Guilleaume Waters" . . . . Mr. PIVINS.

Chorus :—"Ri tooral looral." . . . By the Entire Company.

(From Beethoven's celebrated opera of "The Cork Leg.")

Notice.—The committee beg to announce that they are in treaty with Mr. Scriggles to give his "Tunes without music," which he has written as an accompaniment to Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words."

A TOUCHING LEGEND.

Our readers may be aware—there must be few who are not—that at the pleasant Adelphi Theatre in the Strand there was once produced an admirable drama—a type of its class—called *The Green Bushes*. They may also remember the very striking and picturesque manner in which the lady who directs that fortunate establishment, "interpreted" (we borrow the word from great critics) the part of *Miami*.

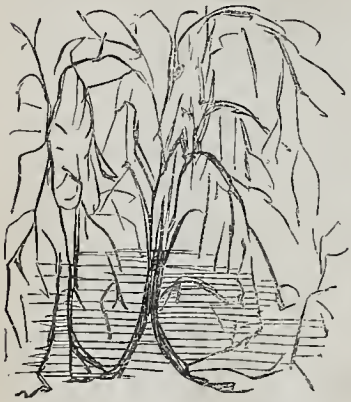
An interesting anecdote is connected with these representations. There was once a young clerk in the East Indian House of Bung, Brown, and Jaggerbedam Lol, who, on the day that he touched his first quarter's salary, went to the Adelphi Theatre, and saw *The Green Bushes*. He was very much pleased with it. The deep human interest about the play—the love of Connor O'Kennedy for the wild huntress of the Mississippi—the connection of the old Irish song with the plot—the perfect adaptation of the different characters to the performers—the humours of Mr. Wright, and the unlimited credence placed by Mr. Paul Bedford in all that gentleman affirmed—made a great impression on Mr. Currie, for so was he named. He went again and again.

The house of Bung, Brown, and Jaggerbedam Lol opened an agency at Liverpool, in part connexion with New York, and Mr. Currie was placed in the new office. He was sorry to leave London—who is not who has once lived there? Who is fit for anywhere else after he has once settled down into its glorious life? But he might have been at far worse places than Liverpool; and amidst its quick appreciative denizens he found great consolation for his absence from town: in fact, after the metropolis, he did not know where he would have been better off. At Christmas a holiday came, and he went up to town. He sought his favourite Adelphi, and there read, at the bottom of the bill, to his delight—

"Madame Celeste, having returned from her provincial engagements, will appear this evening in *The Green Bushes*."

Well, time went on. The affairs of the company flourished, and another agency was opened at Havre. Again Mr. Currie changed his situation, and quitted the Mersey for the Seine. He grieved to leave England, but there was much in the sunny, breezy, historical neighbourhood of Harfleur and Honfleur to reconcile him to the change; in fact,

what between the bright coast, and the pretty girls, and the constant influx of visitors to and from the "continong" (as his old friend Mr. Wright would have called it), he was rather sorry on the advent of a holiday, "*quand* he *quittai'd* his *Normandie*," (as the aforesaid gentleman might also have expressed himself). But as he approached town the old London smoke and din came pleasantly upon him; and when he once more found himself dining at the Old Cheshire Cheese, in Fleet Street, and imbibing its excellent punch, he would not have called Jaggerbedam Lol his parent. He said, "I will go the Adelphi." He looked at the bottom of the bill, and there he saw, in type to be read across the road, that—



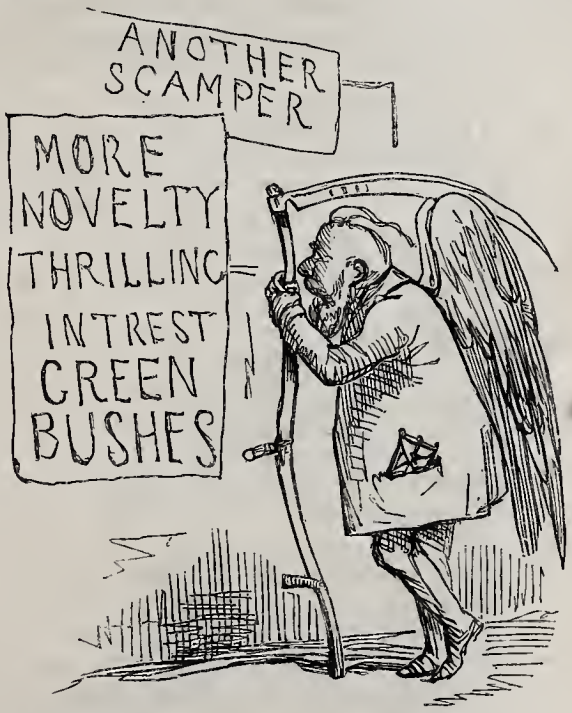
Portrait of "The Green Bushes" on their 1303rd representation. A.D. 1951.

"Madame Celeste, having returned from her provincial engagements, will appear this evening as *Miami*, in *The Green Bushes*."

The wheels of time still kept running on with resistless speed, and the romance of Mr. Currie's life kept pace with them. He grew in the confidence of his employers—was raised to head-clerk—became a partner—and lastly went out to Calcutta, to amass fresh wealth through past experiences. He stopped there a long time—lived in a bungalow, rode in a howdah, smoked a hookah, saw a nawaub placed on the musnud, drank pawnee, took tiffin, dozed under a punkah—in fact, became a proper Anglo-Indian. He also made a great deal of money, and, at last, with a tinged cheek and refractory bilious apparatus, thought of returning to England. Once more, as the rattling train of the South Eastern Railway whirled him along the last miles of the Overland Route, all his old associations returned. He forgot the years that had elapsed; and, at last, snugly deposited at the Oriental Club, he said to himself after dinner, as of old, "I will go the Adelphi." The bill hung in the hall, and was brought in by the ready waiter. He read at the bottom—

"Madame Celeste, having returned from her provincial engagements, will this evening appear as *Miami*, in the celebrated drama of *The Green Bushes*."

Then he said, "All time is as nothing. Crowns crumble in France,



fresh empires arise in Hayti—we conquer Affghans and are thrashed by Caffres—nothing remains as of old, except that amidst the wrecks and glories of the world, the Adelphi still holds its own, and will do so for centuries. I will retire to Cheltenham. I will take a new lease of my life; and in years to come, I will go to town and see Madame Celeste play *Miami*, in *The Green Bushes*, on her return from her provincial engagements!"

And so may she, and we, and the Adelphi, and the world generally, flourish and continually improve.

THE OCTOGENARIAN.

A Ballad for an Old Lady.

Air—Why Should we Quarrel for Riches.

(Alluded to in "Roderick Random," in Knickerbocker's "History of New York," but perhaps better known to moderns as "Pat's Curiosity Shop.")

I'm an old woman upwards of eighty,
The world 's fading fast from my view,
If you 'll listen to what I relate, I
Will sing of the old times to you.
Folks then wer 'n't all striving and scheming,
For honours and riches and pow'r;
No railways went hissing and screaming,
At gracious knows how much an hour.

We 'd none of your new-fangled fancies,
Your Polkas and Waltzes, be sure,
But fine merry old country dances,
And grave *Minuets de la Cour*.
Our bucks charmed the eyes of beholders
With three-cornered hats on their brow,
Smart pig-tails hung over their shoulders,
Bucks don't wear such ornaments now.

I remember the riots of "Eighty,"
The fires which illumined the town.
I 've seen Old King George, as in state, he
To open the houses came down.
But they 've altered so now the old places,
My mem'ry I scarcely can fix,
Where once there were meadows and daisies,
There 's nothing but paving and bricks.

I 've seen Doctor Johnson go stalking
Down Fleet Street and Chancery Lane,
And watched him with Boswell stand talking,
While wit from his lips poured amain.
I 've seen Garrick make the folks tremble,
While thousands in awe held their breath,
I 've seen Miss O'Neill and John Kemble,
And Siddons in Lady Macbeth.

Those days have departed, and never
  Their like will posterity know:
For all who were witty and clever
  Were buried a long time ago.
But still it 's called "Progress" by you men,
  As blindly the world trundles on;
Yet I hope you 'll excuse an old woman
  Who sighs for the days that are gone.

"There 's a bite! Pull him up, Charley. I've got the landing net."

TOWN ECLOGUES.

By Theocritus Londinensis.

No. I.—The Legitimate Dramatist.

Damætas.—Strephon.

WFUL is the rain! The son of the bonnie heather is returning from the House of Holland, and is basking in the storm. To him it is a nice soft day; to me it rains cats and dogs—yet not the animals so called, but masses of water equally large. I will ensconce me in a house of public entertainment. Who is the wondrous musician on the other side of the window? Who is it that, by the duet in the *Favorita*, or the dirge of the ancient Ethiopian of good fame, Poor Old Ned, giveth by sound a more grateful zest to my porter, a more pungent relish to my tobacco! Lovely is his art. Skilfully doth he turn the tuneful barrel, rejoieing my heart. Piercing is the whistle with which at times he accompanies the music. Yet will I award him more than praise. Mere praise fatteneth not man: substantially will I reward the sweet musician. Sordid is he, who, after he hath delighted his heart with the skill of the man who bears yet two others on his shoulders, or with the charms of the ingenious Fantoccini, artfully slinketh round the corner when the coin-collecting hat maketh its appearance. What ho, there, O musician! Enter this mansion, which is decorated by the golden effigy of the Lion; enter—it is Damætas that calleth thee.

Strephon. Behold me, oh Damætas! Strephon obeyeth thy call.

Damœtas. Here, thou who delightest the morn with sweet music—here are two pennies for thee. Large pennies are they, coined in the reign of the Third George, and their rims are broad. Men make not such pennies now. Refresh thy lips with this noble fluid: take a part of this tobacco, which the lovely Phillis hath neatly enclosed in a leaf of *The Examiner*, pronouncing it to be a screw. Take thee also a pipe, either one that shineth with unvaried whiteness, or one that Phyllis hath gracefully adorned with deep-coloured sealing-wax. Take boldly, O musician! for I will pay the banquet.

Strephon. Thanks, O gentle Damætas! I will take the pipe that wax hath not touched. It was the Sybarite that first devised the art of adding wax to pipes, because the simple clay wounded his under lip. I am hardy. I will immerse the end of the pipe in this delicious beverage, and then will I create for myself an atmosphere of enjoyment.

Damœtas. And now, while we sit thus commodiously, tell me, O Strephon!—for so I think thou callest thyself—wert thou always a musician? When a flaxen-headed boy, didst thou apply the Hebrew harp to thy lips, and bid it utter music by the swift motion of thy finger? Was thy soul inured to melody by the shrill whistle, or the shriller bird-call, ere it aspired to the lofty barrel.

Strephon. Nay, I was not always a musician, kind Damætas—mine was the dramatic art: and now I mourn that that art is no more. In the days of my prime I bore about with me the lofty stage on which Punch strutteth his quarter of an hour; the stage that witnesseth the fate of Judy. When my voice was heard, the joyous youth would rush after me to do me honour. When my play was acted in the northern part of this city, close to the statue of the mighty Fox, or the bronze form of him of Bedford, great was the concourse that assembled. The infant student, clad in eye-delighting green, and on whose coat shineth the oval plate of brass; the daring explorer of the obscure flue; the artificer of houses, sturdily resting on the implement which bore on high the well-fitting brick—all these assembled to behold my drama. Laughter-stirring were the words I uttered, and they caused a ray of joy to fall upon the heart of the toil-worn mechanic—but the purport of my play was stern. I showed them how Punch slew even the father of evil, and

thus did I awfully symbolise the dogma that the free-will of man opposeth all obstacles. I trod in the steps of the old Athenian, and Punch was my Prometheus. The wanton children gazing on the play, and delighting in the swift jests they heard, would cry, "Mighty is the wit of Punch!" But aged men would reprove them for their indiscretion, and say, "The thing thou callest Punch is but a vain image without a soul. It is he that is concealed behind yonder baize is the great mover. Ye should say, 'Mighty is the wit of Strephon!'"

Damœtas. Why, O wondrous Strephon! didst thou leave a calling so lovely?

Strephon. Thou shalt hear my griefs, O Damœtas! There came another man to our land, and he also played the tragedy of "Punch," but he introduced novel devices, such as delight the inexperienced throng, but make the sage shake his hoary head. He was not content with the fate of the wronged Judy, nor with that of the austere constable, nor with that of the solemn beadle, nor with that of the foreigners from a remote land, speaking an unknown tongue. He brought on his stage a dog—a real bestial dog, which he called Toby, and taught it to bite, with feigned anger, at the nose of Punch. Then did the people flock to behold Toby, and they neglected me much with whom Toby was not. Toby lorded it all over Belgravia. Toby was mighty in peaceful Bloomsbury. Finsbury Square spoke of the feats of Toby—but I was deserted. Then my friends gathered round me, and cried, "Canst thou not also get a Toby, O Strephon?" But I said "No! never shall the stage on which the mighty tragedy of man and fate hath been acted—never shall the scene of wit, such as would have regaled the polished multitude of Attica, be polluted by the senseless feats of a brute!" Therefore did I put my mute actors between the bars of the burning grate—therefore did I saw in pieces my stage—and therefore did I buy this mighty chest of song, though I still bewail my ancient glories. Even so have the horses at Drury Lane turned others.

Damœtas. Sad is thy case; yet wail no longer. Phyllis shall bring another vessel of the foaming Barclay, another screw of the fragrant weed, and for one short hour at least Strephon and Damœtas shall rejoice.

ETYMOLOGICAL INVENTIONS.

We perceive, with great alarm, the increasing number of abstruse names given to various simple articles of clothing and commerce. There are some "Eureka" shirts at six for forty shillings, which most offensively thrust themselves in one's face every where, until you entertain anything but a desire to buy them; and there are also *Piuma* coats, *Pardessus*, *Redingotes*, *Siphonias*, *Ponchos*, *Sans-plis*, *Togas*, *Aquascutums*, and all sorts of distressing articles advertised, right and left and around, in the desperation of the inventors. Rather to keep a head of the world than even to run with it, we intend to register—or dispose of for a consideration—the sole right of producing the following articles:

The *Protean Crononhotontologos*, or Changeable Surtout, the tails of which button under to form a dress coat; can be reefed to make a shooting-coat; folded into a Newmarket cut-a-way; or taken away altogether to turn into a sailing jacket. It is black outside and green within, with sets of shifting buttons, so that it may be used either for dress or sporting, evening or morning, with equal propriety.

The *Oddrotitstone*, or Pumice Beard-leveller, for shaving without water, soap, brush, or razor, and removing all pimples and freckles by pure mechanical action. Strongly recommended to travellers with delicate skins.

The *Hicockolorum*, or Patent Fuel, warranted never to smoke, smell, decrease in bulk, or throw out dangerous gases, and equally adapted for Calorific, Church, Vesta, Arnott, Registering, Cooking, and all manner of stoves. By simply recollecting never to light it, all these conditions will be fulfilled, or we forfeit fifty thousand pounds.

The *Antilavatorium*, or Perpetual Shirt-collar, which, being formed of enamelled tin, never requires to be washed, is not likely to droop or turn down, and is amazing durable.

The *Thoraxolicon*, or Everlasting Shirt-front, comes under the same patent, which may be had also, perforated in patterns, after the fashionable style.

WHY DID I MARRY?

THE SONG OF THE DISCONTENTED BENEDICT.

Why did I marry? Once free as the air
I knew whom I chose, and I went anywhere;
I never was bored about curtains and coals,
And cared not for prices of sugar and rolls.
My coffee was brought, from my bed when I rose,
And I just huddled on a few easy old clothes,
With my back to the light—the damp *Times* in my hand,
Who could be so happy throughout all the land!
Oh! why did I marry?

Why did I marry? Oh! had I but known,
How very familiar some day would have grown
Those beautiful features, both early and late,
I would have held on to my bachelor state;
Why was I not happy, with all my light loves,
Just slipped on and off like a pair of silk gloves,
Those black eyes so meaning, those blue ones so mild,
Those clear sparkling hazel, now beaming, now wild!
Oh! why did I marry?

I dined with my friends at my club every day,
And heard the last news e'er I went to the play;
I sat in the stalls, saw the whole ballet out,
And supped with the fairies on oysters and stout:
But now if the fairies look up to the tier
Where I sit with my wife, I am wretched with fear,
For I know that each smile a long argument brings,
About what I can know of such impudent things!
Oh! why did I marry?

I was not "alone," and I was not "forlorn;"
I never felt lonely at night or at morn;
I never came home to my bed until three,
And I let myself in when I chose, with my key.
They prate of the care that looks after my things
—My stockings and buttons, my collars and strings—
Stuff! nonsense—in praise of such rubbish to speak—
What 's freedom compared to four buttons a week!
Oh! why did I marry?

Why did I marry?—and what have I gained?
I 'm harass'd, and worried, and question'd and chain'd.
My latchkey 's put up, and my pipe is put out,
And my club is put-down, and myself put about.
I think of my bachelor days that are past,
The parks, the *coulisses*, and not least, though the last,
I think of my loves, and remember with pain,
That I never can flirt with those beauties again!
Oh! *why* did I marry?

THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

That Handel composed Jim Crow.

That Joan of Arc was so called from having been a *compagnon du voyage* with Noah.

That the registry of Oliver Cromwell's marriage with Lady Godiva may be seen at Somerset House.

That Alexander the Great was a dwarf.

That Henry the Eighth gained his title of Bluff King Hal from his strong partiality for pea-shooting.

That the Nineveh Remains are all made of Portland stone.

That the Hippopotamus was taken with a fly by a tourist salmon-fishing in the Nile.

That the Duke of Wellington sings an admirable comic song.

That coffee berries are diseased French beans.

That whitebait are made of flour and water.

That all the plays of Shakspeare are translations from the French.

That Cabmen live almost entirely upon perriwinkle salad.

That Napoleon is still alive, and keeping a *café* in the Highlands.

That the only thing likely to injure the Crystal Palace is a high tide in the Serpentine.

That Columbus was a native of Dublin.

MIND AND MATTER.

What is mind? No matter.
What is matter? Never mind.

A LITTLE ADVICE GRATIS.

We have been much grieved of late to observe the growing tendency amongst ladies to *shave their foreheads*, in the hope of intellectualising their countenances, and this occurs more especially amongst the literary portion of the fair sex. We subjoin a portrait, but mention no names.

The mistake is this. The height of a forehead depends upon the height of the frontal bone—not upon the growth of the hair; and, therefore, when the forehead retreats, it is absurd to suppose that height can be given by shaving the head, even to the crown. Added to this, it is impossible to conceal the blue mark which the shorn stumps of hair still *will* leave; and, therefore, we hope soon to see the odious practice abolished.

GOVERNESS WANTED, competent to teach English, French, Italian, and German, Singing and Music, plain and ornamental needlework, geography, and every branch of a polite education, without the slightest mental effort on the part of the pupils. One who could teach all in a single lesson would be preferred.

A GENTLEMAN, having a few hours at his disposal during the evening, wishes to employ them at either of the Operas, the theatres, any agreeable evening parties, or a few late well-arranged club dinners. He is a quick apprcciator of good stories, has met the authors of "Eöthen" and "Ten Thousand a-year," speaks French, knows a lord, and has a few choice anccdotes always ready. To country gentlemen and families visiting the Opera, he will be found invaluable. For cards of address, apply to Waterloo Chambers, Regent Street. N.B. No objections to Bloomsbury or Baker Street.

THE PARIS FÊTES.

N the belief that the approaching festivals at Paris—to which, we have no doubt, many of our readers, now holding THE MONTH in their hands, are going—will be something altogether original (and most especially so when the members of the London Corporation and their ladies undergo the ordeal of the French language), we have determined upon being present and reporting thereon. We shall devote the first article in our next number to the interesting subject; and, in the meantime, as every-day shows us more and more, that, unhappily, our countrymen are not always to be trusted alone when abroad, we shall give them a little advice as to their deportment; as well as a little general information about Paris and the French.

You will have some difficulty in getting anything but frogs to eat. Should you desire meat, you must give twelve hours' notice to the Prefect of Police, and obtain a permission from the British Ambassador, countersigned by the Minister of the Intérieur. It will then be given to you, between the hours of 11 and 2, at the Hôtel de Ville.

On entering a *restaurant*, or eating-house, keep your hat on, or at all events don't bow to the company: in fact, behave as you would in England, Call everything "kickshaws," and say, aloud, "Give me a good English joint." Make jokes about the dishes, and chaff the waiter in English, laughing at his apparently good-humoured attempts to understand you. Call the wine "bottled gripes;" stare at everybody near you; read the *carté* out loud, and make such jokes as follow:—Upon

seeing "*Bœuf aux choux*," say, "No—no shoes for me, thank ye!" "*Pain*" may suggest—"Ah! I should have a pain if I eat it, I reckon;" and "*Blanquette de Veau*" opens a fine chain of humour,—such as Sheets of Mutton, Counterpane of Lamb, Mattress of Beef, &c. An endless variety of similar humours may be indulged in.

It is very good taste to talk as much about Waterloo as you can whenever you are shown anything connected with the Emperor. Indeed, it is always proper to stir up any of their old prejudices, as by such means you will show your fine old English John Bull independance.

A choice collection of garlands and everlasting *immortelles* may be made at the cemeteries. They are hung on the tombs, by the French, but not being fastened may be easily detached and put in the hat for carrying away. They form pretty *souvenirs* of a visit to Père la Chaise.

There is no necessity to learn French. It is a foolish language, and not worth the trouble. What can be expected of a tongue which calls bridges *ponds*, cabbages as we have just alluded to, are called *shoes*, and fish is *poison*. What would be thought of us if we called shoes cabbages, and arsenic whitebait, and yet we might do this with equal plausibility.

You have much greater advantages in paying a visit to Paris, than the French have in returning the compliment to us. You see a noble picture gallery—a wonder of the world—in the Louvre; they see the closets and anti-rooms of the National Gallery. Nôtre Dame is always open for nothing. Westminster Abbey is always shut except you pay. They have two wonderful roaring fountains, to admire, on the Place de la Concorde; we have two squirting dumb waiters to laugh at in Trafalgar Square. You will know to a halfpenny what to pay their cabmen: they have no notion, within shillings, what to give ours. They will do all they can to assist your bad French: we laugh beyond measure at their broken English. At their approaching festival at the *Hôtel de Ville* (Guildhall) all the great men of the day will be present; and the grocers and tailors permitted to look on: at the Queen's Visit to the City, the grocers and tailors filled Guildhall, and nobody else was asked.

THE ENNUYÉ AT THE ECLIPSE.

FOR months I have been looking forward to this event. I have given fifteen guineas for a telescope, advertised in connexion with this interesting phenomenon. I have sent three stamps to an ingenious gentleman, who has returned me a piece of clouded glass edged with coloured paper. I have also ordered a wash-tub of water on the leads; and now I am all anxiety for the Eclipse. It may be something new to interest me at last!

It is not a nice day. I am sure the proprietor of the Surrey Zoological Gardens is not making a happy dinner. The gentleman who directs Vauxhall must be equally tortured by suspense, and so must be the manager of Cremorne. I wonder what they do on wet evenings. I should like to know them in private that I might see. And I should also like to be alone at Vauxhall, on a rainy night, with one candle lighted in the orchestra.

I have got the *Illustrated News* with the diagrams of the eclipse looking like so many standards of Turkey turned about in different

directions. I hope that all their views are not thus prepared in advance. I have heard a lecture at the Polytechnic. I have also read my almanacs. From two to four we shall be in total darkness. It will be perfect night. Birds will roost, and I should not wonder if convivial gentlemen walk down to the Cyder Cellars. And now, if at any time, will the Crystal Palace be sacked. Imagine seventy thousand people in the dark.

It is not yet getting night. At first I determined to look at the eclipse through my office windows, which, not having been cleaned for years, offer an admirable medium ; but the streets are better, as I shall see the cabs run against one another and the people run over, when there is no light. They are beginning to assemble. All London is in the streets except those who have gone down to Greenwich, hearing that it is "visible" there. I am no astronomer, and therefore I cannot tell why Greenwich should have this preference—why Blackwall, Poplar, and Deptford should not be equally favoured.

It is now half-past two, and still there is no eclipse. The day is dark, to be sure ; but nothing to a November fog. The people who live in the streets, and best understand the state of the sky generally, are making no preparations for the darkness. I see no candle in a paper bag on the stall of the man who retails pine-apples in pennyworths ; nor has the clean mechanic, with the high shirt-collars and two clean children, taken up his place in the gutter opposite the baker's gas-jet, with his stock in trade of three boxes of damp lucifers. I am sorry that I bought my telescope. What could the almanacs and papers and Polytechnic Institution mean by stating that on this 28th of July there would be a total eclipse ? It is an astronomical Koh-i-noor—a failure of the most inferior water.

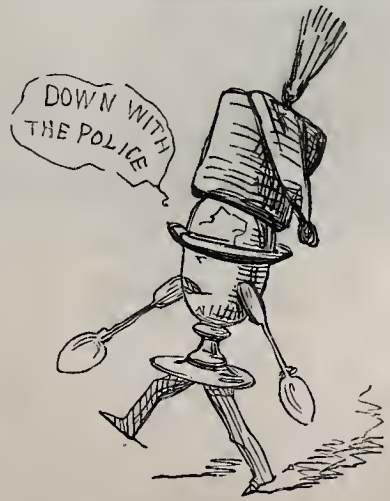
Once I went to a great moving panorama of the Mississippi, and saw a phenomenon—something like an eclipse. The scene represented moonlight on the banks of the river ; and suddenly the moon was obscured and all was dark, amidst a crash of falling tin and glass. Nothing could be better contrived. I think it is a pity the contriver of this effect was not engaged upon the present occasion. In this instance he might have carried out his American boast, and flogged creation.

It is now a little after three. At this time the most intense degree

of the eclipse ought to have arrived; and it has been getting lighter for the last half hour. What a fool I have been! My telescope is of no use to me; for I have no object to set it at, except a small bill of apartments vacant in the window of my opposite neighbour; the rain is so continuous that every soul has disappeared from the streets; and I might have been all this time calling upon *her*, knowing that the old people had been invited to see the transit at the observatory. As a spectacle this eclipse has been *a fiasco*. I suppose some day that something—I don't care what—will turn out as I expected it.

THE STALE JOKE NUISANCE.

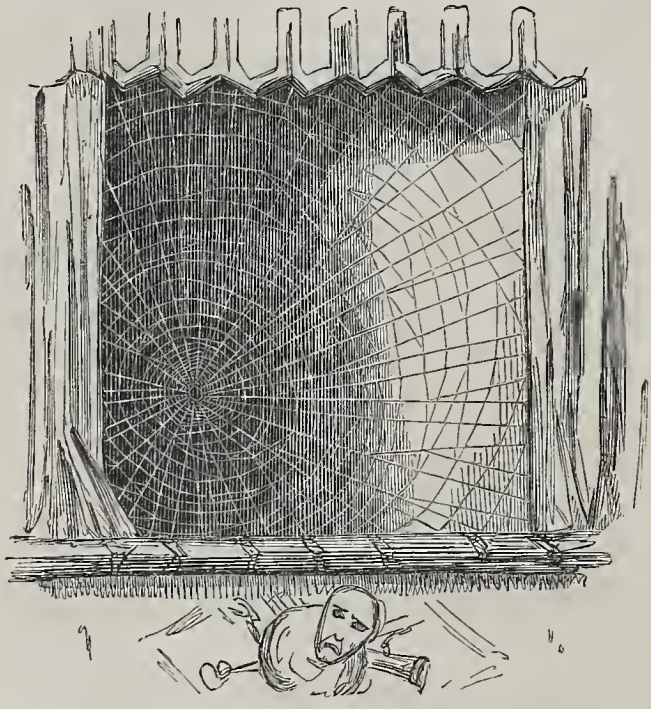
A VAST and proper amount of indignation has been expended of late upon the throwers of rotten eggs at the last Derby. When this sport is thoroughly put down, we hope that the increasing tribe of tellers of "good things," who amuse themselves by flinging stale jokes at unoffending fellow-mortals, may next receive their share of censure.



EGG HOT.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

THE visitors have come at last. A large proportion of the sixty and seventy thousands who flock along Piccadilly in such crowds to the Crystal Palace every day, distribute themselves about London in the evening, and crowd the theatres and exhibitions to regurgitation. No



[PRIVATE BOX, JUNE 1851.]

matter what is put up in the bills—old or new—good, bad, or indifferent —whatever pieces may be announced, they are sure to command an overflow. Long before the doors open, the country visitors are seen collected round them; long after the performance has concluded, the gentlemen—having sent the ladies home—"see life" at the Cyder

Cellars, Evans's, and the Divan, into which refectories the *habitué* has scarcely a chance of getting his nose ; and, long after that, burly forms with ruddy faces and stout walking-sticks, are asking policemen the way to every quarter of London---to get up again the next morning and recommence the pursuit of sprees under headaches.

[PRIVATE BOX, JULY 1851.]

Still proudly leading the way, the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA has defied all competition ; and the return of the gifted Viardot---greater than ever—has delighted both the subscribers and the general public. The incomprehensible *Il Flauto Magico*, produced on her Majesty's state visit, has at length been pronounced a wearisome affair even by the great

critics, although brought out with the elaborate magnificence which distinguishes all the achievements of this house. Miss Louisa Pyne's clever performance of *The Queen of Night*, at a very short notice, in consequence of Madlle. Zerr's indisposition, is worthy of record. Gounod's *Sappho* is announced, and the regular season is to run until Sept. 13th.

Nothing appears to have prospered at Her Majesty's Theatre, with all Mr. Lumley's indefatigable enterprise and spirit. Auber's last opera, *La Corbeille d'Oranges*, is a dull failure; so is Thalberg's *Florinda*. Some Spanish dancers failed also to make any impression in their national *pas*, which should be filtered through the Académie Royale to create any effect by their brilliancy. Alboni has returned in glorious voice, but nothing will ever make her a great actress.

The French Plays, as may be supposed, have trusted rather to their usual supporters than to the visitors; and Rachel has created the same *furore* as of old. Her most popular part has been *Adrienne Lecouvreur;* as *La Tisbe*, in Victor Hugo's terrible *Angelo*, she created a great sensation, and was admirably supported by her sister, Madlle. Rebecca Felix. As a great actress, at present she stands alone in the world.

Drury Lane has re-opened with some horsemanship; and the poor drama is again without a "home," as the phrase goes. We fear the old lady is in a bad way. The public find at last that she does not amuse them. In spite of all the press can do to tell them that they are or ought to be amused by her, they won't be. They can't reply to the press in pen and ink; but they show their feeling by not paying at the doors. At times they will not go even with orders, to patronise her. Seriously, we have had enough—and we should think managers have, too—of plays we know by heart. It is quite time that the cant about reviving a taste for the drama was finally knocked on the head. No taste wants reviving: the public are too happy to crowd and struggle and pay, whenever anything fresh is presented to them worth seeing. For goodness' sake, Messrs. Phelps, Creswick, Vandenhoff and companies, give us something new—some stirring prose historical drama of situation and interest, when the Exhibition fever is over, and you open again to the usual London public. We don't want to hear you spout poetry—we can read it at home, with much greater pleasure to ourselves. We wish to be interested and amused, and we believe the public desire

to be so, too—the good folks who pay their money at the doors, whom you always overlook. In the name of all that is entertaining, produce something new that may become the talk of the play-going world. You can have a drama without ranting and blue-fire ; you may have fine scenic effects, impressive writing, and imposing detail of costume and decoration. Take the admirably constructed dramas of Hugo and Dumas for your models ; select an English subject—mount it as you would see a drama mounted at the Parisian theatres, where every supernumerary is a study, and where English playgoers are sitting nightly and making comparisons which they do not forget, whilst you are becoming mildewed in the conventionalities of your own worlds—the theatres you belong to ; cast it with all the strength you can command, and the drama will no longer want a "home."

A very comical farce, with Buckstone acting in it as only Buckstone can, and an opera by Mendelssohn, have proved sufficient to cram the HAYMARKET night after night ; and at the ADELPHI the bill promises to remain unchanged for some time to come. Where the people go to who are turned away nightly at the LYCEUM we cannot well conceive—over Waterloo Bridge to the Surrey Zoological Gardens, perhaps. The exquisite beauty of the *mise en scene* of *King Charming* is beyond all praise : all the sweet fairy-land of childhood is realised.

The PRINCESS's might be double the size, and yet fill, with the eager folks who sit out the first heavy pieces with most complacent patience, knowing that the Keeleys are coming. *Love in a Maze* has been improved on several nights, by the substitution of Mr. James Vining for Mr. Charles Kean in one of the characters.

A very smart burlesque, ringing with jokes and good parodies, and called *Godiva*, has been most successful at the Strand : and Miss Helen Faucit has drawn multitudes on the nights of her appearance at the OLYMPIC,—elsewise this latter house has scarcely kept pace with the others in the race for favour.

We do not often go to ASTLEY's ; like roast pig, it is exceedingly agreeable now and then, but will not bear constant repetition. At the same time, a visit should be occasionally paid there, if it be only to revive old associations—to bring one's mind back, if possible, to the time when we fell in love with the young lady in white muslin and pink

tights, who danced with a flower-basket on a flat saddle: or thought Mr. Merryman a person of such wit, that all the humourists of ancient or modern times paled before him. Alas! those times are gone. The glamour of childhood has been taken from our eyes. There are no more young things in white muslin—we look for them, but discover only full blown ladies, who, for aught we know, may themselves have families of flying fairies: and the jokes of Mr. Merriman have lost their freshness —perhaps we are "faster"—have heard better things, and improved our appreciation. It may be so; but, nevertheless, we would give a great deal to laugh at the jokes as we used to do, even at the expense of losing our quickest perceptions of the comical. And so, when we saw *Mazeppa* the other night, and were going to pooh-pooh a part of the performance, just at the moment two little children in front clapped their hands and laughed so heartily—and what â freshening, beautiful sound a child's unforced natural laugh is—that it was quite a lesson to our discontent, and the next instant we were ourselves thumping our umbrella against the ground in approbation. It is hypercriticism to allude to the performances however. The horses are the real attraction at Astley's, including of course the riders; and so we will enter the arena, with the remark, that the atmosphere of the great mountains of Europe appears to be especially favourable to the caoutchouc development of the human frame. A gentleman whom we saw announced as "the Bounding Springer of the Alps," is an example of this gymnastic growth. We have formerly been acquainted with "Jingling Jumpers of the Jura" and the "Acrobat of the Apennines." If this attribute pervades a mountain population, we can conceive nothing more singular than the appearance of these villages when the inhabitants have turned out for exercise; it must exactly resemble the tray of jumping frogs which the man sells in Leicester Square. On this occasion, "the Bounding Springer of the Alps" was attired in a tight salmon-coloured flesh dress, spangled. A costume more inappropriate either to the level of perpetual snow, or the craggy scrambling of an Alpine path, cannot very readily be conceived. Let us state, however, that the artist, whether he sprung up into existence on the Alps, or anywhere else, rode capitally.

Time, which is gradually crumbling away the very pyramids, breaking

down Blackfriar's Bridge, and preparing the Monument to be a stupendous accident for another age, by loosening its joints, has passed but lightly over Widdicombe. The ingenious reader may recognise him, as Time himself, upon our eover. This great man is still as graceful and aetive as when he crept into the ark by stealth, unknown to Noah, and hid himself in a loose box with a pair of Arabian poneys. Possibly he is, just at present, pleased to find that Layard's latest discoveries at Nineveh, have corroborated all the anecdotes he was accustomed to tell of the manners of that ancient people, which his friends, at times, coneeived to be somewhat apocryphal ; be this as it may, he was never in greater force than at present, and we know not which to admire most —his physical perfection, or his condescension to an Astley's gallery, when it is considered that the perfumed showers rained on him in the amphitheatre before the olive-cheeked, dark-eyed belles of Pompeii,—that the thousands who clung like bees about the Colosseum in the palmy days of Rome, had cheered his entrance into the arena,—and that the hippodromes of Athens, Verona, and even Thebes, had owned him as their best director.

The SURREY has lately gone away from its proper course. We don't want operas there, even with Miss P. Horton and Miss Poole ;—we want Mr. Fitzball. We have not the pleasure of knowing this gentleman, but he is reported to live in an enchanted castle somewhere over the water, where murders take place every night, and ghosts inhabit all the cellars, and red fire is constantly burnt in the grates. He is said to pass his life in fighting desperate combats, protecting harassed heroines, harbouring villains in disguise, trimming floating beacons, taking vampyres in to board, restraining Flying Dutchmen, and ringing the original Inch Cape bell, which is said to hang in his turret, on stormy nights. So that, altogether, he has a fierce life of it. When his imagination requires exciting, he does not drink, like authors of a lower grade. He eats pork-chops and turnip-radishes to excess, and then goes to bed. His visions, recalled in the morning, furnish his plots and characters ; and we hope that he is now elaborating some for the Surrey.

Au reste, the Sunday trains are really marvellous things to see. Richmond, Windsor, Hampton Court, and Gravesend, get eaten out by

their visitors; and at the Greenwich and Blackwall white-bait houses, a scarcity of that delicacy is apprehended by Messrs. Hart, Quartermain, and Lovegrove, so unappeasable is the public appetite. The river steamers pack their passengers like figs in a drum; omnibuses are overwhelmed by the street traffic; country-people loiter and block up the pavements until the bustling Londoners can hardly get along; most of the hotels are filled to the tiles every day, and most of their occupants may be said to be on them every night: the sky is dotted with all manner of intrepid aeronauts; and what will be the end of it all, or whether it ever will end, no soul at present has the slightest idea.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

AUGUST.

1*st.* Oxford and Cambridge Easter Term begins.
4*th.* Opening of the first oyster, in state, by the Queen.
5*th.* Old May day.
9*th.* Lobster-shooting commences on the Peak of Derbyshire.
14*th.* Last day for turning stair-carpets.
22*nd* Shrove Tuesday (falls on a Friday this year, in consequence of the Eclipse).
25*th.* Angling for Grouse commences in the London Docks.
31*st.* All sorts of things.

FANCY SKETCH: MR. DAKIN'S THÉ DANSANTE.

The Letter Party.

THE MONTH.

A

VIEW OF PASSING SUBJECTS AND MANNERS,

HOME AND FOREIGN, SOCIAL AND GENERAL.

BY

ALBERT SMITH & JOHN LEECH.

SEPTEMBER, 1851.

PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE OF "THE MONTH,"
No. 3, WHITEFRIARS STREET.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications must be addressed to the Editor, at the Office of "The Month," No. 3, Whitefriars Street. It will probably save much trouble, as well to many of our correspondents as to ourselves, to inform them that all the business arrangements of the work are in the hands of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, Whitefriars.

We stated last month that "A WRETCHED INDIVIDUAL" had sent us the following conundrum, without its answer. "When is a collection of flowers thrown out of the third box from the pillar on the grand tier of the Royal Italian Opera to Viardot, after her performance in *Le Prophète*, like the second volume of Macaulay's History of England, upon a library shelf?" We inserted this in all trust and good will. But he has sent the answer, which is, "Because it's a book—eh?" meaning a *bouquet*; we know not how to apologise to our readers. At all events "A WRETCHED INDIVIDUAL" will not take us in again.

A press of matter has compelled us to postpone several papers until next month.

AURORA. You had better give up the idea of tending flocks at Zurich for the rest of your days. A Swiss life, after all, is but a "shilly-chalet" kind of existence.

HIS OWN BLUE BELL. Don't lend him any more. If he is so distressed at meeting little bills, he will perhaps run away from them. The man that constantly borrows ten shillings of the young lady he is engaged to, without ever paying her, is unworthy the name of lover.

AJAX complains that since he came up to town for six weeks in the season, and stopped with his pretty cousins in Oxford Terrace, he has lost the pure enjoyment he felt in the country in keeping rabbits and drinking tea with his sister who married the solicitor. What can he do? We recommend him to learn the accordion, against next year. It is a dashing instrument to play outside a four-in-hand on the Derby day.

EIDER DOWN. No; it is not true that the Guards amuse themselves, when on duty at Chichester and Windsor, with rearing silkworms. You might as well believe that the Blues, when they had nothing to do, made all the pastry for their own mess, or that the Life Guards were clever at patchwork. We should not at all wonder if the report were to be traced to Mr. Cobden.

CLEVER LITTLE PUSS sends us the following receipt for making cold cream:—Take of cream, as much as you need; Wenham Lake ice, a bit about the size of a lump of anything. Make a hole in the ice, pour in the cream, let it stand for ten minutes, and you will have cold cream.

A BROKEN HEART applies to us for advice. The best we can give it is—to pick up the pieces.

ONE OF THE HANDSOME HEAVIES. Welsh rabbits are not game. We must refer you to Mrs. Rhodes.

A FETED ONE. Your scientific discovery is a mayor's nest. How can it ever be high tide at Paris, when the smallest intimacy with your "Phrase Book" will show you that the water in France is always *l'eau*. The Hôtel de Veal is not so called from being in the calf market.

NINKUM, who asks why the Maelstrom is like a costermonger's donkey, and then says, "because it's a*n eddy*," had better mind what he is about. We were about to threaten to kick him into the middle of next week; but as our labours afford a ready escape to the more comfortable position of any part he likes of the last MONTH, we must consider.

B. J., Bishopsgate Street. You will find these phrases very useful in your contemplated visit to Paris, pronounced as spelt. "*Gassong, esker vooz avvay ler Times?*" "*Kell ay ler pree der say gang blong?*" "*Montray mwar un shappow, sieve oo play*," and similar ones. If you buy a "Phrase Book," you will also find that the dialogues, under the heads "Of hiring an apartment," "Of calling on a friend," "Of arriving at an inn," are exceedingly useful, and contain exactly every thing that you want to say.

BAY WREATH inquires where she can find the lines:—

"And freedom squeaked as Kosciusco fell."

They are in the third act of Ben Shakspeare's tragedy of "Box and Juliet."

A PUPIL OF AN ELOCUTION CLASS. The quotation is as follows:—

"Some are born fools: others make fools of themselves: and many become fools after much difficulty."

A TINY CHEMIST. Amber is a vegetable substance obtained from mustard and cress grown in a warm situation, on a blacking-bottle covered with flannel, and constantly kept damp with Paregoric Elixir. In three days it forms into small berries. These are then subjected to the gas evolved in the decomposition of ferro-sesquicyanuret of the cyanide of potassium for twenty-four hours, when they swell to twelve times their size, and, if carried further, burst into a white powder, which forms the Epsom salts of commerce. Amber is chiefly used in the manufacture of Windsor soap; and, calcined with equal portions of gunpowder, is known in the arts as birdlime.

A SPORTING GENT.—At whist A plays a trump. B throws out. C misses the bull's-eye, but making a losing hazard, goes in off the red ball with fifteen in crib. What must D do? Back the field, except the American yacht is entered for the Derby of 1852.

MATRIMONY. To our Lady Readers.—A gentleman, aged five-and-twenty, very good-looking and well educated, but not possessing a large income, informs us that he is desirous of meeting with a lady who would like to marry. She must be between eighteen and twenty-two, remarkably pretty, with dark eyes and hair, an exquisite complexion, a perfect figure, highly accomplished, well connected, and of an angelic temper. She will be expected to sing like Lind, dance like Michau, draw like Harding, paint like Maclise, and speak at least three continental languages fluently. In addition to this, a fortune of not less than two thousand a-year will be indispensable: in return the gentleman will give her his hand, his heart, and his name. So eligible a chance rarely occurs, and, therefore, an early application should be made (post-paid) to "Excelsior," at THE MONTH Office, Whitefriars.

ANNIE wishes to know, as Chaucer was the father of English poetry, whether Chaucer's sister could be considered as poetry's aunt?—We think not, but will turn the matter over.

A MOSSOO, driven wild by a "French Guide to London," inquires where the Standard in Cornhill can be seen?—The Standard can be seen in Cornhill, at any of the chop-houses, every day, Sundays excepted, after half-past four.

MENAGERE. We receive constant applications from our fair subscribers upon matters connected with domestic economy, and especially cookery. It is a subject to which we have paid great attention; and, by way of commencing, we give young housekeepers the following bill of fare of—

A GOOD DINNER.

Turbot and Raspberry jam.

Onion patties. Cheese ice.

Fennel soup.

Oyster custards. Herring creams.

Boiled goose, and Brandy sauce.

Pickled Pigeons. Periwinkle jellies.

Owl and Tomata sauce.

THE ADVENTURES OF LEONARD WARNER.

BEING THE HISTORY OF A RASSELAS OF THE PRESENT DAY IN SEARCH OF A TWELVEMONTH OF DISTRACTION.

CHAPTER I.

DESCRIPTION OF SOME ROOMS AT THE WEST END.

Ye who listen with credulity to the tales of tourists, and peruse with eagerness the routes of Murray; who expect that trains will perform the promises of Bradshaw, and that the deficiencies of home comfort can be supplied by foreign novelty, attend to the history now placed before you.

Leonard Warner was the only son of a country gentleman owning a fair estate in Hampshire. His father passed his time as Hampshire gentlemen might be expected to do. He attended agricultural meetings, and unfolded clever plans to bewildered farmers—he walked much over wet turnip fields, and rode more about sprangy copses—he sent cabbages up to London, took in the County Chronicle and Gentleman's Magazine, made plantations, had good rabbit shooting, went to the town on market day, wore a red face, contradicted his wife after dinner, had never heard of Rachel, was violent at elections, got up as early as he went to bed; and, in fact, did not differ from the hundred thousand dull gentlemen who vegetate similarly about England.

Leonard lived in London—at the West End. When he was a little tired of racketting, he would go down to his father's for a week, and, having yawned through it, return again. In the same way, folks, occasionally, cloyed with sparkling champagne, fall back upon dry Sillery.

The rooms which Leonard inhabited were on the first floor of a street turning from Piccadilly. They were not expensive, but, as his young Oxford friends told him, "awfully jolly!" and he got very good people about him there, and had capital supper parties occasionally. The sitting-room bespoke his varied tastes in its adornment. On the book-shelves, Brantôme's *Dames Galantes* jostled Macaulay's Essays: and

Tennyson, Paul de Kock, Christopher North, and Monte Christo wedged themselves into one corner; whilst a rabble rout of opera *libretti*, burlesques, theological and protectionist pamphlets, back numbers of *Punch* and the *Spectator*, catalogues of picture galleries, and descriptive books of exhibitions and panoramas, were piled on one another in admirable carelessness. Shelley and Alfred de Musset were, perhaps, lying open on the ledge. In the one he had probably marked the passage :—

"How vainly seek
The selfish for that happiness denied
To aught but virtue! blind and hardened they
Who hope for peace amid the storms of care,
Who covet power they know not how to use,
And sigh for pleasure they refuse to give:
Madly they frustrate still their own designs;
And, where they hope that quiet to enjoy
Which virtue pictures, bitterness of soul,
Pining regrets, and vain repentances,
Disease, disgust, and lassitude, pervade
Their valueless and miserable lives."

In the other :—

"Elle est à moi—moi seul au monde!
Ses grands sourcils noirs sont a moi,
Son corps souple, sa jambe ronde,
Son chevelure qui l'inonde
Plus long qu'un manteau du Roi!"

And with equal belief.

There were all sorts of books, in fact; heavy old folios, comfortable octavos, pert duodecimos; and all sorts of bindings, from the stout grave brown leather of the past century, to the flaunting bright scarlet cloth of yesterday.

It has often struck us, in many instances, that the same difference is to be found between the works of the old poets, and those of the modern school, as strikes us at first sight of their respective bindings. Take a book of modern poetry, ten to one you will find it bound in florid silken covers, with a profusion of gilding and exterior embellishment. It is just fit to be laid on a drawing-room table, and that is all; drop it on the ground, and it will tumble to pieces: just so with its contents.

How rapidly the gilt is wearing off some of our living poets even at the present day! How miserably some of them fall to pieces at the very first touch of critical investigation! and how few of them will survive to behold their works selling re-bound!

But take an old volume of Swift, Pope, Gay, or Dryden, and let us trace its probable history. It was bound above a century ago. It has been read through and through by people of not over careful habits, yet the result has only been to "thumb" its pages. It has been exposed over and over again on book-stalls, at ridiculously low prices; has been seized several times for rent; has endured time, weather, and neglect; and yet it is a book. You may dash it on the ground, you may fling it at any one's head (old authors are frequently flung at the heads of us moderns), you may carry it on innumerable railway trips; and after all it will probably survive to grace some antiquarian's library when the very tombstones which may cover our graves shall have mouldered into dust.

His pictures were numerous. The sad, gentle, and stricken-down Beatrice Cenci hung beside the looking-glass, beneath a group of voluptuous French *baigneuses*, appearing in relief upon black velvet, under a convex glass, in the late style so popular in the *Place de la Bourse* and *Palais Royal* passages. Two glowing views of Naples—the *Villa Reale* and Vesuvius from Pausilippo—in bright body colours, were faced by two of Landseer's marvellous scenes of animal life—the Challenge and the Sanctuary; whilst an engraving of the Pitti Madonna served as a centre-piece to four portraits of Mr. Macready, Miss Woolgar, Alboni, and Lola Montez. A few stern old heads in oil, that Rembrandt might have fathered, gazed severely at two of Frank Stone's pretty conceits of rustic courtship. Some admirable etchings by Callot, of old Paris, were carelessly thrust behind a reduced cast of the Theseus, round whose neck was thrown the broken chain of a girl's *châtelaine*, with a bunch of charms attached; and Scheffer's two portraits of Mignon were waiting, with one of Mr. Ross as Sam Hall, for their frames, kept up by a gilt gingerbread king leaning against them. Between the windows was an exquisite little model of Shakspeare's tomb, on the top of the glass case of which was placed a little feathered cock, that might have been knocked down from the sticks at the

last Derby day; and under this was an admirable copy of the "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci.

The knick-knacks about the room were endless. There were bronzes and Etrusean vases upon the little satin-wood piano; bits of fine old china and Bohemian scent-bottles; pipes of all descriptions, meerschaums, chibouks, narghilés, clays and hookahs—Swiss wood-carvings, Tuscan alabaster works, Lowther Arcade flower-glasses and spill-cases; and, on the writing-table, as many pen-wipers, purses, pincushions, halfpence, jugs, and crochet mats for nothing at all, as would have stocked a fancy-fair stall. There were one or two comfortable chairs about the room. The blinds were usually drawn down, for Leonard hated alike garish daylight and being overlooked; and the plain diaphanous holland was better for the gaze to be at once bounded by, than the dingy prospect of the first-floor window above the tailor's over the way.

Finally, the folding door that opened into his bed-room gave a peep of great comfort. Here everything was of walnut, and French make, except the wash-handstand; for England is the only country in which large jugs and basins are properly understood in their fair dimensions—always to be chosen in preference to the pie-dish and milk-jug of continental arrangements.

CHAPTER II.

THE DISCONTENT OF LEONARD IN HIS ROOMS.

The London season was fast drawing to a close. No more cards came in for parties; the *belles* of the balls were refreshing their pale cheeks and languid limbs in the transparent shallows of the enamoured sea; the whirl of life ceased in the parks; strange, odd faces and toilets, haunted the passages of the operas; the houses in Belgravia and Tyburnia gradually closed their eyes, as though worn out with racket and late hours; the clubs thinned and the smoking-rooms became deserts; beds rose along the continental coast from Antwerp to Havre, and fell at Mivart's; shop windows got careless; the papers got stupid; cabmen got lethargic; Vauxhall got cold; and, in fact, nearly everything and everybody appeared relapsing into inanity.

THE BELLE OF THE MONTH.—SEPTEMBER.

There was one exception to this. One night those who passed along the street in which Leonard's rooms were situated, saw lights unbounded in the windows long after midnight on an especial evening. They heard laughter, too, and, now and then, music. The night kept on, but the lights were still there; every time the policeman returned, upon his beat, he found them vivid as ever; and even when the grey morning came over the foliage of St. James's Square, they still burned brightly. At last the servant fetched two or three cabs; a few slight laughing forms, with shawls pulled over their heads, were escorted into them; they drove off, and then everything was again still. The candles went out, and light now shone into the room instead of from it. The policeman's iron heel upon the pavement, and the restless lark outside the tailor's second floor alone broke the silence.

The blinds were not drawn up, and nobody could tell what was going on within. But the novelist has the power of Asmodeus, to raise roofs at his pleasure; so we will go into the room.

There had evidently been a *petit souper*. Everything was as when the guests had left, and the table displayed that profuse confusion which characterises a bachelor's entertainment. Plates were piled on one another, and mounds of lobster-shells, chicken-bones, rolls, and pine-apple rinds rose amongst them, with candlesticks, pint decanters, quart beer-jugs and champagne bottles, planted about wherever there was space. The candles had not been put out; they had died away one after the other, except one on the piano, whose flame kept leaping up with a melancholy and uncertain flicker like the last spasms of a dying gudgeon on the floor of a punt.

There were two persons in the room. One of them was Leonard. The other was a young lady of, what a police reporter would have called, considerable personal attractions, who was leaning back in a large easy chair that almost engulphed her, with her eyes fixed on her companion. There had been a few minutes of silence, which was broken by the pretty girl exclaiming—

"Oh, Leonard! if this should be found out,—what will become of us all?"

Let us ascertain what the circumstances were that had led to this state of affairs. The party had certainly been one of a daring nature.

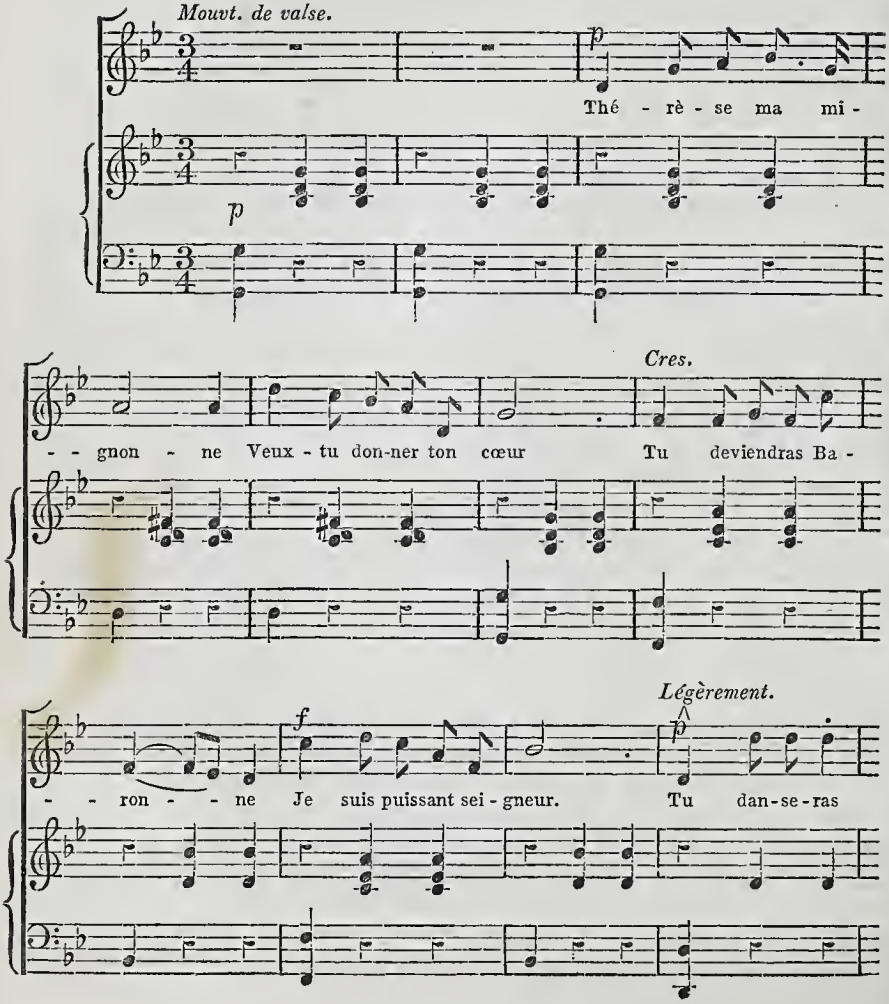
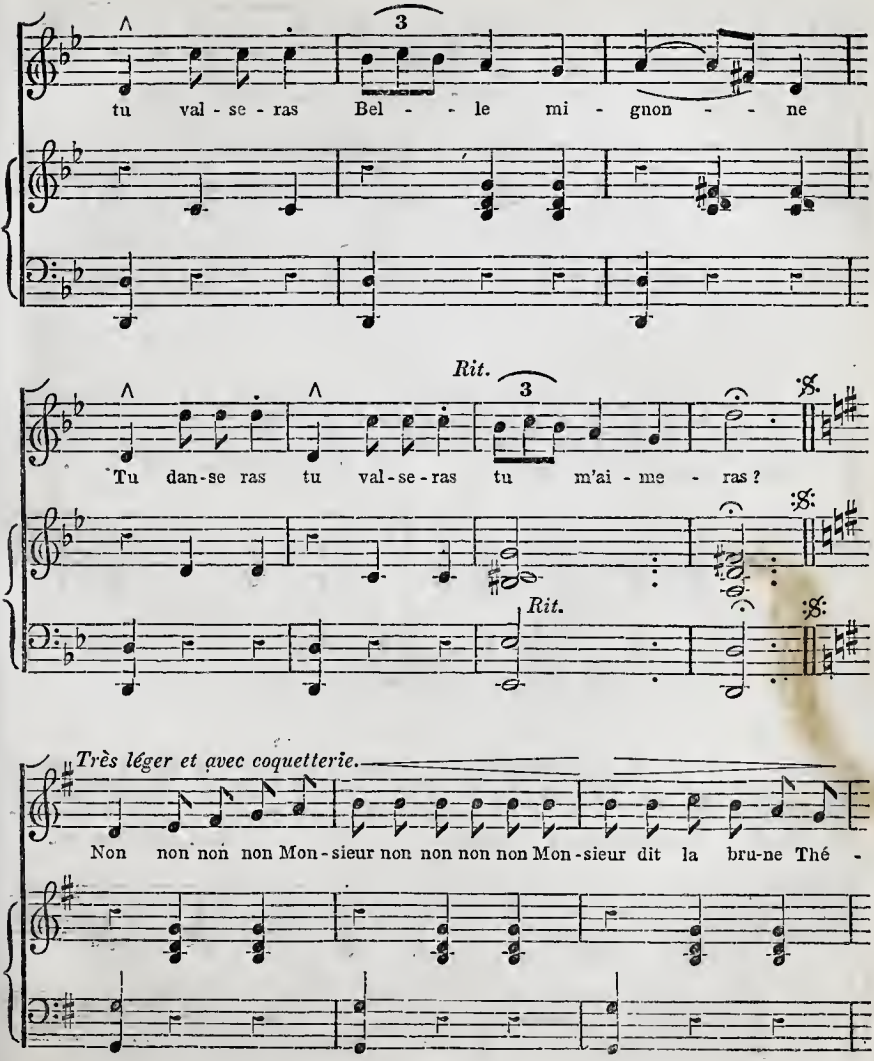
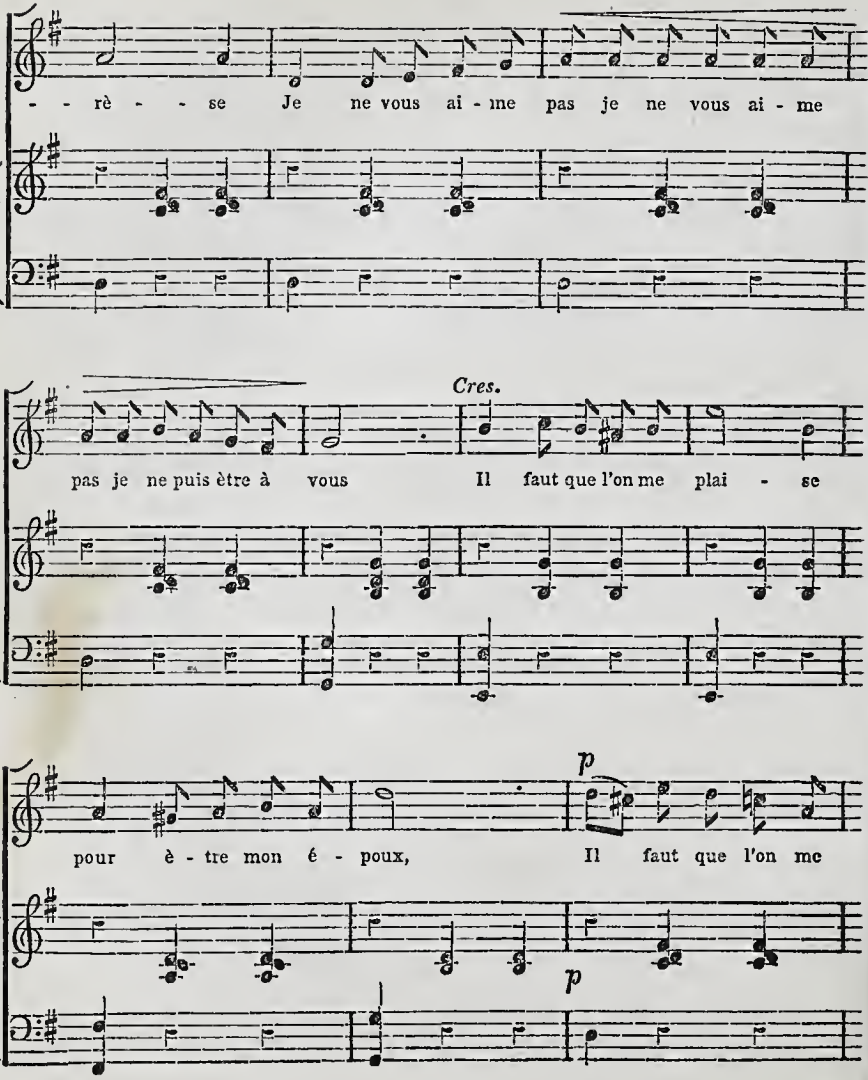
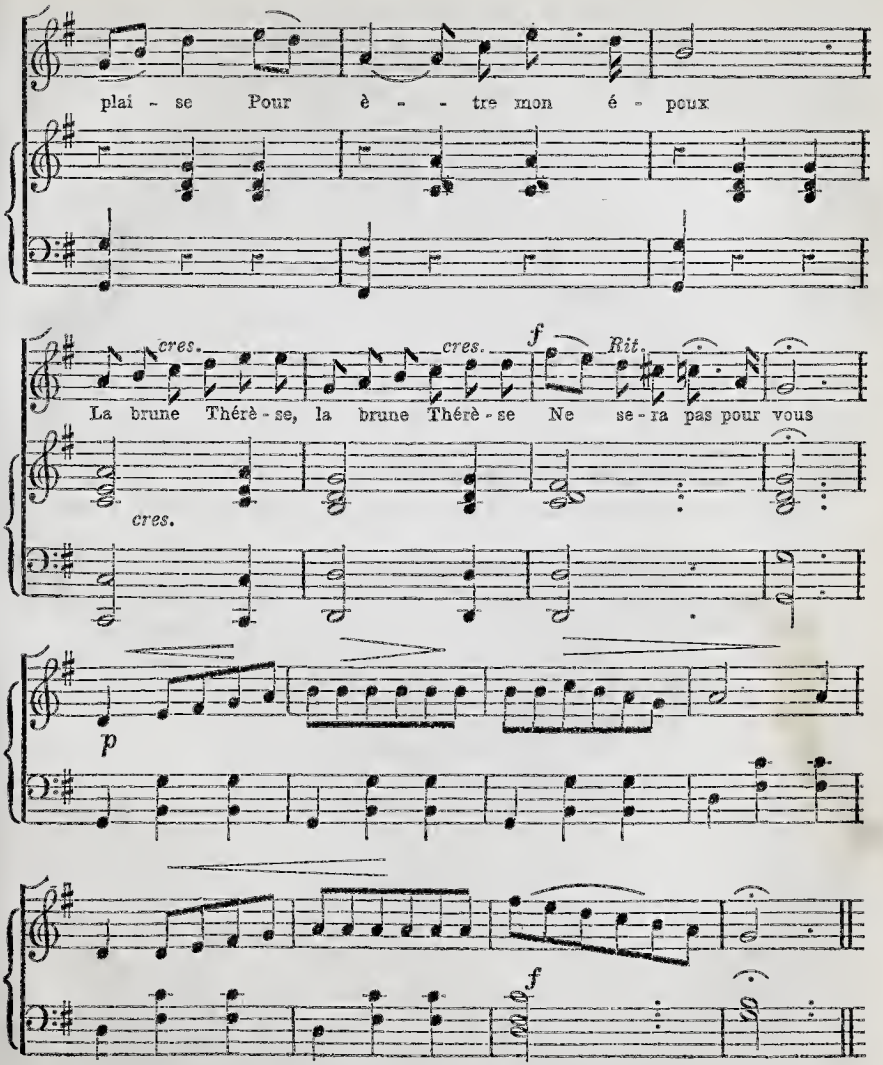
Leonard's only sister, Bessy, had been staying in town for some weeks with her aunt, in one of the West End squares, partly to enjoy the season, but more especially because she was engaged to one of her cousins. Her two great friends, Kate and Annie Winthorpe—who were as pretty pieces of mischief as one might find in the regions of fashionable girldom, and flirts of the first water—had established two admirers during the season in the persons of a young barrister and an *employé* in the Foreign Office; and the result had been that one fine Saturday, when they all got away from their respective chaperones at the last Horticultural Fête, they had agreed what a charming thing it would be to go to Vauxhall together, and sup at Leonard's afterwards. It required some management, to be sure; but it would be so very jolly! At last, after much pretty dread and modest assurances of its impossibility, it was so arranged. Bessy was to write a note inviting the Winthorpe girls to her aunt's for the evening to a little carpet dance knocked up the day before. Kate and Annie, in turn, were to call upon Miss Warner and insist upon her coming with them that evening to an imaginary ball in Gloucester Square; and Parsons, their maid, was to be at Leonard's rooms with their bonnets and out-of-door dresses for the transformation. Of course, the men were available at any time, and had only to join them. Leonard himself, who saw that he should be the odd man, told his sister that she must contrive to get Margaret Bell to come with her; and this was the most troublesome part of the business: for Margaret Bell was partly relation, partly companion, and partly governess in the family of the Worleys, who lived in Bloomsbury Square, and were rich unpleasant people, and always went to bed at eleven, and never allowed a key to anybody. But tact triumphed. Bessy stormed the Worley mansion in person—insisted upon taking Margaret to the Winthorpe's ball with her, and giving her a bed—and finally carried away her pretty friend by force.

People said that Margaret Bell was in love with Leonard—that her soft gentle eyes were always fixed upon him when they met; and that half the pretty knick-knacks about the room were her work. And they said, also, that they believed Leonard cared more for Margaret than he did for anybody else: but what did that go for? He was as likely just at present to marry, as to go over Niagara in a Hansom.

At last all was settled: the affair came off, and a wonderful hit it proved. Everything was doubly charming under such daring circumstances; and the great effect of the evening was when the party suddenly came upon the Staceys, who knew them all; and that impudent puss, Kate Winthorpe, said, in the most barefaced manner, "Oh, Mrs. Stacey! have you seen mamma? we can't find her anywhere! Tell her, if you please, that we will wait at the fountain when the bell rings for the fireworks, if you see her. Isn't it a delightful evening? Good bye, if we don't meet again."

Well, they saw everything, and got safely back to Leonard's rooms; and then the little supper began, and lasted until—until the daylight that we have already made acquaintance with. There never had been such a happy evening for those girls; nor for the men either, for the matter of that. A bachelor's party is always fun; but when it becomes such an improper affair as the present, the delight of the guests knows no bounds. The champagne popped, and creamed, and sparkled, and the little myriad bubbles appeared leaping towards the red lips to kiss them, as they touched the glass; and the ringing of the glasses chimed in gladly with the girls' musical laughs; and every now and then an observation of terror, at their own daring, only started the mirth again. Then they hunted over all Leonard's music, and went by turns to the piano, which had no sinecure that joyous night. A bachelor's piano does not altogether lead the life of a Collard's Grand in a patrician drawing-room. In fact its existence is perhaps more trying to the constitution than a school practising one; for, in the latter case, the work though constant is regular; but in the former, late hours and irregular occupation, with an atmosphere of cigars and a disregard of dusting, do much to produce a disorganisation of the internal organs, which, sooner or later, must affect the stoutest hammers.

Annie Winthorpe whose brilliancy and good time were things to enjoy, dashed off over the keys at once as they pushed the table and everything on it into the corner, and had a polka; and lastly Kate, who had learnt everything a young lady ought to know, (to say nothing, perhaps, of a great deal she ought not,) at a first-rate school in the Champs Elysées, sang this nice song, in a manner that would have driven you wild, had you heard it:—

LA BRUNE THÉRÈSE.

Mouvt. de valse.
p
Thé - rè - se ma mi -
p
Cres.
- - gnon - ne Veux - tu don-ner ton cœur Tu deviendras Ba -
Légèrement.
f
p
- - ron - - ne Je suis puissant sei - gneur. Tu dan-se-ras

tu val - se - ras Bel - - le mi - gnon - - ne
Rit.
Tu dan-se ras tu val-se-ras tu m'ai - me - ras ?
Rit.
Très léger et avec coquetterie.
Non non non non Mon-sieur non non non non Mon-sieur dit la bru-ne Thé -

- - rè - - se Je ne vous ai - me pas je ne vous ai - me
Cres.
pas je ne puis être à vous Il faut que l'on me plai - se
p
pour è - tre mon é - poux, Il faut que l'on me
p

plai - se Pour è - - tre mon é - poux
cres.
cres.
f
Rit.
La brune Thérè - se, la brune Thérè - se Ne se - ra pas pour vous
cres.
p
f

Tu portes ma rosière de simples fleurs des champs
Qui deviendront ma chère de riches diamans.
Tu danseras, tu valse, Belle rosière
Tu danseras, tu valseras, tu m'aimeras
A toi plaisirs richesses dentelles et velours.
Des bals chez les duchesses ma vie et mes amours.
Tu danseras, tu valseras, chez les duchesses
Tu danseras, tu valseras, tu m'aimeras!

And so the night wore away, until the white blinds became transparent grey; and Bessy Warner had been sitting with her hand in her cousin's for nearly an hour.

They were obliged to break up at last; and Leonard sent the servant for cabs. Bessy and her intended were the last, and they had a Hansom, which they considered great fun; and as they could not take Margaret very well—of course it would be very inconvenient—they left her at Leonard's until the cousin came back for her. And here she was, when we first discovered her.

"Oh, Leonard! if this should be found out, what will become of us all?"

"It *can't* be found out, Margery, if you all keep true to one another. And if it was, where has been the harm? what can anybody do?"

"It is different with your sister and the Winthorpes. I am so miserably dependent! I have had such a happy night; but now all my pleasure is over, and I must go back to the horrible Square again. You cannot tell, Leonard, how miserable it is there."

The poor girl's eyes filled with tears as she spoke. She wiped them hastily away, and then with a forced smile, added—

"Oh—how foolish I am!"

"You nice little Madge!" replied Leonard, as he passed his hand over her smoothly banded hair and soft cheek. "But you must not fret, you know. We will have another party when I come back."

"Where are you going then?" she asked, with the slightest expression of alarm.

"Oh—abroad, anywhere: I don't exactly know. London is so stupid now, and I feel quite worn out. I want change, I have nothing but blue devils."

As he spoke the rattle of wheels was heard in the street, and looking through the blinds he saw the cab at the door.

"Here 's the cab!" he said, "now wrap yourself up, like a good little woman. I 'll see you down. Stop—only *one!*"

"What the 'one' was does not concern us at all; it was entirely a private transaction. The servant came up to say the cab had arrived, and Leonard escorted his fair charge down stairs.

"Leonard," she said, as they went along. "Here is this little coral hand: now you must keep it wherever you go. Will you promise me that?"

"Yes—dear Madge—always."

She took the charm from a bunch that hung on her bracelet and gave it to Leonard.

As he opened the door, to put her into the cab, two gentlemen who were passing stopped. They were both in evening costume, but had a somewhat jaded and almost dilapidated air. One was exceedingly handsome, with great blue eyes and a large blond moustache—a type of the Saxon race. The other was a podgy little gentleman of forty, with a round bullet-shaped head, a broken gibus hat, and two odd gloves in his hand—one lavender and the other dirty white.

"I beg your pardon, Leonard," said the first, who evidently knew him. "Pray don't let us interrupt you. Do I know the party?"

"No, no, Charley; for goodness sake, keep quiet half-a-minute."

"But I think I am going the lady's way," returned the other. Leonard had just put Margaret, quivering with fear and her face quite covered by her Barège shawl, into the cab. The stranger was about to follow, when Leonard caught him by the collar; and swung him round so sharply that he fell upon the pavement, at the same time the cab drove off.

"Mr. Warner," observed the other severely, as he rose, "I don't understand"—

"Now don't be angry, Charley, or I shall laugh. Come up and have some brandy and soda-water—you look as if you wanted some. I really did not mean to throw you down: but this was no ordinary affair."

"Any amount of Countess you like, I suppose," said the other. "Come along, Doctor. By the way, Leonard, you don't know Dr. Wagshot. This is him;—he 's rather a cheerful bird. Make a bow, Wagshot, as well as you can, with that broken birdcage on your head; that 's it. He turns out better than he looks, Leonard."

"I hope you know Captain Eaton, Mr. Warner," observed the Doctor, as they went up stairs."

"Perfectly," replied the other: "do not be alarmed."

There are a certain set of energetic gentlemen in London who never want to go to bed; or rather, who never leave a haunt, however late, but it is absolutely essential that they should go on to another. Captain Eaton was one of these. Young, good-looking, in the Guards, and heir to a baronetcy, the world was all light and roses for him. He was exceedingly popular, for he could do everything, and had a wonderful temper: he had already a handsome income, and lost his money with imperturbable good humour—two great passports to the possession of general favourite. Conquests came too readily for him to interfere with those of others; and therefore altogether, at eight-and-twenty, life was one continued festival, and he almost grudged every minute given to sleep. From his dinner, he went to the Opera or to the Adelphi—for he knew Mr. Wright, and often had a cool "cup" with him in his dressing-room, during the *entr'actes;* from thence to the Cyder Cellars, where the latest news of the evening floated through an atmosphere of chops, jokes, cigars, songs, and reports, to be carried on to Pratt's or Limmer's; then he would call a main somewhere or another and lose his stake; and then, when even that tired, he would saunter home in the daylight ready to catch at any chance that still delayed his entry.

His companion, Dr. Wagshot, was the most ubiquitous man in London. With great social talents, combined with a sound knowledge of his profession, he cured his patients by amusing them as much as he did by his prescriptions, and was immensely popular. In consequence, he was everywhere. The *Morning Post* rarely had a list of any fashionables, but he was found bringing them up—operas, marriages, drawing-rooms, christenings, conversaziones, no matter what, it was all the same, and there was Dr. Wagshot. He was a great man for every new theory, and took up, in turns, magnetism, hydropathy, homœopathy, and everything else that was talked about. All the young swells were very fond of him; and, in turn, he liked the young swells; and, indeed, lost nothing by the attachment.

"I see there has been a perfect orgy in your rooms to-night. How many female members of the aristocracy honoured you? Why didn't you ask me?"

"It was nothing but a little private affair knocked up suddenly."

"Here 's a cobweb," said Eaton, as he whisked up a woman's handkerchief at the end of his stick. "Marked, too. Let us see—Margaret Who 's Margaret?"

"Nobody you know. Give me the handkerchief."

"Do you know anybody named Margaret, Wagshot?"

"There—there 's the soda-water, and that is some of the best brandy you ever tasted. Help yourself," said Leonard, with a slight gape.

"Don't yawn, Leonard: it 's rude. Besides, it 's only five o'clock. Wagshot, I 'll bet you five pounds I 'll put you against the wall and hit you with the soda-water cork."

"I think we 'll try it to-morrow," observed the Doctor.

"But who 's Margaret?" continued the pertinacious Eaton.

"Oh, never mind," said Leonard, laughing, with another yawn. "Do you know, I wish you 'd go. I 'm really very tired."

But when Eaton once came into a house at this hour, he was not so easily got rid of.

"My dear old Leonard, where am I to go to? One can't go to bed yet, you know. Besides, I want you to come up the Mediterranean in the *Fayaway*. Wagshot 's going with us, to keep us from being sick; and, if he doesn't, he 's to be pitched overboard: are you not, Waggy?"

"You won't catch me," said Leonard: "I hate yachting. People get shut up together till they know one another by heart, and then they squabble. Where 's the *Fayaway?*"

"Off Margate."

"I don't mind coming down to see her."

"Very well, you shall; to-morrow."

"All right. And now you 're going away, are you not?"

"What a fellow you are, Leonard. I 'd recommend you to go into the country, and marry a female parson, or something of the kind. What 's the use of going to bed? you can always go there; and it 's a slow sort of place after all."

"But I am really very tired. I will come down to Margate with you to-morrow. Where is Margate? Somewhere Greenwich way—is it not?"

"I don't know—you go in a boat."

"I tell you I will come down with you both to-morrow," said Leonard; "go now."

"But where *to?*" asked Eaton; "that is what I want to know."

"Oh! to bed, or to Bath, or anywhere else you please."

"Stop a minute—give me a light. Waggy, let us go and breakfast at Billingsgate."

The Doctor did not appear to like the proposal; but at last they lighted their cigars and started, as the sun threw the window frames in shadow on the blinds, and a few shuffling feet were heard upon the pavement. Leonard was rejoiced to get rid of them, and Eaton quietly put the handkerchief marked "Margaret" into his pocket, and wandered off with his companion in a state of great perplexity as to "where they should go?"

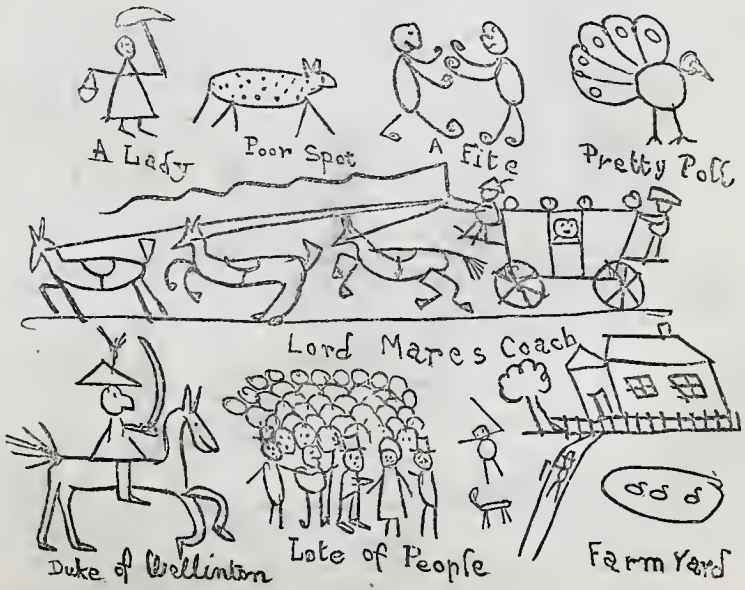
Leonard went to bed, and woke at a late hour in the morning, feverish and unhinged. All the enchantment that hung about the room on the preceding evening had been dispelled by the chilly daylight. The candles had gone—the champagne had gone—the girls' bright eyes and red lips, and light ringing laughs, had gone—and all was dreary and dispiriting.

"Happiness is nothing but a firework," he ruminated; "there is one bright blaze and a flash, and then all is darker than before. Everything bores. I daresay Margaret Bell would bore, after a time. Perhaps it is because my life in London is so much the same thing over again; to-morrow will be like yesterday week, and only anticipate next month. I can't put up with this carking *ennui* any longer. I will be off to-morrow. I will go everywhere, and see everything. My disposition has become rusty, and the channels of my thought want flushing with a tide of new sensations. To-morrow I will commence my pilgrimage, in search of satisfaction, about the world."

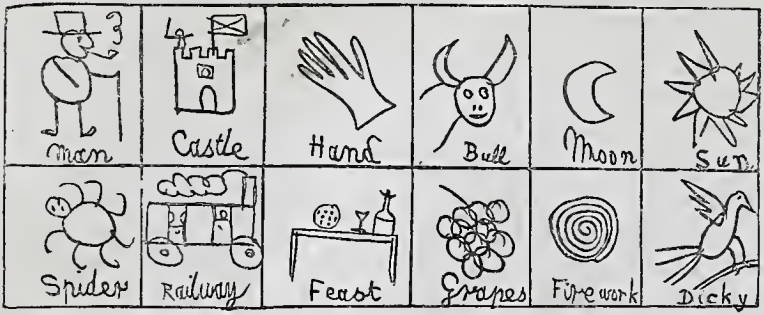
(To be continued.)

THE AMATEUR SKETCHING CLUB.

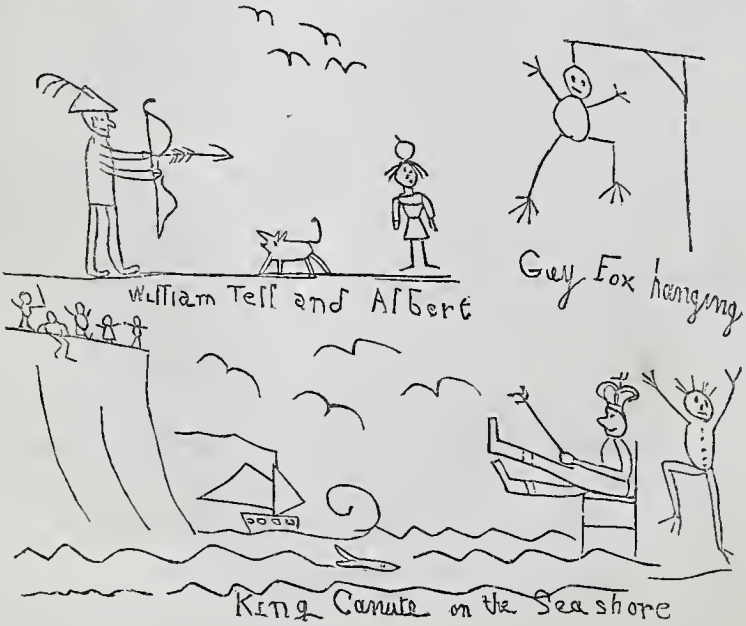
Some earnest-minded children, of proper tendencies, have formed themselves into a society having the above title, and placed the results of their labours in our hands for publicity. A subject is given out, as they sit round a table, and they draw it according to their own notions. The designs are chiefly remarkable for a boldness of outline, which we look for in vain in the hands of professional artists. In the first group, the equestrian likeness of the Hero of Waterloo might form an admirable design for a statue should another be wanted, and put our sculptors to the blush. The composition also of the "Lot of People," is massive, reminding one of the *ensemble* of Meyerbeer's choruses.



The next series is more simple, being confined to a plain representation of different things, all evidently meant as studies from nature.



The last aims at a higher purpose—that of the historical school.



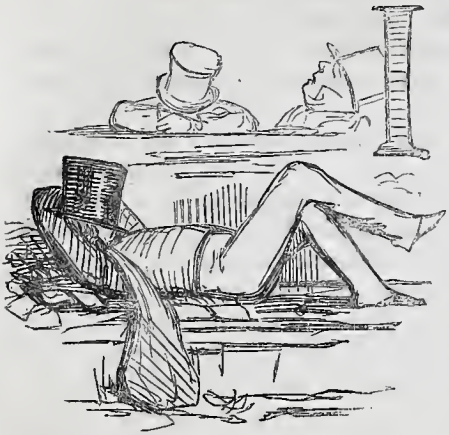
OLD LADY.—"There! let me pass, that 's a good man—I 've nothing in here but my night-things!"

(*Custom-House Officer draws forth two bottles.*)

LONDON LABOUR AND THE LONDON RICH.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.)

No. III.—Members of Parliament.



IN pursuance of your instructions, I have devoted the greater portion of the past month to an investigation into the habits, earnings, opinions, sufferings, and general condition of that notorious body, known as "Members" of Parliament.*

I need not enter into any disquisitions as to the history of the body in question. The origin of its name has been settled by Mr. A' Beckett beyond all possibility of dispute—"Parliament" is derived (says that excellent authority) from two French words, *Parler*, to speak, and *mentir* to lie. The instant acceptation which this derivation found, among all classes, proved its accuracy. Internal evidence in its form may also be found in the Parliamentary habits of those to whom I refer.

These persons appear to have, however, some sense of religion. They have a chaplain, who every day says a kind of grace before meeting. Nobody ever saw him, but as his salary is drawn, there is the best reason to believe in his existence. Another and, I believe, the only other proof that these persons have religious tendencies is derived from their custom, before enrolling a stranger among them, of compelling him to swear, several times over, to a series of words, chiefly of a ludicrous character. The most prominent of these is a vow that he will never do anything

* N.B.—In order the more satisfactorily to follow out this enquiry, by visiting the Homes and Haunts of the Individuals in question, I have been obliged to incur considerable expense in the purchase of white gloves, dress boots, opera-*libretti*, and bouquets, and in brougham-hire, beer, and other *elegantiæ*, in respect of which I enclose a separate account. Don't cross your check.

YOUR COMMISSIONER.

towards making Kings or Queens out of any members of a family, the very last member of which has been dead many years. There are three of these oaths, but it is intended next year to abolish them, and substitute the three celebrated clauses of the "Highgate Oath," which is in every way more rational. Many very comic scenes have arisen on these oaths being taken, Quakers having insisted on introducing the words "All round my Hat," and Jews having altered the form into "S'elp me never so much," and much fighting has taken place on the question whether this would "do."

The general characteristics of the body in question are too well-known to make it necessary for me to describe them. That they seldom break into an outrageous violation of propriety is attributable to a constant watch being kept over all their acts and words by a highly disciplined and long experienced party of detective police, known as the Reporting Brigade. No portion of the conduct of the members can elude the observation of this *corps*, by whom any charge is instantly entered, and the following morning the offender is publicly reprimanded at one of the Moral-Police Offices in Printing-house Square, the Strand, or Catherine Street. The members have also a sort of police among themselves, whose punishments are of the childish description which might be expected. The most severe of these is committal to a "dark cellar," whence, before a culprit can be liberated, he is naturally called over the coals.

I will now transcribe some extracts from a quantity of evidences which I have collected. It was, generally speaking, given with willingness, and with an evident pleasure, on the part of the speaker, in hearing himself talk.

The Honourable Tomahawk Fitzmarlinspike occupied chambers in the Albany. They were luxuriously furnished, and the tastes of the owner were evidenced in the mixture of operatic and ecclesiastical decorations. The pictures comprised likenesses of ballet-girls, and Pre-Raphaelite martyrdoms, and under companion glass-cases were the shoes in which Carlotta Grisi first danced the Truandaise, and the sandals in which St. Simon the Simple, coming from the fair, met the avaricious pieman, who refused to satisfy the poor Saint's hunger without being paid for his ware. The legend of the evil pieman's pies being found miraculously filled with kittens, through the interposition

of N. D. des Saucissons, is framed, on one side of the member's fireplace, and the satin play-bill, used in the royal-box on Carlotta's benefit-night, on the other.

His evidence was as follows: "I am member for a borough which belongs to my elder brother, who is a member of the House of Lords. Vote his way, of course, or could'nt well sit for his place, but I happen to think with him, on most points, also. Don't speak often, but work deuced hard, I can tell you. Those committees have taken away all the fun of being in the House. It was all very well when you had only the sittings to attend, but to be shut up for hours with four other fellows (whom, perhaps, we never spoke to before), listening to a parcel of barristers, paid to gabble by the yard, and bent on mystifying one, is no joke. From twelve to four at this on a hot day, and then into the House, and to have to stick there all night, afraid to go, for fear of a division being called, and at last getting off about two in the morning—talk of counter-jumpers and early closing, what do you think of *my* life? Has its sweets, eh? Well I don't know. If a fellow has a pet subject, and after waiting for several months, can get it on, and can keep a House, and don't get snubbed by ministers, and is listened to decently, and the reporters don't tie him up in a very few lines,—I say if he is lucky enough to have all these things his own way, why, it's pleasant enough, that night. And on nights when nothing particular is going on, as colonial questions and such bother, and the whipper-in doesn't pull one out of the Opera while Grisi is doing a good bit, or out of the club during one's rubber, I don't say that mere voting is very hard work. But it is the committees that kill me, and they ought to be abolished, or at any rate men should sit or act as they like." In answer to a special question the "member" laughed and said, "Ah! yes. But that's all over now. No more railway shares given away among committees. Goose gone and golden eggs too. Why do I sit in Parliament? Well, one's somebody, you know, and if a change of ministry comes, I have been promised an under secretary-ship, and I should (laughing) think more of the promise if it hadn't been made to twenty-seven other fellows. And if one wants to marry—and there 's no saying what one may be driven to—'the member for Pumpington' sounds better in dowager's ears than a 'younger brother.' And then, by the

way, there 's a sincere desire to do good to my country, which"—I need not say I stopped the witness when he was reduced to this painful extremity.

Sir Lancelot Greaves.—"I will tell you what I properly can, but have no time to lose. I am a Cabinet Minister. You can best estimate my work by a specimen. This (referring to a memorandum), was yesterday's work. Up at 8. Rode for twenty-five minutes. Breakfast. Office by 9. Letters and answers till 11. Four deputations at 11.15—11.30—11.45—12. First, on the malt duties—soothed 'em—second, on capital punishments—laughed at 'em—third, on taxes—told 'em it wasn't my business—fourth, on a canal job—this one important, as some political antagonists of weight were interested—heard them patiently for an hour, and promised attention and another hearing. Cabinet Council; afterwards attended Her Majesty. Office again—five-and-twenty minutes to look into cases of two people sentenced to be hanged—decided that Huggins should and Buggins shouldn't die—despatches accordingly. Looked over a constitution for India, and another for South Australia, while waiting for my horse, seem all right, but I dare say won't work. House at 4, answering questions. Debate on motion for restoring corn-laws. Answered to a speech of an hour and a half, and went for some dinner, but could not get any because an influential deputation had come up bothering about Huggins's hanging, so (to please them) read papers again, and decided that he was innocent. Sent orders not to hang him till further notice, and came back to House, very savage at missing my dinner, but in time to vote. Then got something to eat at Bellamy's while looking over heads of speech, on introducing bill for consolidating all the beadles of England into one great cocked hat, and went down and made the speech. Debate till ½ past 3 in the morning. Bed at 4. I must leave you—for I have to meet the Premier in my way to a Council, and then we have to go to Windsor, and be back by the meeting of the House. In one word, I do work which five men could hardly despatch properly, and the only wonder is how things go on as well as they do."

Mr. Phootleton.—"I work very hard, uncommon hard. It 's necessary, my boy, I can tell you, if you want to make a figure in the House, and I do make a figure, at least my friends tell me

so. You see I 've travelled a good deal, and when one has travelled, one speaks with confidence about things. My work is this. In the morning I take a map of one of the countries I 've seen, we 'll say Italy. Well, I take the newspapers and read all the foreign correspondence about that country, finding the places in the map. Then I make a note of what has been doing there, and I go to the House. As soon as I see the Foreign Secretary in his place, I get up and ask him 'if he has any official intelligence' that a donkey with the Pope's arms tied to his tail was seen near the door of the English Envoy at Florence, and whether such symptom implied that we were going to send a fleet to coerce the Vatican? Or I ask him 'if he has any official intelligence' that an English Midshipman had a rotten orange flung at him in Madrid, and, if so, what steps he means to take to vindicate the honour of the British flag. If the Secretary is in a good temper, he usually says 'No,' and there 's an end. Sometimes, however, he gives me a wipe, and says that the only official intelligence he has had about a donkey was the notice that he was going to have a question from one. And one day he 'had' me; for in answer to a question from me about the Two Sicilies, he asked me to tell the House where the second Sicily was. I didn't know what to say, and there was such a roar. So you see we have to work hard at geography, as well as other matters. If you ask me why I sit in Parliament, I can only say—that you had better apply to my constituents—*they* know, and so does my banker—I don't."

[Were the House of Commons sitting, we should be sent to Newgate for publishing this evidence. But as it is not, and therefore can do nothing, we beg (in imitation of certain contemporaries), boldly and fearlessly, to promise the rest in our next.]

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY!—A philosophical friend of ours says he has discovered that mankind can be divided into two classes, corresponding to the active and passive of verbs. The passive cannot get on without an auxiliary, and it is only the active who govern.

IF THE GENTLEMAN who rode in an omnibus, from the Bank to the Regent's Circus, somewhere about the end of October, 1849, will apply to Mr. Brown, of Westminster, he will hear of something to his advantage.

SYRINGALINE:

A MYTH.

BY PROFESSOR LONG-AND-SHORT-FELLOW. *

TABLES were laid at the "Grange," tables with plenty upon them:
There were they laid on the grass, out of doors, in the cool of the evening;
Guests swarm'd around them like bees, though sweeter by far than the honey
Were the smiles on the lips of the ladies, all laughing in glee and good-humour.
Toxopholites all were the guests, and had come from an archery meeting,
Where, all the day in the sun, they had riddled the targets with arrows,
And got in the gold in a way that fabulous Tell didn't dream of.
As the giver of all the good cheer, so Mrs. Bright headed the table:
The kindest was she of the kind, the generous and the good-hearted,
The fountain of mirth and good-humour diffusing its sparkles around her.

* In style of Longfellow's "Evangeline."

And there at the table she sat, like a motherly hen with her chickens !
And there was her cousin, Kate Herbert, dispensing the tea and the coffee ;
Kate Herbert the happy and blooming, Kate Herbert the calm and contented,
Smiling serenely on all, with lips quite distracting to look at,
Like a bright sunbeam condensed and endued with health and vitality ;
Roses and lilies combined to make up the bloom of her features ;
White were her shoulders and neck, white as the Parian marble ;
White were her arms, too, and hands—white and refreshing to gaze on—
As she sat at the end of the table, looking as cool as a cucumber !
Long they sat over their tea, and loud was their mirth and their laughter ;
And well, too, they plied the provisions,—the fowl, and the ham, and the veal-pie,—
And diminish'd the goodly supplies that the "Grange" ever seems to o'erflow with.
Then, having satisfied hunger, sharpen'd by archery practice,
Rose they from tea in a body, and went round the beautiful gardens,—
The gardens that circle the house, as the rich-spangled robe does the monarch,—
And soon the book-muslins and flounces had spread themselves over the green turf.
Red rose the full-moon upon them, and nightingales sang in the bushes,
Rich was the scent of the flowers, and the night-breeze was laden with odours ;
And all was delicious and sweet as they walk'd in the cool of the evening.
Then they divided for play, as happy as children and careless ;
And half were to hide in the shrubs, and half were to seek for the hidden,
And curious concealments were found, and rare hiding-places selected ;
And great was the searching and hunt after some of the party assembled ;
But greater the joy and the mirth when, at length, they were found in some corner,
And laughingly dragg'd from their haunt, betray'd by their dress and their giggling.
Then, for a change, they had "Tick," and swiftly they fled round the flower-knots,
Winding adroitly about, like a hare when pursued by the greyhounds :
The gentlemen shouted and roar'd ; scream'd, squeal'd, and cried out the ladies ;
A Babel of unruly tongues made pleasant with musical laughter ;
So that passers-by out in the road stopp'd in wonder and made the inquiry,
"What on earth means this riot and noise, and what is the cause of this kick-up ?
Is it a mad-house asylum, with the lunatics out for an airing,
Or the famed Agapemone House, with the inmates all playing at hockey ?"
Thus the travellers, wondering, ask'd—so great was the noise of the madcaps.
Then, when heated and fagg'd were the girls, and all out of curl were their ringlets,
They paused for a moment in play, and debated what next should their game be ;
When a bright thought Blanche Howard illumed, and she cried, her face beaming with pleasure—
"Oh ! come, and I'll teach you 'Tirza,'—a game I've seen play'd up in Yorkshire !"
So she set them all out, two and two, a gentleman each with a lady,
Standing all round in a ring, each the waist of the other embracing.

And she show'd how the game must be play'd, and laughingly taught them the lesson;
And the scholars soon willingly learnt the task of their beautiful mistress.
Long play'd they all at the game, and mirthfully chased one another,
And the red moon looked silently down on their glee and their innocent pleasure.
So then they all waited awhile, and some went in-doors for the music,
And others stroll'd gently about and listened outside to the singing.

But where is Kate Herbert the while, and what has Kate Herbert been doing?
She has wander'd away with her beau, the pleasing and talented Henry:
Down, 'mid the shrubberies' maze, where the walks are retired and winding;
Down, 'mid the shrubberies' maze, where the walks are so lonely and narrow;
Away from the gaze of the rest, away from the jeers of the scoffers,
There they go, gently along, and each is entranced by the other.
Conversational powers are his, and the theme of his converse is fruitful:
In ecstasy blissful she lists, while her bright eyes are sparkling with rapture,
And the little loves fan the young flame as they lurk in the roses around them.

When they emerge from the walk—"Oh! where have you been?" is the question.
Then answered Kate Herbert, at once—Kate Herbert the calm and contented,—
"To see the Syringa, we went, and to gather its beautiful blossoms."
Then doubtings were muttered around, and the name was suggested of Walker;
And one, with a prominent nose, said, "Miss Howard, wilt thou pray do likewise?"
So she laugh'd, and she would not at first; but her love of botanical knowledge
Induced her at last to consent, and they started to see the Syringa.

Then he of the nose led her down where Kate Herbert had rambled before them;
And Blanche shook her forest of curls, and laughed out as though she enjoy'd it;
And the moon lighted up her soft cheeks and contour of her classical profile,
And lovely and beaming she look'd, and bright as the flowers around her,—
Diffusing a sunshine around, as she moved in the light of her beauty.
Then he of the nose led her on, and they rambled away from the others;
And backwards and forwards they went, and searched for the famous Syringa:
All round the gardens they went,—down 'mid the shrubberies' windings,—
Hither and thither and round,—by the hothouses and by the stables;—
Diving about in the shrubs, and exploring their inmost recesses,
And the red moon was lighting them on in their search for the famous Syringa.

Ever anon, from the shrubs, as they wander'd now hither and thither,
There was heard a peculiar sound—peculiar, and yet not uncommon—
A light gentle smack, followed close by a volley of musical laughter,
Musical laughter that rose and was caught up by musical echoes,
Till it fell on the ear of the Night, and awakened the Dreamer to raptures.
Then giggled the ladies, and said, "Lo! Blanche now has found the Syringa."
And then, when they met her, they asked, "Pray what is it like,—this Syringa?"

Then answer made he of the nose: "I know what it 's like, and I 'll tell you.
Its blossom is full, rich, and sweet, and wondrously like to the Two-lip:
In loneliest places it thrives, but requires some forcing and 'Oh 'ing:
Warmth, too, enhances the bloom, and the moon brings it out to perfection:
And happy is he who can find, but happier he who may pluck it,
For it brings its possessor such joy, that straightway he falls into raptures,
And long will he dwell o'er its sweets, the fragrant delights of its blossom,
Till his soul is o'erflowing with bliss, and his mind, too, with happy contentment;
So great are the powers and charms of this wonderful, famous Syringa."
Then the ladies all choruss'd and said, "Truly wonderful is this Syringa!"
And one to Blanche Howard observed, as she archly look'd over her shoulder,
"To judge from your dishevell'd hair, greater power still has this Syringa:
For first when you went on your search, your ringlets were seemly to look at,
And now they are all out of curl, and loop'd up in negligent *bandeaux:*"
And further she would have run on, but Blanche Howard had run off with laughter:
And 'ere she had time to say more, they were speedily summon'd to supper.

In they all poured like a stream—like an impetuous river;
Down at the tables they sat, the tables all groaning with good cheer,
And violent hands were soon laid upon delicate dishes and dainties.

There by her Henry ensconced, pleasant and blissful to look at,
There was Kate Herbert herself, Kate Herbert the calm and contented,
Looking quite cool and refreshed with the sight of the famous Syringa.
And so look'd Blanche Howard herself, as she sat there just over the table,
With her hair smoothly drawn back in bands from her white intellectual forehead,
Showing off to advantage her face, and her regular classical features.
Happy and mirthful was she, and he of the nose sat beside her,
Minister'd e'er to her wants, and plied her with chicken and lobster,
Constantly gave her Champagne, and with her divided the *bon-bon,*
And like a wise man, ne'er forgot his own wants and peculiar likings.
Happy and pleasant was she, and buoyant as ever in spirits,
And every fair guest seemed to catch the contagion of mirth and of laughter,
And stale jokes were laugh'd at as new; dim wit shone as brightly as better;
And loud was the laugh at the pun, though poor was its aspect and meaning,
For where all are ready for mirth, they require but little incentive,
But will readily echo the laugh, though they know not the cause of the laughter.
Thus the supper pass'd gaily away, and the midnight pass'd into the morning,
And the night was refreshing and cool, and the grass was with no dew upon it,
So they set out of doors once again, and all went to see the Syringa,
And all were enraptured and charm'd—all who had found out its fragrance.
And then the gay music struck up, and lithesome feet tripp'd to the Polka,
And couples spun briskly about, and twirl'd, too, and flew in the *deux Temps,*
Then sat out of doors to get cool, and made merry parties among them.

So the evening ended at length, as all things sublunary must do;
And all went away to their homes, away from the scenes of their pleasures,
Talking away as they went o'er the delights of the party,
Still feeling joyous with glee, untired, unflagging in spirits;
And the red moon look'd down on them all driving off happily homewards.

L'ENVOY.

I bid ye good-night and adieu! ye maidens so gleesome and comely:
Ye have gladden'd the path of my life with brief moments of unalloy'd pleasure;
Ye have brought me a sunshine awhile with your smiles and your musical laughter;
And now your bright presence is gone, and—I'm in a cab—with my sister!
Farewell, happy maidens, farewell! Good-night, now our pleasure is over:
May care never wrinkle the brow that now is so smooth and so placid,
Or dim the rich lustre of eyes that now are so brightly resplendent;
On their thrones ever lightly as now, may the lords of your bosom be seated;*
May you peacefully slumber in rest, with good angels watching around you,
And may dreams bring you back all the bliss you received from the famous Syringa.

* "My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne."—*Romeo and Juliet.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT HAIR, WHISKERS, &c.? Because if you do, and have not got them naturally, you are to be pitied, as nothing will make them come against the common order of things.

LOST.—A TEN-POUND BANK OF ENGLAND NOTE, on Friday last. The number is not known, therefore payment cannot be stopped; but any one finding the same, or bringing it to the THE MONTH office, will receive Five Shillings reward.

AS TUTOR.—A Gentleman, in his 29th year, with a thorough knowledge of betting, single-stick, cock-fighting, the gloves, and rat-hunting; is desirous of preparing two, or more, young gentlemen for the Universities. He can make bishop and punch, patter Romany and flash, borrow money on the best terms, undertake bill transactions, and supply the highest testimonials for every thing requisite to form an educated gentleman. Address—P. R., care of Mr. Porkey Fibb, at the Wipe and Ferret, Holborn.

N.B.—A brace of bull-pups for sale—regular game 'uns, and no mistake.

THE SPECTATOR.

SEPTEMBER 1st, 1851.

Quod petis hic eſt
Eſt Ulubris : animus ſi te non deficit æquus.
Horace, Ep. xi., lib. i., 30.

"A happy and contented mind,
E'en at Herne Bay a home may find."

My friend Tom Honeyſuckle is one of thoſe happily conſtituted individuals, to whom the ſmalleſt improvement in circumſtances magnifies itſelf into a ſource of unbounded gratification, and by whoſe good humour and imagination apparent inconveniences become changed into ſubjects for the moſt pleaſing anticipation.

A few days ſince I had the pleaſure of meeting Tom in the Street. As we are old friends, he invited me to view a little houſe he had juſt taken as a preliminary to ſettling himſelf in life, and ſecuring the permanent advantages of a home in exchange for the precarious enjoyments of a lodging-houſe. Although far from being impreſſed with the general livelineſs or poetical aſpect of unfurniſhed houſes in general, I accepted his invitation, as a tribute due to the cordiality with which it was proffered.

After an uproarious knock at the front door, it was opened by a man in a paper cap, with his face in ſuch a ſtate, as to induce the notion that ſome extraordinary grief had cauſed him to ſhed tears of whitewaſh. We firſt proceeded to the front parlour, where Tom pauſed a few moments, loſt in the contemplation of his own ſplendour. He pointed out the grate as being quite new. He opened the cupboards to ſhew the ſhelves, and directed particular

attention to the braſs knobs and buttons outſide. We then went into the back parlour, and inſpected the bell-handle, which Tom thought would prove *ſo* handy, if he were taken ill ſuddenly. All this exhibition, which would otherwiſe have been far from entertaining, was rendered highly amuſing by his evident idea that the inſide of a houſe was ſomething that could not be ſeen every day, and the examination of which was calculated to produce exuberant happineſs.

Mounting upſtairs, we reached the drawing-room, when, perceiving me pauſing at the entrance, and ſuppoſing me to be appalled by ſo much magnificence, Tom patronizingly invited me to come in, and kindly added, that I need not be afraid. "It is not very lofty, as you ſee," he obſerved, "but then, as I ſay, a low houſe is ſo convenient when it happens to take fire. You need not break your neck if you jump off the roof. Here's plenty of room for a quadrille, you ſee; make it all ſides, and put the piano up at one end, and the chairs on the landing." He ſoon continued. "Back drawing-room. Shelves for my books. Now, I wiſh you'd adviſe me. I don't know whether to have my bedroom in my back parlour, or in my back drawing-room. If I ſleep in my back drawing-room, I ſhall have to walk a flight of ſtairs every night of my life, but if in my back parlour, I can throw open both my drawing-rooms when I give a party. When I give a party, you ſhall come, I promiſe you."

Deſcending thence into the lower regions, Tom deſcanted upon the beauties and advantages of his kitchens. He put up the ironing-board, as if to demonſtrate that it had a

material exiſtence, and was not a mere optical illuſion, opened all the dreſſer drawers, and ſlammed them back violently, to prove that they were what theatrical people call "practicable," and turned on the tap over the ſink to exhibit a ſmall caſcade of real water, and teſtify the amicable underſtanding then exiſting with the water-rate man. "Every comfort and convenience," he exclaimed; "mantel-piece—stove—ſhutters—ſhelves—copper—and, in fact, everything, down to the very copper-ſtick." He ſeized the implement as he ſpoke, and wielding it, ſceptre-like, in that unfurniſhed back kitchen, recalled to my mind the beautiful verſes of one of our ſweeteſt Engliſh poets—

> "I am monarch of all I ſurvey,
> My right there is none to diſpute!"

Looking through the glazed door into the yard, he enlarged with mournful indignation upon the bad taſte of the landlord, who had ruined what might have been a beautiful garden, by planting it excluſively with paving-ſtones. At laſt he led me to a little dark triangular hole beneath the ſtairs, which reminded me of what I had heard of the Little-Eaſe cells in the Baſtille. "It will hold," ſaid he, as he flung the door back majeſtically, "it will hold thirteen dozen of wine well!" An ungracious ſpeech roſe to my lips, to the effect that the repoſitory would hold two ſacks of coals much better, and would thereby carry out more ſcrupulouſly the original deſign of the builder; but Tom's happy expreſsion of countenance ſtifled the words before they found utterance. I therefore took my departure, and left him to revel undiſturbed among his ſuperfluity of comforts and advantages.

THE BALCONY NUISANCE.

We have received the following communication from a young gentleman, who writes with such truthful and honest indignation, though mild withal, that we cannot refuse its immediate insertion. We are convinced that the nuisance is a growing one from our own observation, and we willingly give our aid in effecting its suppression.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MONTH."

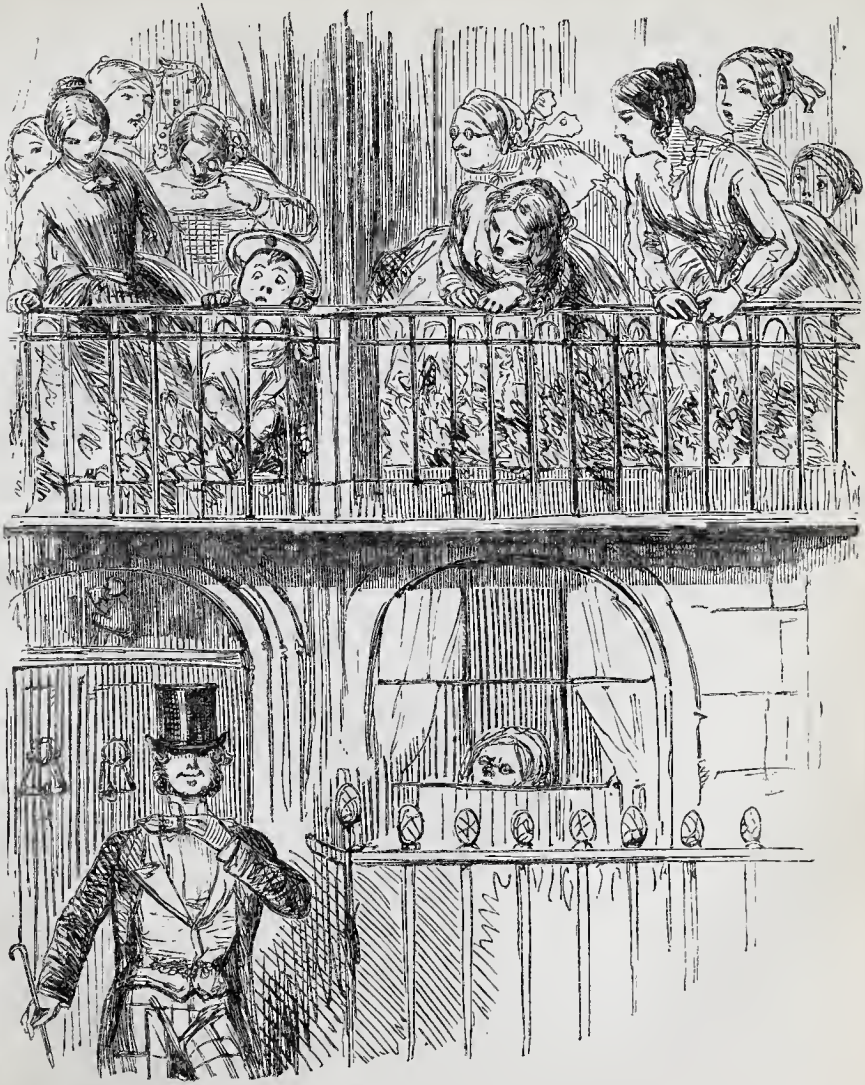
Mr. Editor,—I venture to address yon on a little matter of some delicacy, in which I cannot very well appear prominently myself; but I am snre, if yon will take the matter in hand, good will resnlt.

I live in a suburban sqnare, in a mild neighbourhood, ont of the great fever of London life, where we are cheered with lilacs and acacias before our doors, and small gardens of nasturtinms and mignionette behind our bouses. I know most of our neighbours—in fact, every one knows everybody elsc. We pass many little courtesies to one another, such as lending spoons and forks on the occasion of unwonted dinners; and, now and theu, beer in church-time—perhaps coals and chairs, and even servants. We have also a large fish-kettlc, for unnsual tnrbot. This belongs to nobody in particular, bnt travels abont the square from one house to another, the last person who uses it having to keep it clean until demanded. A little unpleasantry ocenrred from the family at No. 18 having made sonp in it, on the sly; bnt this has blown over.

All this, however, by the way: my principal grievance is this. You cannot conceive how many single yonng ladies there are in this qnarter; suburban squares seem especially favourable to the growth of those interesting prodnctions. In this, our own realm of girldom, the proportion of these *belles* is very great over the marriageable young men; and, therefore, they watch with keen eyes for any new flirtations: and now comes my complaint. I cannot call at any house where tbere are daughters, but the instaut I knock, every balcony near me is filled with waves of rnstling muslin, and a dozen pair of bright eyes are on the *qui vive* for every movement or expression. I necd not say how anuoying tbis is; and I shall be sincerely obliged to you, if yon can so hold them up to reproof that they will alter their conrse. Bits of looking-glass in the windows are bad enongh: bnt they carry a certaiu punishment with them, because we know people who usc them are always afraid of being taken unawares by company. Tbey speak of a badly arranged dinuer-table, a long wait at the door, and a drabby servant. Bnt this espionage is terrible. I am, Sir,

Your constant reader, Narcissus.

Of course the matter rests entirely with the young ladies, and we hope their good sense will show them the propriety of not flocking to the balcony when a knock is heard at any door within six on either side of their own.



The Balcony Nuisance.

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF FOOLS.

IT is really very much to be lamented, that the more increasing facilities offer temptations for the English to travel, the more absurdly they behave on their tours. The reprehensible mania for writing names on statues, ruins, and cathedral towers, has died away, it is true, in a great degree, amongst us; but, at the same time, the folly of writing trash in the "albums" kept at different show places has increased. We have once or twice before pointed out this absurd custom: but as it is only by constant gibbeting that we can hope to cure our compatriots, we have copied the latest batch of effusions from the books at Chamouni—always the spot where the disease assumes its worst form,—the more offensive from the grand and impressive locality.

Chamouni is very full, this present 12th of August, 1851. The solitary valley that Messrs. Pocock and Windham, a century ago, first drew all the world to see, is overrun with London, Paris, and Vienna fashionables. A casino has been started, within the range of reflected cold from the Mer de Glace, and at the very foot of the "monarch of mountains." "London porter and Burton ale" announcements are framed in the hotels, though by what strange mountain routes the barrels arrive is difficult to tell; and we should not at all wonder if the man at Gravesend were to plant his camera obscura, next season, upon Mont Blanc.

The same oddities assemble every day at the table d'hôte; and they all tell the same falsehoods about what has happened to them in their

excursions—of storms, and pedestrian feats, and adventures, and escapes. They will not yet understand that it is perfectly natural and probable for them to take a thin pole, and walk up to Montanvert and back again, without anything occurring in any way out of the common. Adventures never happen to travellers now. They went out with epic poems, Margate hoys, and pig-tails.

One thing this season is especially sad—the "uglys" have got to Chamouni. Two ladies wearing them ascended to La Flegére yesterday; and there is some legend of the man who keeps the chalet there, having gone head over heels backwards over a precipice the instant he saw them; but we believe this to be a guide's story. It is needless to say that the ladies wearing them were neither young nor pretty—a fate which seems unalterably attached to these hideous excrescences.

But to our Travellers' Books. We will begin with that at Flegére, which is the name of one of the mountain walls of the Valley of Chamouni, some 6500 feet above the level of the sea, to which visitors climb to see a very fine view. There is a little hut here, where refreshments can be procured; and whilst waiting for them, the travellers are tempted to commit the snobbisms from which the following extracts are selected. We should premise, that in no case have we been cruel enough to give the real names. The additions, in brackets, have been made by those who have come after; some in pencil, and others in ink; and these are really fac-similes of those still to be seen. *Au reste*, the Americans all write their names in enormous letters, and sometimes draw a line round them to attract attention, that there may be no doubt about their having been here. Many, Cockney as well as Yankee, bring in little dabs of French, such as "Mr. Briggs, London, et sa femme," or "Peabody Taylor, New York, U.S.A., avec son epouse;" and many more tell where they have been, and what they thought of it. This is perhaps the most feeble-minded style of entry; since it can interest few to read that "Mr. and Mrs. Hicks ascended to-day to Montanvert, and were delighted beyond description with the view," or that "Mr. Patten, of Squishfield, Lincolnshire, with his wife and niece, have just returned from the Mer de Glace, très content avec l'excursion, which they recommend everybody to see."

To begin, however, with the book at

LA FLEGÉRE.

"Mary Cook
James A. Cook
Susan Cook
} London, Sept. 4, 1849.

"Le potage ici est tres bon."

["Proverb reversed. Too many cooks *don't* spoil the broth."]

"The toil and the trouble,
The pain and the heat,
Makes the voyage up the Flegére
Not at all the most sweet.
I've got to the top,
The view is most grand,
But better like I
The views of England.
I've said what I think, and now I must end,
With my name and initials—G. A. F. TOWNSEND."

"*England, Sept.* 29, 1849."

["To G. A. F. Townsend—My good fellow, do not henceforth, for the sake of your illustrious family, append your name to such wretched doggrel. At least, if you do, do not mention England, whose sons may well blush for you. A fool's best eloquence is silence.—A FRIEND."]

"June 19, 1850. Mr. W. B. Robbins called to see Mont Blanc, but he was *in*gaged: they could not see him."

["Whoever wrote this is a——fool!"]

"Mr. Cristy, July 26, 1850.

"It gave us much pleasure,
As, quite at our leisure,
We climbed up the Flegére,
To eat food without measure,
Which we found here was *trés cher.*
The taturs were greasy,
The butter was cheesy
And the air very freezy.
But still as we sat in this desolate lodging, we
Drank of the wine like the horse-leech's progeny,
Who cried 'Give!' to their father, and ne'er had satiety
Till he made them both join the tee-total society.
The top of the mountain is not quite so hot as I
Like, though I cannot help thinking it not as high
As the Righi. There never was man wrote such rot as I—
Read with indulgence, and give to our lot a sigh."

"18th July, 1851.

"Clericus Metcalf and F. Ormon, Esquire,
Stopped here because they couldn't get any higher.
They think it right to enter in this log,
That they were stopped by this *maudit* fog."

["N.B.—The fog was in their own brains."]

"Sam Weller and Job Trotter considered the ascent of Mont Blanc rather too tedious for Mr. Pickwick, so he remained at Chamouni, where he was put in limbo for making a disturbance in the streets."

"W. S. W. came from Chamouni on the 29th of August, 1849. On arriving, found a most beautiful view—not a cloud to be seen. Staid here about three hours, and made a very good 'collation' off ham and potatoes and roast mutton, washed down with brandy and milk. He advises all his countrymen to visit this really interesting, or rather magnificent view."

["An Irishman, most likely—advising people to come when they are already here!"]

"*Nota Bene.*—Did not see a pretty girl all the way."

["Mem.—Always take one with you. I do."]

"August 29. John Brown, London.

"I found the chemin very good,
Although I went in socks of silk;
But when I got unto the top,
I found there brandy, wine, and milk.
I'm proud to say,
That this day
Of August nine-and-twenty,
Mont Blanc
Le Grand,
Avec ses Aguilles plenty,
I've seen from here
Most *joli* clear."

["You vulgar brute!"]

"Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Hemming were fortunate in finding Mont Blanc quite clear and enchanted with the sublime aspect."

"Capt. Raby,
J. Raby,
Grandison Raby,
Miss Raby,
Miss E. Raby,

Londres. Found Mont Blanc well and well-looking, but not appearing so enchanted as at the sight of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Hemming."

"G. S. Ford, Esq., et son fils avec 2 guides et 3 mules."

("Then you were seven.")

"What is it in this world of ours
Which makes it fatal to be loved?
"CHARLES."

["To your sweetheart—to be loved by a fool, Charley!"]

"Joseph H. Carroll, Carrollina, Cork, Ireland, a regular Paddy, though his coat is not buttoned behind, nor, most fortunately, his knapsack, which luckily lies at the Hôtel de l'Union. Mounted at 6.30 this morning to the Mer de Glace. Off at 3.30 *au soir*, to the cross at Mont Flegére, *ou il a prit du cáfé au lait et du miel*, which, friend, whoever thou art, I would advise thee to do also."

So much for the Flegére. With respect to the hotels, without doubt the Hotel Royal, the Union, and the Couronne, have each their chronicle: but we always put up at the Londres (where every English comfort is to be found, and about which the ubiquitous "Murray" certainly speaks the truth), and from its volume we make the following selections. The books here date back to 1815; but some have been sadly mutilated by the blackguard practice—it is not too strong a word—of people tearing out the leaves for the sake of the autographs. Room then for the "muffs" of the

HÔTEL DE LONDRES.

"*Sept.*, 1, 1850.

"Oh! Chamounix, thou wilt deserve the curse that has fallen on thee, if thy inhabitants do not rise and expel the nest of miscreant gamblers that has alighted in thy valley to desecrate the noblest temple of nature."*

["Birds fly, not nests: some mistake here. Supposed to be written by a pious gentleman who was fleeced."]

"Charles Bald, M.B., Oxbridge, —— travelling Fellow."

["Who cares what sort of fellow you are, you ape."]

"The skies were dark, the morn was cold,
The clouds adown the mountain roll'd,
As onward jogged, with many a prank,
Our demm'd old rattling *char-à-banc*.

* It should be stated that a gaming-house has lately been established in Chamouni, but was suppressed on the 11th August.—ED.

"The rain pour'd down, the rain pour'd in,
Drenched were we quickly to the skin,
While rattled on, a water-tank,
The demm'd old leaky *char-à-banc*.

"Chamouni gained, our longing eyes
View'd the grand project with surprise,
Behind, before, on either flank,
Was all one vast stupendous *blank*.

"More than we bargain'd for. One look,
And then the backward route we took,
Delighted to escape Mont Blanc,
E'en in a demm'd old *char-à-banc*."

Another poet begins :—

"A ride on a mule seems no wonderful thing,
And a theme all unworthy the poet to sing;
To thwart him were useless, thus proving the rule,
That on earth there 's no beast so self-willed as a mule."

[Nor aught that 's much worse than a rhyme-making fool.]

"As others, whether right or wrong,
I 'll write my name—'tis J. Armstrong."

["To judge from this, it may be said,
Your arm is stronger than your head."]

Our last crop shall be from Montanvert. This is a very elevated pasturage, about two hours and a half's walk from Chamouni, on which a stone hut has been built, looking down upon the famed Mer de Glace, which the old guide-books say resembles a sea frozen in the height of a storm, but which is as unlike it as anything can be. However, it is a very grand sight, and the one which people who have only one day at Chamouni select above all others. Hence the entries are very numerous; and we select these from

MONTANVERT.

"*August* 7.

"I came to see the Mer de glace,
The sharp Aiguilles likewise,
But all the heights—alas—alas—
Were hidden from mine eyes.

I could not see Mont Periodes (?)
I scarce could see Lechaud,
And I, indeed, am very sad,
To be bemisted so. J. S. SMALE."

["So many fools it drives you mad
To meet, where'er you go."]

"Miss Mary F., jeune anglaise de distinction, s'aventure sur la Mer de Glace dans l'espoir d'y rencontre un homme brave et genereux qui sa sauve d'un grand danger. Elle l'en fera son mari, pourvu qu'il ait la barbe rousse, les cheveux jaunes, et les yeux bleus.

["No Englishwoman ever wrote this."]

"Whene'er I see a traveller's name,
Thus etched on window glass,
It proves that *he* a diamond owns,
And his father owns—an ass!"

["Not original."]

"Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Harrison, Upper Clapton, from the Montanvert to the Glacier, highly delighted with the superb view, which is far beyond anything they had ever contemplated.

["I should think so, as the glaciers of Upper Clapton are not very remarkable. However, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Harrison are delighted, which is a great thing for Switzerland."]

["Now then, Booby! Who told you Chamouny was in Switzerland?"]

"To the high-top of Montanvert,
Threading a steep and stony pass,
We climbed,—would you believe it, sir,
To look upon the Mer de Glace.

Through mist and drizzle, mud and rain,
We struggled up the toilsome way,
And then we struggled down again,
To where the mighty ice-field lay.

We sighed that fortune would not give
A milder and a cleanlier sky;
But, still, whilst thought and memory live,
The scene shall live in fancy's eye!"

["All in my eye!"] ["Very like Tom Moore—isn't it?"]

["I have copied this for my journal.—BROUGHAM."]

["So have I.—F. M. THE DUKE."] ["Idem.—CARDINAL WISEMAN."]

The above appears to have been a popular production, as amongst those who have copied it, besides the above distinguished persons, we find Zachary Taylor, Pres. U.S.; T. B. Macaulay; Sam Hall; Louis Napoleon; Moses and Son, and various lesser stars.

We expect that our readers will scarcely believe in all this folly; but it is truly and faithfully transcribed nevertheless. One word in parting to these silly people, and those of their kind. If they do not see their stupidity, and refrain from inserting anything more than their name and address, next year we will add those also to the dreary balderdash with which they insult the attention of those who come after them.

"Put us on a bit of clean, young 'un. What I says is, incourage industry."

CLASSICAL ANECDOTE.

FOR OUR UNDERGRADUATE READERS.

THEODORO HOOKO, una die, cum amico ambulante, hominem viderunt potu oncratum. "Ecce!" exclamavit amicus, "illic vide hominem inebriatum quem cognosco, et qui se teetotallerum appellat!" "Haud miror," respondit Hookus, "nam scis, quod ipse cum T (*tea*) tipsy sit."

MAXIMS FOR MEMBERS.

Ignorance is the mother of contention.
It is better to study for one hour than to speechify for three.
Little dogs bark oftener than large ones.
Reiteration is the thief of time.

THE NEW REGISTERED PORTMANTEAU is the most perfect yet offered to the public. Its peculiar conveniences are, that it contains separate compartments for cooking and sleeping in. The top unbuttons, and forms a very comfortable folding bedstead: the lower drawer contains a small oven, and the expanding top is large enough to hold meat and vegetables for a week. The most curious fact is, that the whole apparatus does not weigh four ounces, and will go comfortably, when empty, into the waistcoat pocket.

MAXIMS.

"THE man who manages his own cause has a fool for his client." Perhaps, after all, this is better than having a rogue for his lawyer.

"Birds who can sing, and won't sing, ought to be made to sing." From our own social experience in amateur singing, we should also say: "Birds who can't sing, and will sing, ought not to be allowed to sing."

THE LATE DISASTROUS RAILWAY POLICE REPORTS may show the propriety of taking a ticket in the Railway Passengers Civility Assurance Company. These insure civility, at all the stations, from the different clerks, guards, and policemen. Particularly recommended to ladies travelling alone. To be had at all the stations of the Greenwich, Blackwall, and Gravesend Railways on Sundays. Parties taking excursion tickets of the Great Western or North Western Lines, will find it advantageous to purchase one of these luxuries before entering the train.

A NEW SONG

FOR THE AMERICAN MINSTRELS.

Air—De Boatman Dance.

Oh ! de Parleymint time hab gone and past,
And de Cowes Regatta hab come at last,
Four-and-twenty yachtsmen all in surprise,
Peeping through a spy-glass, trying ob dere eyes.
Dance, de Yaukees dance,
Dance, de Yankees dance,
Beat all dere clocks,
And pick all dere locks
And wop all dere yachts in the morning.
Oh, oh, de Yankees know
Which am de best way to make a ship go !

Oh, de Yankee did not make display
At de Crystal Palace—quite t'oder way ;
But he bamboozle'd Bramah and chaw'd up Chubb,
And now gibs the yacht-club awful rub.
Dance, de Yankees dance,
Dance, de Yankees dance,
Make Massa White
Burst up wid fright
Or sooner get up in de morning.
Oh, oh, de Yankees know
Britishers' boats are all tubs and slow !

Oh, de Cockneys talk, and de Cockneys write,
Aud call de *America* reglar fright,
Dat her sails are boards, and her berths are small ;
But they can't get out dat *she's wop'd um all.*
Dance, de Yankees dance,
Dance, de Yankees dance,
If dey buy our boat
We 've anoder afloat
That shall beat 'em on any fine morning.
Oh, oh, de Yankee go
Off wid the Prize Cup to Ohio !

A VERY DANGEROUS FELLOW.

"I say Sam, where did yer get them moostarchers?"
"Why you see, Arry, they make you look a horsifer, and that goes a great way with the gals.

TO BE DISPOSED OF, a first-rate, old-established concern, situate in one of the largest thoroughfares in London. Rent low. Premises very large. The only reason of this business being disposed of is on account of the trade having entirely left the house—no one having looked in for the last twelve months.

CLASSICAL "TOGGERY."

(TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MONTH.")

DEAR SIR.—In the last number of "The Month," I read, under the heading of "Etymological Inventions," some remarks on the various classical names now given to articles of dress, which of late have alarmingly increased in number. People now-a-days do not seem contented to condense the classical nomenclature of their habiliments into the one simple word "Toggery," of which the classic Toga was evidently the origin, but must particularise their garment with titles abstracted from abstruse dictionaries. It is evident that the novel writer of the present day must depart from his accustomed style when he comes to enter into minute particulars of his hero's appearance; and accordingly I have commenced my last new work thus:

"It was on a sunny evening in the merry month of June, that a solitary horseman might have been seen cantering leisurely along the gravelled ride of Rotten Row. His dress evidently bespoke him as one who anxiously watched the many ebbs and flows of the changing tide of fashion. His carefully brushed Levior Plumâ sat jauntily upon his head. The snowy whiteness of his Eureka, studded with malachites, was just discernible underneath his carefully buttoned Pardessus, on which a Siphonia hung lightly and loosely. The tips of his Resilients pressed firmly in the stirrups; while the Antigropelos which protected his Anaxyrydians flashed back the sun's beams from their polished sides."

And in this style all his personal property is described; from the pyro-pneumatic stove in his hall, to the Askopsolon cigar-case in his smoking-room.

"I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,

"G. P. R. J."

NEW WORKS OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

Nearly ready, at all the Libraries,

1. NARRATIVE OF A TOUR FROM PECKHAM TO THE PYRAMIDS.
2. JERICHO; and the Reasons for going there.
3. THE FORK AND THE FINGERS: a Journal of Levantine Life.
4. THE BIT, THE BOOT, AND THE BOAT.
5. AN HOUR ON THE NILE. By the Author of "Ten Minutes at Athens."
6. TURBANS AND WIDE-AWAKES; or, the City of Smells.
7. THE COMIC GUIDE TO THEBES, with Humorous and Numerous Illustrations.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

Respectino the original construction and transport of Cleopatra's Needle, which is now occupying some attention in the journals, we have been favoured by Mr. Widdicombe with some very interesting information. Before coming to reside at Thebes, as Master of the Horse to Suphis,—the builder of the great Pyramid (B.C. 2123), according to Sir Gardner Wilkinson,—he worked with Tubal Cain in fitting the screw to the ark, which was afterwards found impracticable to work, from the tendency of that huge vessel, like the Noah's arks of the present day, to turn upside down as soon as it floated, from the preponderance of elephants and rhinoceroses on the roof. He has, however, a perfectly distinct notion of the antediluvian animals. He says that the Megatherium was the dray-horse of the period, and easily tamed; but that the Mammoth was always a rare animal, only shown at fairs, as large oxen and horses are now. It was thought fashionable, at this time, to be drawn over the water by four Ichthyosauri in hand, as clowns are by geese at the present day. The race of these great creatures might have been preserved, but Noah refused to take them with him on account of their unmanageable disposition, their large size, and their enormous appetite; and so the breed was lost.

Cleopatra's Needle has no more to do with Cleopatra, than the house shown at Stratford-on-Avon as Shakespeare's birth-place has to do with his actual nativity. According to Mr. Widdicombe, the sea anciently came to Thebes—its gradual secession leaving the sands behind it, which now form the desert—and the "needle" was a landmark to avoid a dangerous delta which the Nile precipitated at its entrance to the harbour. When the Great Pyramid was built (to form, with its companion, a breakwater to Memphis, when the north-west wind prevailed) the Needle was towed upon a raft of crockery to Ghizeh, to surmount this stupendous monument of Suphis: and the accompanying *cartouches* explain the event. They are accurately copied from the collection purchased, at the sale of Herodotus, by Mr. Widdicombe, when that historian retired from Halicarnassus, rather in a hurry, subsequently to the expulsion of Lygdarius.

No. 1.

In the first hieroglyphic we see, at the top, the obelisk as it stood at Thebes, with Widdicombe guarding it, to keep the boys from drawing unseemly cartoons on its smooth surface, as they would now do. He has the scourge of Isis, which transmuting Time changed to the whip of the arena. Underneath we find the Obelisk on its crockery raft floating down the sea, represented below by the wavy line ; and, next, the figure of the Sphynx betokens its arrival at Ghizeh. The notes of interrogation below this figure, reversed, denote the riddle propounded upon the occasion. It was to the effect, put as a query, that it may be possible, under certain circumstances, for a door not to be a door ; and the answer is dimly shadowed in the lowest part of the tablet, where a door and a jar lead thinking minds to the solution.

No. 2.

The second *cartouche* requires an intimate acquaintance with the language of hieroglyphics to explain it, as it is all in symbols. The cup at the top denotes that intoxication did its work; and the lentils scattered about underneath show that the workmen neglected this vegetable—which formed their food, as it does that of the Arabs of to-day—for the grape, and trod it under foot. The sword transfixing the crooks relates the triumph of the warriors from the north over the tipsy shepherds, and the crocodile below shows how the bodies of the inebriated victims were disposed of. The obelisk is again seen afloat, but, this time, in a boat; and the number of men below, rowing, evidences that it was approaching the civilised shores of the Mediterranean by manual labour. We have it, lastly, once more set up at Alexandria ; and Widdicombe, with another equestrian, represented as riding round it, shows that it was made, as he has himself told us, the centre of the hippodrome.

Mr. Widdicombe tells us that the United Society of Intrepid Balloonatics have proposed to bring the Needle to town ; for which purpose Messrs. Bell, Green, Graham, Poitevin, Hampton, and several others, will unite their forces. We hope all their tackle will be trustworthy ; or an alarming accident may take place.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

AS IT WILL APPEAR IN ENGLAND, A.D. 1851.

THE HOUR OF LOVE.

"Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of Love!"—*Don Juan*, Canto iii.

We met! 't was at that sweet, bewitching hour,
That "wakes the wish, and melts the heart;" the time
Of tender twilight's all-subduing power.
We stood upon a terrace, 'neath a bower
Framed by the pendant branches of a lime.
The stars were brightening the Heaven's blue,
And heralding their lady-queen, the Moon;
And all was silent save the stock-dove's coo.
As slowly on we wandered, side by side,
Gazing upon her lips, I said, and sighed,
"Of one sweet kiss I crave, dear love, the boon!"
She blushing, laugh'd: and I then sought to seize
The fragrant sweets; but as I kissed, I ~~said~~, *cried*.
"Confound the girl! She 's supped off toasted cheese!" EB.

ABSURD.

An economical friend of ours, seeing some Egg Powder advertised "One Packet warranted equal to Six Eggs," had the audacity to take three packets to Dr. Cantelo, and ask how long he should have to wait for the eighteen chickens!

THE NEW FIRE ANNIHILATOR can now be had at a reduced price, warranted to put out any fire, from the kitchen to the attic. It consists of an American pail, filled with New River water, and the way to use it is gradually to pour its contents on to the live coals, when the fire will be immediately extinguished.

DO YOU BRUISE YOUR OATS YET?—No, Mary, we have told you we don't. We have not got any to bruise, and have no place to put them in our lodgings if we had; and, therefore, don't see why we should be asked the question so pertinaciously every time we take up a paper. Pray take our answer,—once for all,—that we don't; nor have we any intention of so doing.

REFLECTING TELESCOPE, by Adams, to be sold, which will show the middle of next week; also, nearly new, one of Harris's discriminating Double Opera Glasses, which will show the difference between Orders and those people who have paid.

THE NEW FLYING MACHINE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MONTH."

SIR,—I see by the papers that a new invention to facilitate the practice of flying has been recently exercised successfully by a young lady at Madrid. As it is said the necessary machines are shortly to be manufactured and sold in this country, allow me to appeal through your pages to the good sense of English ladies not to countenance any such proceedings. We are ready enough to believe them angels, without their adoption of wings, which would probably serve rather to destroy than to increase the illusion. Moreover we have recently had more than one illustration of the exceedingly ungraceful effect produced by ladies accidentally dropping from the atmosphere on to the roof of houses, and struggling among

the chimney-pots, to the intense interest of mobs in the street below, and to the great danger and annoyance of those whose lodgings happen to be similarly situated to those of,

Yours,

ATTICUS.

THE DILIGENCE.

A Sketch on the Road.

"TENEZ, Messieurs — montez! Monsieur Schmeet! Numero un!"

There is no response.

"Monsieur Smeece!"

Still no rejoinder.

"Monsieur Schmits!" cried the conducteur, after an oath: and then having some vague idea that "*Smith*" is the name intended, and that it must be meant for ourselves, we climb up the step, and tumble down into the corner of the *intérieure*, doomed to be our prison for the next thirty hours.

Thirty hours! All the pepple now clustering about the office, will dine, and go to bed, and sleep, and get up again, and dine once more, and we shall still be in that corner! The foreign gentleman in spectacles and a felt hat, without a shirt collar, who has not washed his face, and is breakfasting from a cigarette, will get through the day at his "bureau," and idle away the evening at his câfé, and sleep—the chimney-pots only know where; and, perhaps, be here again to-morrow morning: and the corner will still contain us! They have written up over the door, "Dijon in 30 hours!" as if it was an achievement of rapidity. We look upon it with different views; to us it only suggests a note of alarm, instead of admiration, that we have all that time to pass before we get there.

The lading is completed. The men have pulled tight the leathern rick-cloth-looking coverlid by the thongs and iron-rings; the three leaders are fighting and neighing, and being sworn at by the postillion, as they try to turn round and run against their own splinter-bars; the passengers have all climbed into their respective places, and settled down in them hopelessly, as though they meant to grow there for ever: the conducteur mounts on to the box—he will not come into the *banquette* until night approaches—with his portfolio between his teeth; aud, at last, we are off!

"*Hi!*" The huge whip cracks like a succession of discharges from a mighty electrifying machine, as we lumber round the corner; and every thin pane of glass in the hatter's shop rattles with the vibration of our great vehicle over the stones. The signs and names and people who come to the doors to see us pass, go by like objects in a magic lantern. We catch them rapidly one after another.—"*Nouveautés et Roueneries.*" "*Cachot, Ferblantier, Lampiste en tous genres.*" "*A la ville de Lyons.*" "*Câfé du Midi.*" "*Boidart-Minet, Md de Vin, en gros et en detail.*" "*Au Sanglier, Charcuterie.*" "*Maison succursale de la Belle-Jardinière; vêtements d'homme: grand choix de vingt cinq mille pâletots de Paris,*"—and then more streets, and gapers, and carts that will get in the way, and rattling shop-windows, and oaths and whip detonations, until we squeeze through a small arch, about half the size everyway of the diligence, and emerge into the country, when the excitement suddenly ceases, and the pace drops from the display of the streets to the heavy six miles an hour that we are doomed to for the rest of the journey.

We look for the first time at our companions. They are all foreign; and, as such, have crammed the straps of the roof with those wonderful caps, baskets, sticks, umbrellas, and odd parcels, that you only see abroad. An old man is opposite to us, with a black velvet cap and snuffy neckcloth tie: and we know we shall have many encounters with his legs during the night. Then there is a woman in a cap, who appears to be going hundreds of miles with no other luggage than a bird-cage and a basket, in which last are some sour plums and pieces of bread. Next us is a dirty man with a velveteen coat and two days' beard, who has been eating garlic, and has no luggage at all: and the other passengers are two fat women, who will look worse, we know, when they wake up in the morning than it is possible to conceive.

Why do all French women get so fat and hideous, and have the air of sinking at once into monthly nurses after they turn forty? The Matron, who forms so beautiful a class of our uncqualled English females, is not known amongst them: the *Grosse Maman* of Paul de Kock, and Daumier, is really and truly their only phase of maturity. They can't help it, to be sure; but they might avoid light Jean trodden-over boots and short petticoats under similar circumstances.

"*Hi!*" We are crawling on. The people have pulled up all the windows—to stew and swelter according to their wont; for your

foreigners have a great dislike to fresh air. We have, however, the command of one pane, and we let this down, and resolutely keep it so; it is more agreeable, even with the dust and flies.

Oh! don't begin to talk, there's good people: your conversation is as wearying and uninteresting as that of farmers in an up Monday morning train. We know all you are about to say; you are sure to tell one another where you have come from and where you are going to; and it is all nothing, when we know. Your affairs, too, have little moment in them. Do you imagine, madame, that it can possibly beguile our time, or interest us, to know that you have a sister married at Dole, and that last year she went for two weeks with her husband to Paris? We shall not utter any of those exclamations of surprise, at the remarkable occurrence that your compatriots will tell them, and they will be astonished; but don't bore us. It is nothing to go to Paris—it is not, indeed; even the Lord Mayor did it the other day. And what is there in the fact of your married sister living at Dole? She must live somewhere; and why not there? It is a dull common-place town enough. If she had chosen to live half-way down the crater of Vesuvius, the position might have interested us.

They are all off; and now they won't stop talking for hours. The old man in the velvet cap informs the society that he has something the matter with his skin, and is going to some famous baths in consequence. We don't see the necessity of his mentioning that; but immediately all the others tell him that they have had relations also with refractory skins, and each recommends a different course; and this pleasing subject, and the observations it gives rise to, lasts full two hours. "*Hi!*" Still the monotonous cry of the postillion, and the "*Djing! djing! djing!*" of the bells on the horses' headpieces, as they walk at a snail's pace up a small rise. A miserable beggar knows they always walk up here, so he lies in wait at the bottom and whines by our side all the way to the top. Presently we come to an inn where they change. We are hurried into a rude *salle-à-manger*, where there is feeble soup, and tasteless bouilli, and something very nasty made with veal, and a thin warm fowl with cold watercresses, and some hard pears and rough wine, and sourish bread, and three francs to pay. But we eat eagerly and pay cheerfully; anything for a relief from the dusty *intérieure!* Only the *coupé* dines with us;

the others have some potage and an omelette, and pay sixteen sous, at a side table. One woman—she with the unripe plums—makes a light repast without leaving the diligence; and another, in the rotonde, finishes a hard boiled egg, which she has fished up from amongst the cherries, rags, bird-seed, and chocolate crumbs of her basket.

At last the sun goes out of our eyes, and night comes on. The passengers have got quiet—some of them, even now, are having a dusty doze; and we begin to think about sleep.

Only to think about it though. We never yet slept in a carriage, and we don't suppose this night will be different to the others. The corner is uncomfortable; you can't lay your head against it for your shoulders; and the loop at the side of the window is too high up, or too low down. At all events it is useless; for when you put your elbow in it and rest your head upon your hand, and think you are all right, it flies away and lets your face down suddenly, and chucks your chin, perhaps; and you are much worse off than ever.

All the old programme is gone through once more. You arrange your legs with your neighbour for the fiftieth time, and place your cheek, gravely and philosophically, against the side of the vehicle, and say to yourself, "Now I will go to sleep." But we do not, still. After flattering ourselves that we are falling off gently, we open our eyes, which we closed to strengthen the belief, and find that we are as wide awake as ever; and so, for a little diversion, we wind up our watch, re-arrange our legs, and then shut our eyes again.

Nearly off, by Jove! We lost our train of thought, and fancied we were in another place, surrounded by strange people; can we have been asleep long? Alas, no: our watch has not made half a minute since we wound it up, and we are more wakeful than ever. The chins of our fellow passengers have dropped upon their breasts, and they are dreaming. For us, we can still hear the "*Hi!*" of the postillion, and the "*Djing! djing! djing!*" of the rumbles. And yet we are desperately tired. A sofa, a rug—nay, the boards, with something to put our head upon, would be paradise.

It is very evident that we cannot go to sleep leaning on our right side, so we turn over on our left. That will do, beautifully—no it won't; it is not so comfortable as the other. Then we sit upright, and lean our head back, as if we were going to have a tooth out: that is worse than all.

Oh dear! oh dear! we could kick all the people, violently, in our watchful irritability. How nice it must be to be in bed.

At last we get into a nervous wide-awake dogged open-eyed state of watchfulness that lasts quite through the night. We are reconciled now; we shall not sleep, and so we bear it patiently, in that dead calm of irritation which attends the later stages of the nettle-rash, after having scratched your wealed skin raw with a comb, or raised it to red heat with your hardest hair-brush. Heighho! we give a long wearied yawn, and look out at the stars, for we do not even shut our eyes now—we have found out the failure.

Gaunt trees pass the windows in endless processions; thus we go through a village, locked in repose, with nobody stirring but the man with the lantern at the *relais*. The lamp of the diligence shines on a board, and we read "*Messageries Générales, de Caillard et Compnie, Rue St. Honoré, No.* 130, *Paris.*" We have read that often before, but we have nothing else to do. There is a clumping about of wooden shoes—a dialogue in a rude incomprehensible *patois*—a neighing and fighting of the leaders—a string of French oaths—and then the postillion once more cries "*Hi!*" and the bells jingle as we are on the road again.

At last morning comes—there is one consolation—it always must, if you wait for it; and we can see our companions, including the new one, who came in, in the night, when the dirty man got out. They are wonderfully wrapped up, and do not look pretty; but we expect we are nothing remarkable ourself. Our eyes are smarting, and we feel caked with dust—French dust too—not common road powder; but plaster of Paris, that would take a mould of our face if it came on to rain.

We come to a long hill, and the conducteur asks us to walk up it. Not very conscious of what we are about, we join in the blushing train of scaramouches who follow the diligence; and then, at the top, climbing and diving once more into our destined corner, we re-arrange our legs with our *vis-à-vis*, dry-rub our face with a pocket-handkerchief, and prepare for six hours more misery, whilst the postillion still cries "*Hi!*" and there is no cessation to the "*Djing! djing! djing!*" of the bells.

THE COMIC SONG REFORM MOVEMENT.

THE notions we promulgated in our last with respect to the improvement in Comic Song Writing, appear to have attracted considerable attention in all quarters—even the highest. Dr. Birch has received orders for the young Princes immediately to commence studying some, written according to our plan; and classes are forming all over England for a similar purpose.

For the GEOGRAPHICAL lyrics, for instance, we have:—

AIR:—*The Cork Leg.*

Oh, Plymouth 's a port in the West Country,
At the mouth of the Plym it is easily found,
It 's got a strong fort, and its harbours are three,
Whose waters uniting are called the Sound.
With their Tooral looral, &c.

For LEGAL matters we take:—

AIR:—*Miss Bailey.*

Grand Juries can ignore a bill, when sworn to its inspection,
If no just reason to commit, they see upon reflection;
They write *Not Found* upon its back—the culprit goes off gaily,
And takes to mischief, till again, he 's call'd to the Old Bailey.
Chorus. Oh, Old Bailey, unfortunate Old Bailey,
Let 's hope that we, may never be, brought up at the Old Bailey.

For the CLASSICAL:—

AIR:—*Gee-Wo Dobbin.*

Oh, Troy was a Phrygian city of old,
And Homer and Virgil its battles have told;
When Paris had carried off Helen by force,
It held out ten years, until done by a horse.
Gee-ho Dobbin, Gee-ho Dobbin,
Gee-ho Dobbin, Gee-up, and Heigh-ho!

For Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Productions :—

Air:—*The King of the Cannibal Islands.*

Oh, turpentine 's distilled from pine;
And Xeres yields us Sherry wine;
And sponge in trade is thought most fine,
That comes from the Indian Islands.
Cassava tapioca yields,
That 's eultured in Barbadoes fields;
The Banyan tree the Brahmin shields,
And logwood elubs the Fingo wields;
On Baltie shores is amber found,
And salt in Cheshire, underground;
And coffee is the most renowned,
That comes from the Indian Islands.
Chorus. Hokey, pokey, wankey fum,
Jamaica chiefly sends us rum,
And Benjamin 's a fragrant gum,
That comes from the Indian Islands.

For History and Chronology :—

Air:—*I remember.*

I remember, I remember,
Mary Queen of Scots did die;
At Fotheringay castle,
In the sixteenth century.
I remember that Wat Tyler fell
In thirteen eighty-one,
And Walworth's dagger graced the arms
In proof of what he 'd done.
I remember, I remember,
Many more things, if I try,
How Lord Mayors come in November;
And the dog-days in July.

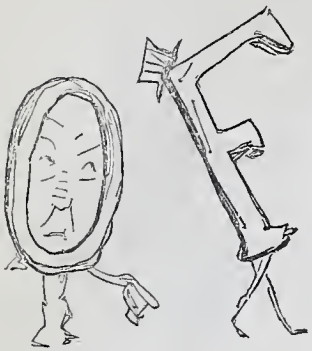
AT IT AGAIN!

Something *must* be done to stop the conundrum makers, or the disease will assume as rabid an aspect as St. Vitus's dance did in the fourteenth century. The last miserable miscreant who annoys us, asks "When is the sea a place near London?" and gives for an answer—"When a young lady is on it, and it 's *made her ill.*" Will it be credited that *Maida Hill* is the locality intended!

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT'S LETTER.

(REPRINTED FROM THE POTTLETON MESSENGER.)

London, August 16th, 1851.



THE festivities of Paris which still continue to be the subject of conversation, as a full account of the proceedings appears in your columns this week, I shall not enter into any details. I may remark, however, that the Lord Mayor's Visit to the King of the Cannibal Islands will, I believe, take place next month; as soon as the crowned heads of Europe have been present at a banquet at Greengrocers' Hall, to which, I am informed, the Corporation have determined *not* to invite HerMajesty. This has caused much talk: *mais, nous verrons.*

According to the *on dit* of the Clubs, Parliament will re-assemble in a few days, to take into consideration the state of Blackfriars Bridge; but as this is encroaching upon their vacation, they will only sit a short time every day, after which the Speaker is to take the most deserving members, by turns, either to Cremorne or Rosherville, in small parties, lots being drawn for precedence. Mr. Urquhart and Lord Palmerston have paired off to tea with shrimps at Greenwich, for the session.

The row at the railway station of the latter place has created a great sensation. Every one engaged in the transaction charges everybody else with assaulting each other; but as the case will be decided without delay, before the Lords of the Admiralty, in the Ecclesiastical Court, I reserve my opinion.

I met a friend the other day, who knew a person deep in the confidence of an individual of importance, who had been told by some one else, whose veracity he could rely upon, that Lord John and Mr. Cobden were writing an operatic farce, of the "Box and Cox" school, in which they were about to perform for the purpose of founding some almshouses, in connection with the Chiltern Hundreds, for decayed senators. The representation will take place in the House of Lords, which will be fitted up for the occasion; and a comic song, with

imitations of popular members, to be sung as an *entr'acte*, by Mr. Spooner, is much talked of.

Town is very full indeed. The season may be said to have commenced about the 12th of August; and we now look forward to an uninterrupted series of balls and fêtes until the middle of November. The Sultan of Turkey is expected at Buckingham Palace on the 17th, and the Horse Guards have, in the handsomest manner, given up their noble building to his Hareem, which could not, in strict etiquette, be permitted to occupy the palace.

By-the-bye, I heard an excellent conundrum the other day, which I intended to have sent you for the benefit of your readers at Pottleton, but for the life of me, I cannot just now recollect the answer to it. The question was, "Who is the greatest rogue in London?" and the solution, I know, had something to do with the transept of the Crystal Palace. I will, however, make a memorandum to ask a man who knows, and send you the answer next week.

I will conclude my letter by informing you as to what is going on in the theatrical world. At Her Majesty's, a little farce, called *Down the Area*, was produced last week. It is written entirely for Buckstone and Mademoiselle Cruvelli, and was perfectly successful. *The Huguenots* continues to attract immense houses at the Adelphi, and Wright is nightly encored in the opening romance of the sixth act, "*Casta Diva;*" it is certainly a splendid piece of vocalisation. Mr. Vandenhoff has failed in Charles Matthews's part in *Patter versus Clatter;* and, I hear is daily practising in the circus of Drury Lane, with Mr. Cooper, as Olympian Youths. By the way, *The Battle of Waterloo* is to be splendidly revived at Astley's. The Duke is superintending all the rehearsals, and will appear in his own character, for the benefit of Mrs. Hicks, whose son, I believe, has long excited "*bravos*" of that theatre. In compliment to our foreign visitors, the French will be allowed to win; and "Wellington's Ride to Paris, on his celebrated steed Copenhagen," is to be a feature of the retreat. He is to gallop over the stage and through the circus several times pursued by monkeys on ponies dressed as French soldiers. If our foreign friends do not see the sarcasm it will be delicious.

Should anything else occur to-night, I will forward it in a telegraphic despatch.

TOWN ECLOGUES.

By Theocritus Londinensis.

No. II.—The Woes of the City.

Scene.—*The borders of the Canal in St. James's Park.* *Speakers*—Thyrsis (*a Belgravian*), Corydon (*a Common-Councilman*).

Thyrsis. Strange is thy mien, and stranger is thy aspect, O foreigner. The breadth of thy hat-brim is unseemly. Little do I admire the cut of thy coat; and still more distasteful are thy gaiters.

Corydon. Foreigner, am I not; but am one of the same land with thyself, O wearer of the Gallic hat, and lightly curling moustache. Nor do I see by what right thou findest fault with my attire. Simpkins of the ready shears, who dwells in Tooley Street—close to the bank where the Thames flings its black billows—Simpkins made the garb, and he was rewarded with medals, whereon were curiously engraved the likeness of Britannia's sovereign.

Thyrsis. Never have I heard of Tooley Street, O shepherd, of strange appearance. Seldom have I seen the medals to which thou gracefully alludest. Schneider of the perfect fit—he created this seemly coat—and the Graces smiled when he finished it. Him did I reward with a paper slip, whereon I wrote my name as a mark of regard. Widely is known the name of Thyrsis,—the Hebrew sings it, when he takes his harp from the willow. But why is thy countenance so sad, hast thou come like me to the conclusion, that everything is a bore. Have aquatic fowl ceased to delight thee?—likewise nurserymaids?

Corydon. Talk not of nurserymaids, lest Phyllis of the sharp ears should overhear us. Everywhere are the ears and eyes of Phyllis. Thick are the walls of the Tower, but to the ears of Phyllis they are no impediment; muddy are the waters of Thames, but the eyes of Phyllis can see through them. Sharp, too, is the temper of Phyllis, and Gog and Magog tremble before her crimsen countenance as she strays about Guildhall.

Thyrsis. Never have I heard of Guildhall, O shepherd of strange appearance, nor know I aught of Gog and Magog, though the song of

Ainsworth hath informed me of the Tower. But thou tellest not the cause of thy grief.

Corydon. Short and sorrowful is my tale, I know, most gentle shepherd. I am one of the ancient corporation, which holds its sittings in the City.

Thyrsis. Meanest thou the wild region which lieth to the east of Temple Bar, and of which travellers tell such wonders?—Meanest thou the region, where the light cab is shivered by the heavy omnibus? where the wide dray rolls through the narrow street?—where furious oxen toss amazed infants into the air? Oft in the morning have I heard the roar of the ox; and they have told me he was on his way to the City, where he would rejoice in his strength.

Corydon. Now hast thou touched on one of the causes of my grief. Yea, O youth, of comely air, we are proud of our flocks of oxen—for our herds are the terror of man. The torrent that leaps from crag to crag, rejoicing in its strength, was not so strong as the flood of beeves that rushed through our streets. The affrighted foreigner gazed on Smithfield, and fled—Smithfield that with healthy odours regaled the nostrils of Jove—and the songsters of the day recorded the prowess of our oxen. But, at last, men of degenerate minds arose, and they said—Why should our wives be terrified—why should our babes be slaughtered—why should our garments be smeared with unsavoury mud?—and the songsters made their cry the subject of their songs. Then arose a loud and a heavy shout—Down with Smithfield, where the wild oxen do congregate—down with Smithfield, where the hot drover provokes the wrath of the gods by his imprecations,—down with Smithfield, the scent whereof beareth pestilence on its wings. And lo! the fall of Smithfield is decreed; and I am one of the lords of Smithfield.

Thyrsis. Moderate this transport of grief, O bulky shepherd. Wildly rolls thine eye—down thy forehead trickle the rapid drops.

Corydon. Gentle youth, my woes are past thy power of consolation. Gone are the glories of the City; her elders have become the laughing-stock of the multitude. Victoria, descended from Ion, she who wieldeth the sceptre, came to our table; but the multitude laughed at our festivities. The Gaul, our ancient foe, called us to his show, and entertained us with fine spectacles; but the multitude laughed at us who

went, and at him who invited. The ancient reverence is gone—care sits on the brow of Gog, some worm eats the heart of Magog—and the songster rejoices when he sings of our downfall.

Thyrsis. Thanks for thy tale, O ill-favoured stranger. But already does the rain fall in heavy drops—already does Chloris call to her the urchins who feed the ducks with biscuits—already does the vender of fruit spread over his table the guardian umbrella.—Short let discourse be cut!

CABMAN.—"Eightpence! Oh! really you hadn't ought to ride, you can't afford it!"

LONG WAISTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I have no objection to our pretty English girls setting off their nice figures to the greatest advantage, in any fashion they please, that may best strike them. I have admired their toilets exceedingly, all through this season—and in their frail bonnets and airy *barège* dresses, they have been as delicate and graceful things to look at as a man might well find to feast his eyes on. But lately an alarming *mode* has obtained greatly; and I must call you to the rescue, for really I do not know where it will end. I allude to the long waists that get every day

lower and lower; and what with stomachers and back-pieces (I do not know the name), and huge pins, wherewith they transfix themselves into order, they have become so cased and hooped up, and tightened and guarded, that I can compare them to nothing but those tight cheap-costumed dolls, whose dress is finally arranged by one stout nail driven into the chest; and, indeed, the final pin, concealed from the casual observer, but used to fix the long waist in its place, is comparatively as frightful an instrument as the aforesaid nail, and has more the look of a model drum-major's bâton than an adjunct to a lady's toilet. You appear to be running a tilt against small evils rather than great wrongs; and, therefore, I hope you will pay a little attention to this subject; and you will very much oblige,

Sir, yours obediently,

An ardent Admirer of the Sex.

THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

Impressed as we are by various maxims, from the earliest days of the Eton Latin grammar to the present hour, that time flies quicker than anything else, except the electric telegraph, still, year after year, the rapidity with which the season goes by always surprises us.

Winter passes. The hyacinths on the window ledge are shot up, and got top-heavy, and tumbled over. The crocuses in the crockery hedgehog have looked, first like double teeth planted with their fangs upward, and then like tufts of bright green quills; and then Mr. Gye sends us a costly-looking pamphlet, with the arrangement for the Opera, and Mr. Mitchell pays us the like attention with respect to the French plays; and we, once more, feel that the season is coming on again. Gradually, but surely, it reaches its height. We still anticipate its gaieties from long habit acquired all through the winter. Still plan any number you please of amusements,—still look forward to finer weather; and in the middle of all *this* we are startled by finding town emptying—apart from the daily 60,000 who come to the Crystal Palace—Parliament ending—blinds closing—advertisements thinning—the Continent running over with English—everybody gone everywhere: and the much-looked-for season slipped away whilst we were thinking about the enjoyment that we intended should characterise it.

It is very hot and close in London. The most plodding people who have laboured at their various callings since last October, patiently and without complaint, get irritable and restless, and long for expansion and circulation. All their metropolitan pleasures are coming to a rapid end. The window mignonette has long since struggled to seed, and is dry and dusty. The whitebait have turned to gudgeons; the theatres have done nothing new, nor do they appear to be thinking about it, running on, on their wheels, to the last night of their season. The operas have exhausted their *répertoires;* and the ornaments in the fire-grate have become unpleasantly dingy. Clubs are deserts; peas, and strawberries, and asparagus, are things that were, only dwelling in the calm, deep caverns of memory. Evenings are unbearable; and one cannot live for ever upon Wenham ice, and its compounds in American drinks. There

is no help for it—make whatever excuse you please—the power to expend, or the wish to retrench—your own health, or the sickness of the children—any real, doubtful, or imaginary reason you can hit upon—all comes to the same point. It is absolutely necessary to get away from London.

There is a comical trick—we beg pardon, "experiment" perhaps is the most proper term—performed with an electrifying machine. A number of pith figures, collected on a conducting disc in a grave and orderly manner, upon being excited, after much restless activity, dart suddenly away in every direction, in a restless, feverish manner, as diverting to contemplate, as it is incomprehensible to ordinary minds to account for. Some fly off at once—others jostle and waver before they take their departure; and one or two always remain for some time, as if in grave incertitude, until at last, unable to resist the impulse, they fly away like lightning, and so disappear.

Something like this movement has been going on amongst us all the latter part of the month just passed; and by this time the Continent is overrun with travelling English. Preparations for the reception of our sovereigns have been made in all the hotels. No matter in what country—whether it be the Hotel Meurice, or the Heerenlogement, or the Gasthaus zum Rheinberg, or the Albergo della Posta, or even the Astor House at New York, Shephard's at Grand Cairo, Delmonico's at San Francisco; or, for aught we know to the contrary, the Crown and Compass at the North Pole—at all these places polyglot waiters have been engaged (English predominant), and large stocks of London bottled porter laid in.

Now it is that *Bradshaw*—British and Continental—sells in large quantities; and Ostend, Calais, Boulogne, and Havre, rejoice. Now the inns at Southampton, Brighton, Folkestone, Dover, and London Bridge, have constant change of passengers, with mighty luggage, for one night only. Now the cockney Rhine and her graceful sister, the Moselle, rub up their boats. Now all the fibs about Rolandseck and the Drachenfels, and the Lurleyberg, are read over again by the romantic, and profanely scoffed at by the unbelieving; and folks take sketches of points upon which tons of black lead must, years ago, have been expended; and drink Hock perpetually, beginning at six in the

morning, because they are on the Rhine, and it is cheap ; and bathe at Baden, being in perfect health, to cure themselves ; and, after Shakspeare, think Murray's Handbook, the greatest work ever written.

Now, still further, the large family of the Smiths—whose different members have won battles, lost prize-fights, composed sermons, written farces, and been beknighted, transported, presented at court and hanged —now these good people also flock abroad, and meet all their friends there. Still more "*Murrays*" everywhere ; up on the top of the Righi, and down at the bottom of the Gemmi ; lying on the tables of the lonely convent of the Great St. Bernard, and chequering the reading rooms of the lively Interlaken : next to *Galignani's Messenger*, there is nothing in the world has such a wonderfully out-of-the-way circulation. Once more their tastes are consulted amidst all the glories of Switzerland. They gaze on the mighty glaciers of Grindelwald, as they flavour their trout with Burgess's Essence of Anchovies. They drink Burton ale with the roar of the Jungfrau avalanches sounding in their ears ; they buy a little carved wooden chamois, or nutcracker, wrapped up in a bill of Rowland's Kalydor ; and if they do not find "the fairest of fair Zurich's daughters" dressed in the newest Manchester print, they may be sure enterprise is asleep for the time.

Still further away the active inhabitants have prepared for the English outburst. They can get Windsor soap under the shadow of Vesuvius ; and they need it after the ascent. They can buy Day and Martin's blacking after a dirty walk about Constantinople ; and they need it equally. Professor Holloway dispenses his pills at Athens for them ; perhaps they do not need these so much : and it is hard indeed, if, at the stronghold of steel, Damascus, they do not find some Birmingham pens.

With all this, it may be conceived that nothing very great or novel has been achieved in the way of amusements. The bills of the theatres have remained the same since we last wrote, and are likely to do so until the close of the Crystal Palace ; but the visitors are mostly provincial, and the odd, misplaced, uproarious applause, is very curious to observe, differing from the quick, condensed appreciation of a London audience. The actual season has closed at the Operas, but they are running on for a few nights at playhouse prices. The lessee of the Ro al Italian Opera is reported to have made a large sum by the

speculation; and if Mr. Lumley has not done so, it certainly has not been for want of energy.

Two new amusements have given a fillip to the expiring season, and they are both American. (By the way, including the yacht victory, our active brother Jonathan is making up for all shortcomings at the Great Exhibition.) Whenever the Americans bring us a "show," it is always a good one; it is always imitated, and imitation is the sincerest flattery. Tom Thumb brought out more Lilliputian people than we imagined were in existence. Professor Risley and his two graceful little boys, caused more poor children to be kicked about in the air than tumbled upon earth; and the Mississippi Panorama certainly started the miles of painted canvas that three times daily roll across and back again, before the tarry-at-home travellers. The horsemanship at DRURY LANE is first-rate. Mr. M'Cullum, as a graceful and withal daring rider, is unequalled; and Mr. Eaton Stone could hang by his eyelashes to a flash of lightning. There is also an extraordinarily clever gentleman, of wondrous strength, who tosses cannon balls about like peas; and young Baptiste Loisset, whom we remember here, some three or four years ago, is admirable. In a word, the whole performance certainly merits the patronage bestowed upon it; and whilst we can go and be thus amused, we trust no more cant about "the desecration of Old Drury," and "the decline of the drama," will be set abroad.

The extraordinary performance of "the Bateman children" at the ST. JAMES'S has certainly astonished us. We think the press was rather too hard upon these little people on their first appearance; and, indeed, subsequent notices have proved this to be the case. It is a long time since we have seen anything so entertaining; and it is equally long since we have heard such honest ringing applause as followed each scene. For such little creatures their energy is remarkable—like that of Mr. Dickens's *Cricket*, it almost lifts them off their legs. Any child may be taught to spout words and strike attitudes, but there is a great perception and propriety of intelligence about these tiny people that raises them far above the level of parrotted precocity. This little play of *The Young Couple* is as pretty a thing as we have seen in a long course of theatrical experience. The only regret is that they should have arrived just at the time when all those who were likely to give them the

best patronage are leaving town. Mr. Barnum, who is at the head of the *entreprise*, and who is the most liberal and honourable man in the world, (despite the fun which his position as a dealer in wonders has brought about him,) is said to have given these small histrionics, six thousand pounds, with half profit, for two years. If his managers in England could arrange a *troupe* of clever children to play with them, instead of the grown-up supernumeraries who now assist them, they would carry everything before them.

A very interesting addition has been made to the Eastern panoramas at the Egyptian Hall, in the persons of a family of Syrians, from Aleppo, who, to the number of twelve or fourteen, give some very truthful and graphic delineations of certain phases of Levantine life, such as a marriage festival, story-telling in a coffee-house, &c. All the appliances—narghilès, chibouks, musical instruments, lanterns, coffee-cups, and other articles, are most authentic. The story-teller is a very energetic dwarf, who, on the night of our visit, commenced the tale, from the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, of *Camaralzaman*. We must bestow especial praise upon the interpreter—a Syrian, who learned English from a missionary at Beyrout. There was a good-tempered humour in his explanations that was very attractive. Indeed, this realisation of Eastern life is altogether as instructive and entertaining an exhibition as has been before the public for some time. We are indebted to Messrs. Bonomi, Warren, and Fahey, for the opportunity of witnessing it.

By the time this number is in the reader's hands half London will have left town. Monster double-engined trains, with twenty or thirty well-packed carriages on their trucks, are leaving our termini every hour for the sea-ports: cheap excursions, which we believe will end in "To Paris and back for a shilling," are taking off additional hundreds; tourists generally are running, as thick as ants, over all the show-spots of Europe; and those who cannot afford either time or money for a continental scramble, still cannot stay at home, but establish themselves with a false medium, through which they comfortably find a Switzerland on Hampstead heath; a Baden-Baden at Rosherville; a Versailles at Hampton Court; or a reflection of the desert on the dull sands of Worthing.

CALENDAR FOR SEPTEMBER

AND STRANGERS' DIARY.

1	M	Partridge shooting begins. Licenses granted at the Foreign Office by Lord Palmerston. N.B.—They must be countersigned by Messrs. Rowland & Son. Observe the signature.
2	Tu	Foreigners shaved for nothing, from 10 to 4, at the College of Surgeons.
3	W	Salmon fishing commences in the Basin of the Temple Fountain.
4	Th	H.R.H. Prince Albert's State Visit to the Casino, attended by the Bishop of London and Mr. Paul Bedford.
5	F	Brixton Regatta, and Steamboat Race from Kennington Common to the Haymarket.
6	S	Walking Match on the Bayswater Road between the Lord Mayor and the Duke of Wellington, for £5 a side.
7	S	
8	M	Nothing particular to day.
9	Tu	Not much better.
10	W	A good deal worse.
11	Th	Clock, and Legitimate Drama at the Princess's Theatre—both slow.
12	F	Grand Boar Hunt in Red Lion Square, for two days, in honour of the Westphalian Commissioners.
13	S	Arrival of Mr. Barnum, of New York, at the Nore, in the U.S. Frigate *Screamer*, towed by the Sea Serpent from Long Island.
14	S	
15	M	Dinner to the Peace Congress at the Guards' Mess. Performance by the band of "The Harmonious Blacksmith," in compliment to Mr. Elihu Burritt.
16	Tu	All the Charity Children of London taken to see *Lucrezia Borgia* at the Opera, by benevolent Mr. Faddy.
17	W	Grand Review of the Street Orderlies, in Hyde Park; and laying down a Bridge over the Serpentine, by the boxes of the Shoe Black Brigade, in the presence of the President of France and Mandarin He-sing.
18	Th	Mrs. Graham's Benefit at Vauxhall. Ascent of 500 balloons, each bearing a Hippopotamus. Fight in the air, and results.
19	F	Return Visit of the Préfet of Paris to the Lord Mayor. The fountain in Drapers' Gardens will play from two to four. Dinner at Eel Pie Island; ball on board the junk; fireworks in the Poultry, and general festivity.
20	S	Match for £10,000 a side, between the *America* on the Thames, and the *Tearer* on the North Kent Line. London to Gravesend, and back.
21	S	

22	M	Bartholomew Fair, to be held this year in Belgrave Square, under the patronage of Lady Clanricarde, Lady Aylesbury, and other leaders of the *Ton*, who will preside at the stalls. The Hon. Miss Vavasour addresses Captain Clifford, of the Heavies, "Now, my dear, let me weigh a pound of the best spice nuts for you."
23	Tu	Cat-stalking begins in Russell Square.
24	W	The Derby Day. Fast four-horse coaches to Epsom from THE MONTH Office, through St. Alban's, Uxbridge, and Rochester.
25	Th	Mock siege and destruction of the Penitentiary, Millbank, by the Penny Boats. Blowing up of Blackfriars Bridge, and bombardment of the Lion Brewery: for the benefit of the Thames Watermen—a race long since extinct.
26	F	The Oaks Day. A neat covered Van will leave Liverpool for the Downs early in the morning, returning after the last race. N.B.—Change horses at Dumfries and Ipswich.
27	S	The Statues of London taken to see the Crystal Palace by Colonel Sibthorpe.
28	S	
29	M	Publication of THE MONTH for October, and consequent excitement in the City. The Household Troops under arms.
30	Tu	Grand Match between Mr. Chisholm Anstey, Signor Lablache, the King of Naples, and Lord Brougham, for 5000*l.*, in Hyde Park. Wickets to be pitched at 8 a.m.—once round and a distance, and play the ties off. Twenty birds each, a yard apart, with a triple bob major after five rats fairly killed. The second is to receive back his stake: outriggers not allowed.

ALONGSHORE YACHTING.

DISTURBED YACHTSMAN.—"Only a ha'porth this morning—we've got so many of them air-tight tins of patent milk to finish."

The Doctor's Mishap.

THE MONTH.

A

VIEW OF PASSING SUBJECTS AND MANNERS,

HOME AND FOREIGN, SOCIAL AND GENERAL.

BY

ALBERT SMITH & JOHN LEECH.

OCTOBER, 1851.

PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE OF "THE MONTH,"
No. 3, WHITEFRIARS STREET.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The papers on "Hotels" will be continued in the next number; and we have made arrangements with a very fair correspondent in Paris to furnish us, every month, with the most popular French ballad of the day, which will be printed in the same style as *La Brune Thérèse* and *Nina la Mariniére.*

We are rather bored by correspondents who think it absolutely essential that they should write to us in a facetious style when addressing us upon the most matter of fact affairs. We beg and entreat them not to do so. And we also wish to remind them that we never read more than one side of a note.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JENNY LIND.—No Jenny, you are wrong. The Opera alluded to is, "The Son of St. Luke's," not "The Daughter of St. Mark's." The following are the words of the celebrated Serenade in the third Act, where Madmanio from the garden of the Asylum addresses Crazini, whom he sees at a window above.

"Strike the light lucifer, madly resounding,
Flash the light congreve, and float o'er the sea;
Hush! the Behemoth comes lightly rebounding,
So sweetest lady I hasten to thee!
Then list to the tone
Of my deep trombone,
As I serenade thee in G.
Tirra lirra, whizzy wee!"
The Music may be obtained of "Catnach, and Co."

NOT AT ALL A JOLLY TAR. The best preventative of sea-sickness is, decidedly,—to keep on shore. See Advertisement.

A BORE. We really do not want any more of your riddles. You don't pay your letters, and you take up our time, and you irritate our temper, and fill our waste paper basket, and overwhelm us with such things as these:—

Why is a dog that has swallowed a pair of very inferior carpets in need of a physician?

Because it has two druggets inside (*to drug its inside*).

Oh! *don't* send us any more, there's a good fellow. We can't stand it.

RUSTICUS is misinformed. We believe we may confidently state that the American Clipper will *not* contend at the Great Sheep-shearing Match in December next.

COLLINGWOOD wishes us to christen his new yacht. It must be some name pertaining to the sea, but he thinks *The Wave, The Ripple, The Billow,* and similar ones, have been exhausted. What does he say to *The Swell?*

EDMUND thus writes:—"I am off to-night for Berlin, but having ready an intensely heavy joke, I am afraid to take it with me, lest it should sink the Ostend boat. Will you take charge of it? Here it is.

"The business of *Bramah, Prestige, and Ball,* will henceforth be carried on as Bramah and Ball only, having lost the 'prestige' which attached to their name, since Hobbs picked the lock."

We forgive EDMUND this month, and take charge of his joke, as he is away from England, but he must not impose on our kindness in this way any more.

CROCHETTE will find this a charming pattern for an Anti-Rowland. Fiddlestick's cotton No. 195. No. 733 needles.

Cast on as many as you like.

1st Row.—K. 4. T. F. and K 7 + 9, 14 times. Slip all off again and recommence. 13 chain. 8 loops. 14 times more with the Olga Waltz in the centre.

2nd Row.—Hands across and chain 2. Repeat. Down the middle and up again. Knit 4 and chain 1.

3rd Row.—Make 7. Add a little pepper and sugar. B to Ks Kt 4, and the white mates in three moves.

4th Row.—Begin again from where you left off. Pearl 17,901. K 4, and slip to the Piano. This is very pretty.

[CHESS.—*Edited by Herr Splitterwessel.*]—(We are sorry to state that, owing to the absence of our talented Chess Editor, and our own ignorance of the game, we are obliged to place this department under the control of a gentleman, who may be a good player, but in whom, we beg to state, we have not the slightest confidence.)

A. S. S.—A player *may* have seven queens on the board at one time, if his adversary is agreeable.

LITTLE CHARLEY.—A problem admitting of twenty-seven solutions *is* certainly undeserving of notice.

PENTONVILLE.—All the solutions of Problem No. 75 are wrong as usual.

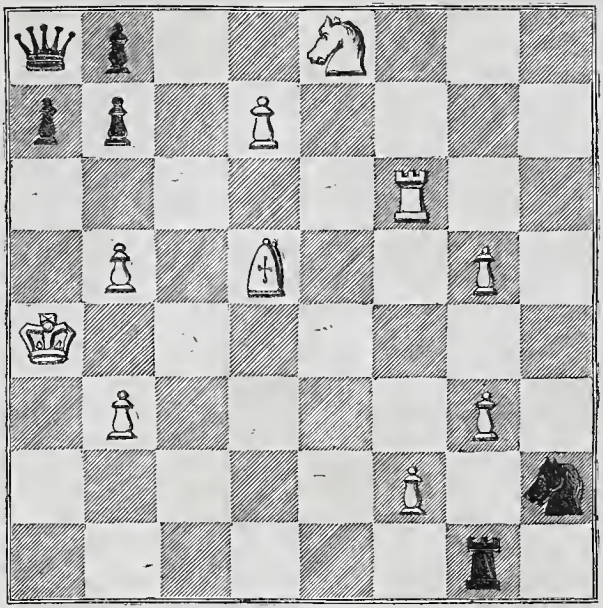
CHESS ENIGMAS.—No. 304. By Charles.—Why is the White Queen like My Uncle? Because she takes a many pawns.

No. 305.—By Edward.—Why ought the King to be a very rich man? Because he is continually receiving checques.

Answers to No. 301 and No. 302 will be given as soon as some one is clever enough to make them.

PROBLEM.—No. 1057.—By Old King Cole.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White moving first, to mate in as few moves as he possibly can, if Black does not mate before him.

THE ADVENTURES OF LEONARD WARNER.

BEING THE HISTORY OF A RASSELAS OF THE PRESENT DAY IN SEARCH OF A TWELVEMONTH OF DISTRACTION.

CHAPTER III.

ON BOARD THE FAYAWAY.

If, many years hence, when we are all dead and gone, any person wished to know what had been the manners and customs of a metropolitan watering-place during a century even preceding our own, we believe he would find an interesting field for antiquarian research in the leafless, chalky, cockney Margate.

It is the Pompeii of England. Walking along its streets, and amongst its baths and shops, we see impressive evidences of a former people fresh and unchanged. Overwhelmed at the commencement of the present century by a fearful irruption of vulgarity, it remained unknown until its discovery by a surveyor of the South Eastern Railway a year or two ago ; since which time we have, in common with all who feel an interest in the past, visited the solemn relic of antiquity.

Nothing, apparently, has been changed since the days of its pride. Other watering-places have, polypus-like, stretched out their arms along the rocks and cliffs in all directions, until the original nucleus has been lost amidst the crescents and terraces of the new town ; and speculations arise as to whether England will not one day have an entire sea-border of esplanades and parades ; but Margate still remains in its old *rococo* state. There is the same dull high street—the same odd, low, wooden bathing houses, like temporary railway offices—the same bit of ten-foot beach—the same hideous slippers that our grandmothers can call to mind—the same comical hack vehicles, and bald, dusty donkeys, and queer looking people, who all appear to have come from the upper boxes of the Adelphi. Another Rip Van Winkle, going to sleep in the Camera Obscura (where he would not often be disturbed), might awake

after many years, and find the old story reversed—that whilst he had changed in the lapse of time, everything and everybody about him had remained precisely in the same condition.

Once, somebody evidently took it into his head to excite a feeble throb of life in Margate ; and built a huge Assembly Room, and commenced a square, but his heart failed him before it was finished, and the large and small buildings make it look like a place built promiscuously from a sixpenny and a six shilling box of Dutch houses. Now, the Assembly Room is a large ghastly place, as sad to look at, with its evidences of by-gone festivals, as Diomed's Villa, or Vauxhall Gardens. An attempt to convert part of it into a grand hotel, which never succeeded, forms a sight as impressive as the unfinished column in the Forum.

It was at one of those anomalous periods of the sea-side day, which set ordinary social divisions of time at defiance, and rational people cannot tell where the visitors have got to—whether they are at luncheon, or dinner, or tea, or are dressing, or have gone to sleep, or committed suicide in the desperation of *ennui*—it was at this post-meridian, pier-deserted hour, that Leonard Warner found himself in the Margate high street, with an undergrown, amphibious boy behind him, staggering under his portmanteau. The place looked dreary enough. Nobody was about, except the touters at the bath-rooms, who appeared to expect that the first thing a traveller did upon his arrival, was to rush into a machine, and creak and stagger through a quarter of a mile of sandy salt water, for the purpose of eventually getting into it, after which he might more coolly select a resting-place for the evening. As Leonard passed a library, he heard his name cried out from the shop, and directly afterwards Dr. Wagshot emerged.

"So you have found your way down here, Mr. Warner. Lively place—nothing going on except the windmills, and they are always the same. There 's the *Fayaway*, at the pier-head."

"Where are all the people gone to ?" asked Leonard, as he looked at the street.

"Never known," said the Doctor ; "mostly dining from tea and shrimps, and ready-made shilling tarts, I believe. Perhaps dressing for the evening—evening costume here is a frock-coat and yellow slippers. I don't exactly know, though, when evening begins at these places."

"Bath, sir?" asked a man at one of the doors.

"Have you any idea that I look as if I wanted one?" replied the Doctor, turning round sharply, and frightening the man so that he nearly stumbled backwards down his own steps.

"All these touters worry me to death," he continued; "but matter-of-fact replies kill them, in return."

"Nice day for a sail, sir," observed another man, something between a bus-conductor, and Mr. T. P. Cooke, as William. "Boat, sir?"

"Not if I can help it," replied Wagshot.

The man had no answer ready, and was shut up.

"Here you are for Kingsgate, sir!" cried the driver of an odd machine, that looked like the boat of a swing at a fair, put upon wheels.

"Can you give me any reason why I should go to Kingsgate," asked the Doctor, "when I have not the least intention of doing so?"

The driver was equally at a loss for a reply.

"Just off to Ramsget, sir!" shouted the conductor of a small omnibus at the pier-head.

"Indeed!" remarked Wagshot, as if mildly astonished at the information thus readily rendered, "and a very nice day for the ride."

A laugh was heard in their wake as they passed. It was from the fly-driver, at the expense of the conductor, who, in turn, was at fault for a retort.

"Am I not right, Mr. Warner?" asked the Doctor, as his merry eyes twinkled like lark-mirrors. "If you try to slang these fellows, they tie you up in a minute with an answer: but they have nothing to say against the common-place and practical. Are you a good sailor, by the way?"

"Wretched!" said Leonard.

"So am I," added Wagshot. "I rather take a pride in saying so, because no one ever does."

"Is Eaton ever sick?"

"Worse than anything you ever saw."

"Then what does he go yachting for—pleasure?"

"He thinks so," replied the Doctor; "so do others. I knew a man who kept a large schooner yacht for twenty years, and never slept on

board once. He only crept about from harbour to harbour, where he knew the hotels were good. He had a regular cargo of beads and hatchets, and cheap looking-glasses, to make friends with the savage natives of any shore he might chance to be driven upon; and I do really believe one day he got them all ready to distribute at Boulogne. But what a blessed dispensation of providence it is, that so many of us think we are amused when we are not. Look at those people."

He called Leonard's attention to a man and two ladies—the man wearing a "wideawake," and the ladies, "uglies"—who were dawdling about the rocks, picking up such periwinkles as were out for a walk.

"They think they are amused," said Wagshot. "Having nothing to do at Ramsgate, they have come over here in despair to continue their occupation. All their excitement, I 'll be sworn, has been to have some buns and ginger-beer at the pastry-cook's; and when they have picked up a dozen periwinkles, which they will throw away on the road home, they will go back again, and think they have made a pleasant 'excursion!'"

The Doctor pronounced the last word with a slight sneer, as though he disbelieved in it. And he was perhaps right. An "excursion" we take to mean, under all circumstances, an unrequited journey to a place that does not come up to our anticipations of amusing occupation there.

By this time they had reached the end of the pier, where the *Fay-away* was lying.

She was a trim, neat cutter, of about 70 tons, and was considered —for the *America* had not, at that time, scattered the sailing reputation of the English yachts to the winds—a fast boat. The Doctor announced his approach by cooing like a pigeon, which Eaton answered with a hunting yell from the cabin, and then they went down, and found the owner drinking pale ale, and reading the *Morning Post* of that day.

"That's right, Leonard," said Eaton, as our hero entered. "Delighted to see you, and you are a good fellow to come. Well, here we are on the blue waters; or, rather, on the mud, just at present."

"I rather prefer the mud," said the Doctor: "it's very steady—

THE BELLE OF THE MONTH, ON THE ALPS.—OCTOBER.

far preferable to lying off in the roads. Did you ever lie off in the roads, Mr. Warner?"

"Never," replied Leonard: "in fact, I know but little of yachting life."

"We 'll show you some," said Wagshot, laughing. And then he shouted up the companion, "Maintop ahoy there! Haul the taffrail up to the mizen starn sheets, and port your binnacle. That will do, and now we 're all right." And with the contented air of a man that had clawed off a lee shore, and saved the ship, the Doctor poured out some Bass, and proposed as a toast, "the lass that loved a sailor."

"So you really never did lie off in the roads?" again he asked.

"No, never," answered Warner. "What 's it like?"

"Well; you know what a swing is?"

"Perfectly."

"And perhaps you have a recollection of see-saw?"

"Clearly."

"And a rocking-horse?"

"Slightly."

"Very well. Then put all these motions together, with the last carriage of a long train not screwed up tight enough, and only yourself in it, and you won't have the least notion of your enjoyment. It 's first-rate!"

"Waggy, Waggy, what an old idiot you are," said Eaton.

"Do you know I began to have a horrible suspicion that I was, when I found myself on board again," replied the Doctor. "Won't you show Mr. Warner his abode of joy?"

Acting on the hint, Leonard was introduced to his tiny cabin; and Collins, Eaton's man, having stowed away his things, they returned to the table.

All the fittings-up were very neat, and the Doctor appeared to take the greatest pleasure in showing them off, in a grotesque, half-showman-like manner. Many of the things had been collected at different ports along the Mediterranean, even as far as the Levant, and these Waggy was especially great about.

"What are all those arms for?" asked Leonard, half wilfully, as he looked at the star of pistols, and the rack of boarding-pikes against the walls.

"What are they for?" returned the Doctor. "For defence, to be sure. Pirates, adverse nations, and all that sort of thing. Oh,—yachting is not without its risk. I dare say, Eaton has all these arms out every day on active service, when he is in the Mediterranean. Eh, Charley?"

"Waggy, I shall try the effect of some of them upon you if you don't keep quiet. Throw up your hat, and I 'll be bound I 'll blow the crown out as, it comes down, with any pistol you choose."

"Don't waste your powder," replied the Doctor. "Besides, recollect the pirates, and dread the time when the sanguinary gentleman in the Greek dress promises your bark as a present to his bride. Let 's see: how does it go?—

"'Oh stay, she whisper'd, stay with me.
Fear not, the rover cried;
Yon bark shall be a prize for thee,
I 'll win it for my bride.'"

And as the Doctor concluded this stave, he got a little too high, whereupon he imitated the supposed finish of the note with his finger in the air, eventually pointing up to the sky.

A cheerful little dinner was served; and, during it, Leonard saw that a great thing in yachting was to have everything in harbour just the same as though one was in the middle of the Pacific. For the peas were preserved in air-tight tins, and so was the soup, and the milk, and so were the French beans; and it was a constant source of delight to Wagshot the Wicked to chaff Eaton about these luxuries; who, knowing his party, took it all with the best temper in the world.

"Now, of course, Charley, you know better than I do; but I should have thought a sixpenny peck of fresh peas, or a penn'orth of new milk, or a shilling basin of soup from the town here, was cheaper in the long run than these preserved things—eh?"

"Oh, that 's not the spirit of yachting," answered Eaton, laughing. "There would be nothing in it if we did not feel independent of the world, even in Margate Harbour."

"I hope all your arms are in order, and can be got at easily," continued the relentless Doctor. "We might be attacked, even to-night.

There 's a nasty set, about Kent; and the Broadstairs corsairs are notorious."

"Waggy!" cried Eaton. "If you don't keep quiet, I 'll put you on shore. Imagine being left in Margate without a friend!"

"Oh! I should get on," said the Doctor. "You forget the library —'2, 3, 5, 4 and 8—the vacant numbers are 2, 3, 5, 4 and 8,—N°. 5 gone—2, 3, 4, and 8!' and so on. I won a work-box there once."

"And what did you do with it?" asked Leonard.

"Used it, of course—used it ever since. The man who can beat a defenceless female in sewing a button on a sleeve, or a string on a collar, is worthy—what 's he worthy?—to haul up his maintruck to the bobstay and put his binnacle to larboard any day of the week."

The dessert and the evening passed chattily away, and at last Leonard retired to his cabin. A gentle, scarcely perceptible, undulation of the water, coupled with its lapping and gurgling noise against the outside of the boat, lulled him to sleep tolerably soon; although the Doctor sat up very late upon deck, talking to the sailing-master, and imagining he had made an impression upon a young lady in a dove-coloured *barége*, who had been walking up and down the pier for some time; until he saw her go off arm-in-arm with the trombone of the German band. And then, in disgust, he came down, too, and wanted Eaton and Leonard to get up and dress, and have some cigars and grog, "because it was such a fine night." But they did not see this in the same light: and so they all went to sleep.

When they awoke in the morning, the *Fayaway* was rolling about; there was a stiff breeze blowing from the N.E., and they were sailing down the channel.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MEDITERRANEAN.

We must state at the outset of this chapter, that we know nothing in the world of nautical matters; and that if a wicked friend was to tell us that a yawl was a barque, or a brig a corvette, we could only believe him. So that it would be as impossible to give the log of the *Fayaway* for six weeks after her departure from England, or to pen an

essay proving that a yacht was more agreeable than a steamboat, as it would be for us to write, in various lines, to prove that *Il Flauto Magico* was a superior opera to *Norma*—that our Royal Exchange was a finer structure than the Paris Bourse—that "Timon of Athens" was more entertaining to see than the "Lady of Lyons"—that we have any novelist at present who can construct a plot like M. Alexandre Dumas—that our working in iron or zinc is better respectively than that of Berlin and Paris—or, in fact, that anything conventionally supposed to be first-rate and inimitable, when it is not, is better than something superior.

And therefore, we cannot very well tell, in proper nautical language, of the manner in which the *Fayaway* was worked from Margate to the Mediterranean—how she rocked in the channel, and rolled in the Bay of Biscay, and quivered off Finisterre, and pulled up to breathe in the Tagus, (which, by the way, the Doctor fell into, but being of a bung-like build, floated rapidly away, never taking his meerschaum from his mouth all the time, until hooked up by a man in a felouk going over to Aldea Gallega,) how she literally flew through the Straits of Gibraltar, and met with white squalls, dead calms, ground swells and every other variety of ocean phases that the Mediterranean above all other seas delights in, until one lovely afternoon, she came to safe anchorage in the Bay of Naples. All this might be wonderfully done, but not by our pen. Else we could dash off in a style telling our readers that "as night came on the anxiety of all increased, for the breakers were now on every side, and the outline of the cutter could be distinctly made out, as her spars rose and fell in delicate tracery against the still lurid belt of light on the horizon. No one spoke, and as the *Fayaway* kept on her track, surging through the boiling cauldron, nothing was heard but the cracking of her masts or the straining of the cordage and timbers now tried to their utmost." All this we say we cannot do; although we should very much like to.

But we can tell how the days passed when the first horrors of sea-sickness had been got over—how they had breakfast and then smoked and drank pale ale with luncheon, after which they smoked and read until dinner, which being finished they smoked and drank grog until bed time, and when that came they got upon their respective shelves

and slept until morning, when the programme commenced over again, being, as will be seen a very enlivening life, full of variety and excitement. We can tell, too, how the armoury was never once disturbed, (although it was always kept ready for instant use,) inasmuch as no pirate or hostile cruisers ever chased them. Still they had many adventures, for looking back to the log, we find that on the 2nd of September, Leonard shot a gull: and on the 15th, they saw a steamer a great way off: and on the 21st, Wagshot's hat blew overboard: and on the 28th, Eaton all but caught a porpoise: and on the 3rd of October, they almost had a row, about the proper way of dressing red mullet. Eaton was very anxious to go to a great many places, such as Tetuan and Malaga, Algiers and Palermo, but the sailing-master would not let him, although he asked very humbly, as an owner of a yacht ought to do in similar circumstances, and therefore the *Fayaway* never altered her course.

Leonard was not sorry to arrive: for certainly he had not found much distraction in yachting, and he rather began to weary of the confinement, albeit he could not have met with two better companions. But he wanted a room again, and a large bed, and, above all, steadiness. For although the early miseries of sea-sickness had passed away, the ceaseless game of pitch and toss which the *Fayaway* played with the sea began to bore. And this association with tossing tumbling qualmishness hangs about all yachts so firmly, that we never behold them, even in peaceful harbours, steady on the mud, without picturing a basin as their most important article of furniture. Everything one looks at, bespeaks suffering. The candlestick hangs to a universal joint, to turn all ways in a storm—the table has a balanced centre to keep level when the ceiling becomes one of the sides of the cabin, and the floor another—the glasses are all put in holes, that they may not leap forth at people's heads under the same terrible circumstances—the books live behind ledges to prevent the diffusion of useful knowledge that would otherwise take place in a gale: and when you see all these preparations for misery, and conjure up, at the same time, the horrid noise and motion that reminds you of living in a dozen newly-made baskets at once, tied to a see-saw, it is a wonder how the mind is ever made up to start at all.

But now, however, the *Fayaway* was quiet, almost sleeping upon the blue waters of the bay: and the panorama about her, had such an

unearthly loveliness, that when night came and our friends sat on the deck looking at it, they could not bear to go to bed. As for the Doctor, his enthusiasm rose to such a pitch, with every fresh tumbler of gruel—as he termed his brandy-and-water—that at last he volunteered a song. As he finished, Leonard who had been watching the glowing summit of Vesuvius, the smoke on which was now crimsoning in the reflected glare from below, proposed an excursion thither on the morrow: and as some twopenny-halfpenny quarantine law which had refused them pratique that evening, would by that time have been complied with, the motion was carried with acclamation.

CHAPTER V.

VESUVIUS.

VERY early in the morning the party was stirring, and at length received permission from the health officers to go on shore, without being shot as they attempted it. What evil can arise from the introduction of English health and cleanliness amongst Neapolitan filth is only for a Mediterranean board of health to decide: happily however, its entire system of extortion and tomfoolery appears, at last, to be on the eve of a general break up.

"By Jove!" said the Doctor, as they landed near the Santa Lucia, and were immediately beset by touters, beggars, *vetturini*, and harpies of every description, "I must begin to rub up my Italian."

And striking an attitude, he commenced the air "*Ve ravviso, luogi ameni*" from the Sonnambula. It should be premised that the Doctor's knowledge of Italian was chiefly gained from the *répertoire* of the Italian Opera; and when this failed he made it up with a scrap or two of French, and broken English, which last he believed to be the most universally understood language by foreigners of all sorts.

"Andate vous en;" he cried to the lazzaroni who got in his way. "Here, Signor; il mio tesoro, vot is dere to pay pour una carrozza alla Vesuviano."

The instant he pronounced the last words a dozen dirty fellows pressed forward to be chosen as guides.

"Silenzio, pescator!" sang the Doctor, in a bar from the Barcarolle. "I'm getting uncommonly Massanielloish. How shall we go to Portici?"

"Let us go by the railway," suggested Leonard.

"Strada Ferrata, amici," cried the Doctor.

A gentleman very like a brigand out of luck immediately led them to the terminus, followed by a crowd of his fellows anxious to share his earnings. When they got there, they found there was no train for some time.

"Let us charter a trap," said Eaton. "Here is one of those Resina gigs coming; we can go in that."

"In that!" said Leonard: "why, there are twenty people, more or less, in it, now!"

"Oh that's nothing: a Resina gig is like a carpet bag or a Thames steamer—it is never so full but there is room for something or somebody else in it."

The vehicle that came up, certainly bore out Eaton's assertion, for every available point of the machine appeared to have its occupant. Originally made for two, or three, it was now charged with a dozen—priests, peasants, girls, workmen, children, and fishermen—perched about on the seat, on the shafts, in the leather heading, on the board behind, slung in a net underneath, until it was a marvel, not how the wretched horse pulled them on, but why the whole ricketty machine did not break down before it started.

"We can't go in that," said the Doctor, as the vehicle pulled up.

"Pshaw!" said Eaton: "jump up, Waggy—there's room for a battalion yet. Let's draw lots for places—pull three straws out of the lining, only don't disturb the fleas more than you can help. Leonard—your's is the longest, and mine's the next. Where will you go?"

"On the seat, I think—next that black-eyed party."

"And very nice, too. Wedge yourself down between her and the priest—so. I shall get up behind. Now, Waggy, you must perch on the shafts."

"Oh—nonsense! why it's sitting on a rail."

"Pshaw! spring up—there, that's it. Now then—hold fast. Andate!"

The old horse made two or three pulls, and at last got off, Leonard and Eaton roaring with laughter, no less at their own position than at the constant effort of the Doctor to keep his place on the shaft. At every corner, as the gig threatened to "cut the outside edge" upon one wheel, his agony was most comical; but on the level road he got more easy in his mind, and then broke out, every now and then, into little bits of Masaniello.

They went gaily along the long unbroken street that runs from Naples to Portici, with its picturesque, cheerful, noisy population, its bright, cheering atmosphere, and its many glimpses, between the houses and through the courts, of the gorgeous Mediterranean; when, as they clattered over the road, far under which the lava-locked Herculaneum enjoys what will probably be its eternal stone-bound sleep, an event occurred. The driver, not over cautious, but playing at *mora* with his fingers with an unshorn friend next him, did not look where he was going, and allowed one of the wheels of the gig to run into a deep gutter. It did not overturn, the passengers in the net underneath acting as a safety weight: but the shock was so sudden, that the Doctor was jolted up a foot high, and then deposited in an enormous square hamper of maccaroni at the door of one of the manufactories which are so numerous: and there he lay, hopelessly wedged, crying out, "La ci darem la mano" to the owner, who came out looking as furious as several Fra Diavolos, whilst Eaton, Leonard, and, indeed, the whole cargo of the gig, were screaming with laughter.

A terrible riot now ensued between the manufacturer and the Doctor; but a Spanish pillar-dollar which Eaton threw to the former rather tranquillised him: and the distribution of the broken maccaroni to their fellow-passengers was an immense hit. But Wagshot would not sit on the shafts again; so he squeezed himself into the body of the gig: and none the worse, started off again, saying "Suoni la tromba," to his companions, and then imitating a post-horn with his mouth. And so, cheerfully, they journeyed on to Resina, which is a little village, at the foot of Vesuvius, from whence the ascent is generally made.

The guide for the excursion lives in a dirty house here, with very rude accommodation: but a bottle or two of excellent Lacryma Christi washed down some hard eggs and bread, tolerably well: and then they

made ready to start. Each had a pony, and to each pony was attached a dirty boy, with a pointed broomstick, for the double purpose of goading the animal below, and assisting the traveller to climb above. The guide, who had taken his full share of the wine, got very voluble at starting, and talked a quantity of unintelligible English: but after a little while he became melancholy, and informed the Doctor that he was not always a guide, but that circumstances had made him so; which circumstances the Doctor concluded were connected with drinking. And then, to rouse his spirits, the Doctor sang to him, an Irish ballad all about 'och hones' and 'widdies,' which did so delight and cheer him, that he stuck by Wagshot's side, and never left him all the journey.

The road was narrow and rugged, but bordered by magnificent vines loaded with fine grapes, which could be gathered as they went along. And then as they got higher, the glorious view of the bay opened upon them, with its lovely shores and islands from Capri to Procida, forming such a beauteous scene, that one could forgive the Neapolitans for thinking their country was a bit of heaven tumbled down upon earth.

"By Jove, this is grand!" observed Eaton, as he turned round his horse, "'*Vedi Napoli e poi mori.*' Having seen it though, I don t want to die: so much loveliness would rather make a man cling the more to life."

"It is fatal beauty;" replied Leonard: "that of a witch girl beneath whose fair bosom every bad passion boils or smoulders—who, as a woman, sinks much nearer to the demon, as she can approach nearer to the angel, than man."

"'And it's oh, I'm in love,
Like a beautiful dove,'"

sang the Doctor on a-head.

"But this view is all luxuriance and peace," said Eaton.

"It looks so," replied Leonard; "but it is one enormous volcanic tract. There is not a villa, nor a vineyard, nor a teeming corn-field, beneath which subterranean fires are not glowing and roaring, and madly striving to pour out their molten rivers over the land. To-morrow Naples might be entombed for ever, in lava marble, like Herculaneum, and that beautiful Ischia blown into scalding mud, and

swallowed by the ocean. Mistrust beauty, under whatever form she is present."

He said this with such bitterness, that Eaton hastened to change the conversation, for he saw some old bitter feeling had been aroused. And fortunately the Doctor's voice, still continuing his lay, came also to the rescue.

"Mr. Eaton!" he cried.

"What is it, Doctor?"

"The guide 's as drunk as a poet."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. He 's been telling us all his history. I don't understand a word of it, but it seems uncommonly interesting. He says they 've wonderful wine, though, up at the hermitage. Viva! andate, presto, sacremento!"

"Presto! sacremento, goddam!" chorused the boys, and pegging their broomsticks into the horses, they began to trot, and soon arrived at the hermitage. Eaton saw, however, that if they waited, the Doctor and the guide would become perfectly ready to jump down the crater if dared; so he kept them on to the *Atrio de Cavalli*—a level at the foot of the cone of Vesuvius, bounded by another mountain, and very much resembling, only that it is much larger, the valley which goes off from the Queen's road, between Salisbury Craigs and Arthur's Seat, at Edinburgh. Here they left their horses; for the remainder of the ascent is only practicable on foot: and a very rough affair indeed it is. And so it proved; and something more serious.

IN RE HOBBS.

IF Hobbs, the Yankee, hath obtained a name,
Hobbs, the Musician, sure hath done the same—
As Yankee Hobbs in locks no puzzle sees,
Musician Hobbs is puzzled by no keys.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE

"OLDEST INHABITANT."

I.

Oh, tell us man of many years,
Whose memory we respect,
What happened in the by-gone times,
Which you can recollect?
If stern experience teaches us
Our modern faults to scan,
You, with your lessons of the past,
Should be the very man.

II.

"Well, in the days of George the Third,
We had a famous fleet,
And glorious battles then occurred,
As history can repeat.
And taxes then were raised to pay
The cost that we were at,
Are all now taken off again?
I don't remember that!

III.

"I recollect a famous fuss,
About the French Invasion,
Though if they ever conquered us,
'Twas not on that occasion;
But then I know we always thought
No Frenchman could be fat.
But did they really live on frogs?
I don't remember that.

IV.

"I recollect that none would deem
Gas could be made to answer,
And he that spoke of going by steam,
Was thought a mere romancer;
The gas, they said, must sure explode,
But—contradiction flat—
But have we been by gas blown up?
I don't remember that.

V

"I recollect a clever man,
Once clearly demonstrated,
No steamer to America,
Could e'er be navigated;
He showed how coals could never last
The Atlantic voyage through,
But now do steamers make the trip?
I think sometimes they do.

VI.

"I recollect folks did declare
Old jog-trot ways the best,
And thought that things just as they were,
Should be allowed to rest.
That everything improved upon,
Brought ruin to the spot,
But have we lost by moving on?
I recollect it not.

VII.

"In what we called the 'good old times,'
Our 'fine old fashioned ways'
Were very slow, I recollect,
To those of modern days.
Then we did many a comfort lack,
Which haply now you won't;
Do people want the old times back?
I rather think they don't."

TO BE SOLD WITHOUT RESERVE, a valuable collection of jokes, by the editor of a comic periodical retiring from business: some second-hand; some new; and others quite as good. A few fine old Joe Millers will be found amongst the stock, which will be sold great bargains to burlesque writers, requiring but little alteration. Potted puns, warranted to keep in any climate, and particularly recommended to enliven Gibraltar, West Indian, Malta, and Bombay mess-tables; or as an agreeable addition to slow dinner-parties. Sample packets, containing two jokes, two conundrums, a smart retort, and a comic parody upon some popular subject, will be forwarded, by enclosing the address and a shilling. A few squibs upon Trafalgar Square, the Royal Academy, St. Paul's Cathedral, Smithfield, and other remnants of last year's stock, will be sold by private contract, at a merely nominal price.

AMERICA—OUR GREATEST BENEFACTOR.

With a full belief in the intelligence and energy of our transatlantic friends, we have rejoiced at their late triumphs over us—honestly and sincerely. Apart from their late victories over our yachts and locks—whereby much conventional nonsense and 'blather' has been practically knocked on the head—they are daily showing us our inferiority in certain matters. Their cheap good pails, and clocks, and various domestic machines, attest their mechanical powers; whilst, in matters of intellect, we have had no book so good as Mr. Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* for years: and we request all our readers who have not already done so, to buy it immediately—we wish the author had an interest in the sale—and prepare for some hours of intense interest and delight.

America can still further benefit us. We want the following things; and when some of her enterprising children have come over here and made fortunes by them, we shall say what fools we were not to have tried them ourselves.

Good stout pianos, for village homes, at ten pounds each, in cheap wood cases, at which rate it is perfectly possible to make them.

A set of neat hack cabs, with indicators attached to the wheels, by rack and pinion, showing the precise distance traversed, which it shall be felony to tamper with.

A Câfé on the perfect economical French plan, in various leading thoroughfares of London.

A circus, on the plan of, and as good as, Franconi's in the Champs Elysées, with first rate riders, costumes, and music.

Small cheap fleet yachts of from four to ten tons.

Electric telegraphs to work at moderate prices, and shut up the present laughable rates of messages.

Improved railway carriages for second and third class passengers.

A theatre for the performance of historical dramas and spectacles, improved on the Porte St. Martin.

A better managed system of hotels, throughout Great Britain generally.

We have many more things to suggest, but these will be enough for our neighbours to think over at present; and we wish them to do so—earnestly.

LONDON CORRESPONDENTS.

THE letters of "our own correspondents" in the country papers will be the death of us. We suppose they do for the provincial readers, but to us cockneys the pretension of exclusive information about them is so inexpressibly funny, and their *on dits*, which usually appear to be picked up from the eaves-droppings of the dinner-waiters at the clubs, so comically untrue, that we know at present nothing half so humorous.

A facetious party, named Neale, or Neil, or something of the kind, who pokes his fun at the readers of the *Liverpool Albion*, thus writes in his last. It should be premised that a London correspondent's letter is supposed to be a bundle of metropolitan realities and rumours:—

"Thackeray has declined all overtures for the rural ventillation of his Hanover Square comicalities."

The "ventillation" we take to be a mere printer's error; but what on earth does the entire paragraph mean? We have a dim idea that it refers to Mr. Thackeray's intentions with respect to the delivery of his lectures in the provinces, about which the "London correspondent" knows nothing in the world. The last phrase, however, completely gets over us. What were his "Hanover Square Comicalities?" If it mean his lectures, certainly they were not "comicalities." They were admirable essays, in which the serious and the pathetic predominated. But it is the "Hanover Square" allusion that beats us. What had Mr. Thackeray to do with Hanover Square, or what had Hanover Square to do with the English Humourists; or how, in the most remote way, was that locality connected with anything appertaining to the subjects in question? The affair remains a deep mystery, and, until some Œdipus can explain it, we must be content with singing,—

Oh, poor Mr. Neale!
Or, perhaps it's Neil,
If we had you on the "Month,"
How wretched we should feel.

COMFORT IN A STORM is best insured by taking shelter in some friend's house about the time he is going to dinner, making him bring out his best port, and cracking walnuts by the fireside afterwards.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

Maid.—"Law bless yer! That ain't Missuss's own 'air; it 's a wig! '

A FAREWELL TO THE EXHIBITION.

Air—ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

Moore's Fireworshippers, Canto last.

FAREWELL, farewell to thee, Great Exhibition !
(Thus warbled a voice going down to the sea,)
From the time of the pound to the shilling admission,
Great were the crowds that press'd forward to thee.

Oh, slow as the new House of Lords thou wert growing,
Till Paxton, and Fox, and Henderson came,
Then swift as the breeze from Kensington blowing,
Drawn were thy plans, and uprose that frame !

Long, from Camberwell-gate to Belgravia's halls,
Shall maids and their lovers remember that dome,
How they liked the Greek Slave, and the stuff'd things, and shawls,
And how cousins insisted on seeing them home.

And when the bright London season is burning,
And calls to Hyde Park all the swells, young and old,
The cheeriest there, down Rotten Row turning,
Thinks how he expected good ice—and was sold.

The young blue-eyed maid, while her abigail's dressing
Her soft scented hair for some gay Christmas hop,
Shall think on that Saturday when he was pressing
One small vanille ice—or a bottle of pop !

Nor shall Sibthorp, to whom thou wert hateful, forget thee,
Tho' the nation watch heedless his tears as they start,
And cabmen and omnibus cads shall regret thee,
When they see the *mossoos* and the rustics depart.

Farewell, farewell, when your crystal-made fountain,
Has crumbled to pieces, or long ceased to lave,
That Great Exhibition we'll ne'er cease recounting,
We'll weep for that transept, and think on that nave !

THE DEPARTURE OF THE OVERLAND MAIL.

THE bright sunlight is falling down pleasantly through the coffee-room windows of the Royal George Inn, at Southampton; and there is an unusual amount of bustle and breakfast going on. Now and then a fly comes up to the door, and there is the quick rustling of women's dresses heard along the passage, and one or two girls, with their handkerchiefs up to their eyes, hurry in, followed by their friends, and go off towards the docks. Bustling men run in and out with parcels and small portmanteaus; and, as they quickly swallow their coffee, talk in the most unconcerned manner of being put out at Vigo, Gib,' or Malta, as an office-bound London clerk would desire the omnibus to drop him at Chancery Lane, the Post Office, or the Bank. One of our breakfast companions has got a card tied to his box, with 'Canton' on it,—Canton!—with a bit of string no stouter than he would use for Kennington. That gentleman just gone out is a banker at Gibraltar, who has made a run over to the Great Exhibition, and is now going back again. A party of young English engineers are taking a farewell pull at some draught London porter, before they start to survey the line of the intended railway between Alexandria and Cairo. Seafaring men open the door, and look in—don't find the person they want, and shut it

again. The surgeon of the Levant steamer, who meets his contemporary of the West India Mail by chance, once a year, is discussing coffee, prawns, sausages, and pale ale, as a few rapid commissions and narratives pass between them; and all this betokens that at 3 o'clock, P.M., the Peninsular and Oriental Company's fine steam-ship, *Indus*, will sail from Southampton with the Overland Mail.

By degrees the bustle ceases. The people leave one by one; and the active maids—nearly upset, though, by the bustle of the morning—get a little breathing time. The boots goes off with a barrow, and the last boxes; the fly takes up its last freight of an officer, a half-caste lady, a sallow baby, and an ayah, all in white, who looks like an enlarged copy of the Indian dolls in curiosity shops; and we follow with the rest towards the docks.

It is high water, and a lovely morning. Under such a happy combination Southampton looks very attractive. The water mirrors all the wood-edging on its glassy face, for there is not a ripple; and the Hythe wherry crossing is obliged to take to its sweeps to get to the pier, in the dead calm. One or two yachts are lying lazily about. A little Isle of Wight steamer is coming quietly up from Calshot Castle; and all is so sleepy and tranquil, that we cannot imagine two hundred people are going off to India in an hour, in a floating town, until we see Blue Peter flying from the mast head of one of the great vessels in the dock, and the steam blowing and panting, in anticipation of its next fortnight's work, from the huge funnel.

Within the dock gates all is bustle. The travellers, who have just arrived from Havre, jostle those who are hurrying away to Egypt. The last lots of fresh meat, milk, and vegetables, are being wheeled rapidly down, past sheds and alongside graving-docks, and over treacherous-looking truck bridges, which open all sorts of ways and have a general property in common, of being never shut when you come up to them—they are to-day though—and at length forcing our way through a crowd of people, and crossing the gangway, at the head of which we recognise Mr. Titmarsh's *Lieutenant Bundy*, resplendent in shirt-collars, which perfectly flash and dazzle in the sun, we are on board.

An ant-hill is quiet compared to the movement on the deck. We do not see many of the weeping girls who left in the fly. Poor, pretty

things! they have all gone into their cabins at once, and their hearts are almost bursting there—even with this bright sunny morning and sparkling water, and gay, moving panorama above, and below, and about them. Here is our friend the ayah though, half bewildered with the bustle, and clinging to the baby she carries, as though it were a safety-buoy, from its connection with this strange, restless, pale, northern race. Near her are two grave Hindoos—merchants of good report in Calcutta, whose names may be Jaggerbedamjee Jullybehoy; or may not. They have been over to fight the East India Company in a law-suit, which they have gained, to their admiration of our justice. That Englishman in the very long, black beard, owns those half dozen crates of spaniels, who will create a great excitement in Hindostan. The young engineers have fraternised with a handful of cadets, and they are all smoking cigars in a line against the gunwale, until they rival the funnel. Stewards are running one way and servants another; friends are impressing last commissions, and those who have none are walking up and down the deck with fidgetty impatience to start; and the book and newspaper man has displayed his stock upon a seat, and is selling entire editions of *Punch*, and the *Illustrated News*, to appease the people, who find that his two dozen copies of *The Scarlet Letter* have all been snapped up, in less than half that number of minutes, by the first comers.

We get so hustled about, that we accept the invitation of the excellent surgeon, and go below to his cabin. It is well he pilots us there, for the confusion between decks is perfectly wondrous. The Southampton butcher is hanging up rows of sheep, under the open hatchway; now to be delivered over to the care of his colleague of the Indus, as judges give over bodies of criminals to the sheriffs. The parting between these two butchers is quite a little incident. When the last mutton is suspended, he of the land says, "Well, good bye, Jem, old fellow,—a pleasant trip;" and the other grasps his suety hand, and replies, "Same to you, Tom, and glad to see you again;" and then they part—the mariner to criticise his friend's method of sticking, and the landsman to give a last look at the live-stock: we saw them all in a heap, near the paddle-box, in a place like a compressed wild-beast show.

Mind your legs! A red box, about the size of a full-sized writing-

desk, shoots down a slanting board through a port-hole, and is stopped by a large pad like a feather-bed. Then comes another, white; then two red ones; then, three white, and so on, in a terrible hurry. This is The Overland Mail! The loves, and hopes, and agonies, and fears, of thousands, are in those boxes, thus coloured according to their various destinations. Every line therein will be read over and over, and over again, for it comes from home and from England; and many hearts, many thousands of miles away, are panting now to know what these boxes at our feet contain. They have a long journey before them though: all along the blue, treacherous Mediterranean; the stifling corpse-bordered Mahmoudeeh canal; the rich red Nile; the gasping, tawny, baked-up desert; and the blazing, breathless Red Sea;—until they get to the Indian Ocean.

All the specie was on board yesterday, and deposited in a little hold by itself, under the clock in the state-cabin, as much astern as possible. It will be almost safer on the desert than on the South Western Railway. The dreaded name of Mehemet Ali has still such power, that the long caravan of camels, which will take it from Cairo to Suez, across the desert, will not perhaps have more than three persons with it—two Arabs, with doubtful guns, and a boy to bang the camels.

The loss of the Pacha—the news of which has just arrived—in the Straits of Malacca, run down by the Erin, on the open sea, with either vessel sighted by the other eight miles off, is a subject of painful comment, for nearly all the Indus crew knew some of the Pacha's.

"I 've lost my poor boy, sir; he went down with her;—leastwise, his name is not in the newspapers as saved," says one of the men to the surgeon. "She wasn't seen six minutes after they struck, and pulled the boats after her."

Three boxes, labelled "Aden," "Bombay," "Madras," come shooting down the slope, and the poor fellow has no time for grief.

We go on and pass the cow, who lives during the voyage in a species of pew with a railed top, and supplies milk, out and home, upon a consideration of eight pounds paid to her owner; and feeds on hay, packed so tight by hydrostatic pressure, that three trusses can be condensed into a portmanteau, and we now see how the conjuror brings the feathers out of the hat. Now we turn back a little way to avoid

the mails, which are coming down quicker than they can be stowed away ; and suddenly, amongst all this hurry, and driving, and confusion, we find ourselves on an iron gallery, looking down upon the engine.

What room that wondrous iron monster takes up, or how deeply or widely he stretches his limbs in his mighty agony and struggle against the elements, we cannot tell. For looking far down amidst his polished joints and sinews, even below the glowing, roaring, all-devouring fire-boxes, we indistinctly make out a lower depth, to and from whose profundity dusky forms are climbing, heedless of the huge metal arms that, once in action, would fling them about, and crush and tear them into quivering morsels. And this Phlegethou-worked power—curbed, and fettered, and controlled—once started shall know no rest. Over the quiet noontide sea by day, and the dark, leaping waste of waters by night, still it will keep on, panting, straining, aud blowing forth its scalding breath—braving the heavens in their wrath, and the ocean iu its might, until worn aud wearied, its vital heat is extinguished, and its powers quelled, in the sultry, rock-bound harbour of Egypt.

We go back to the surgery, for the mails have ceased to shoot down the plank. The doctor's cabin is a snug little place, with a sort of ante-room, in which the rows of *Tr. Aurant.* and *Infus. Sennæ*, and *Pil. Hydrarg.*, and *Pulv. Cret. Comp.* are ranged as orderly as in a chemist's shop. Round the cabin are hung all the pets of the ballet, so that even on stormy nights, in the ever-restless Bay of Biscay, the owner may have recollections of Cerito in *Alma*, and Carlotta in *Esmeralda*.

The bed is under the port-hole, and we picture how very jolly it must be, in sunny weather, to lie reading there, with the blue sparkling Mediterranean and the violet coast for our look-out, and the pure, clear air, cooling the little cabin. And then we see that the port has a small bulls-eye, in a massive iron frame, that is closed by a stout screw ; and we think when this is all shut up and battened down, and the bed is considerably out of the horizontal, and the Indus gets such bangs and blows that sometimes she stands still and staggers, trembling for an instant before she can proceed again—that at this time it is not, perhaps, quite so jolly.

We are all wondrously merry, drinking a successful voyage to the good ship, when a knock is heard at the door, and an old gentleman

comes in to speak to the doctor. He has a son on board, who is very ill, and has been recommended to winter at Cairo; and now he comes to commit him to the charge of our good friend. He says, in broken English, for he is a foreigner—"He is my only boy, and I hope, sir, you will continue your kind attention to him. I shall never thank you enough for what you have already shown. He has such confidence in you, that when you only speak to him, he says it makes him better, so I hope you will cheer him up a little now and then. I shall come from Paris to meet you on your return, and know how he has got on. You will like him so much, he is an excellent young man—God bless you, sir."

The poor old gentleman tries to smile as he presses the doctor's hand between his own, but his eyes are streaming with tears. And when he has gone away, our friend observes—"They will never see each other again; the son is in the last stage of phthysis: and I do not think he will live to Malta."

The first bell rings for shore, and we go up upon deck. And now the weeping girls, whom we have not seen since they left the hotel, come up too. One is clinging to an elderly female, and crying as though her heart would burst; and another has got to the extreme end of the vessel, and is looking earnestly at a young man on the pier, who, pale as death, in turn never takes his eyes from her; yet not a sign passes between them, and it strikes us they are both watched. That is some terribly crushing affair we are sure. Jaggerbedamjee and his friend are as immovable as ever. The ayah has rolled herself and the baby up into a large ball of calico, and is seated under the gunwale. A stray fowl, who apparently changes his mind as to the necessity of the voyage at the last minute, and has got out of his coop, flutters and scuffles about amongst the people's legs, and at last flies down a hatchway; and the visitors and friends leave the ship, and take up their places on the edge of the dock, where they can get a last look.

Another bell rings: the last intense farewells take place, this time all hurried and in a minute; the steam is up, and screaming from the funnel; the gangway is removed, and the man who sells the *Illustrated News* is nearly taken on to Gibraltar; and then the ropes are cast off, the paddle-wheel gives a surly turn or two; nothing but tearful nods, and

sad endeavours to look happy, are seen in the crowd both on board, and on the pier; and as the clock strikes three, the brave ship goes forth with so many and such sad, fervent prayers, and good wishes for her safety, that we dare to think Heaven cannot but smile upon her on her voyage, and upon the loved ones thus confided to her keeping.

Next morning we read in *The Times*:—

"SOUTHAMPTON, *Sept.* 20*th.*

"The Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company's ship Indus, Captain John Soy, took her departure this afternoon with the usual East Indian and China mails, and those for Gibraltar, Malta, Egypt, Aden, and the Eastern Archipelago. She takes out 130 passengers, and specie of the value of 40,000*l.* sterling."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PARLEZ-VOUS FRANCAIS?—Many people to whom this question is put will answer, "Commong-voo portey-vu kesker say Paddy Whack Bang!" than which nothing could be more ridiculous or unmeaning.

NO MORE GRAY HAIR.—The Kensington Instantaneous Hair Dye is easily applied, and imparts to the hair and whiskers a natural and becoming black, without injuring the skin or (unless the application be very clumsily managed) dirtying the shirt collar. Sold wholesale and retail by Messrs. Warren, Russell, and Wright (successors to the late Robert Warren), 30, Strand; and applied by Private Tommy Jenkins, of the Metropolitan Shoe-black Brigade, at his place of business, Prince's Gate, Hyde Park.

SHOOTING WANTED.—A gentleman of refined tastes, but limited connexions in polite society, is anxious to join a party in a Manor, or any other sort of Country House, where there are plenty of nice people staying, and good sport in the neighbourhood.

Particulars, as to distance from town, habits of the family (whether serious or otherwise), number of female visitors, &c., to be forwarded to P. Q., Post Office, London.

A NEW READING OF AN OLD MAXIM.

"Hobbs laughs at locksmiths."

(B.

PESTAL.

In presenting to our readers an original version of the popular air known as "Pestal, or the Prison Waltz," which the German bards are at present driving people mad with, at the sea side, we are enabled to lay before them the following brief biography as a preparatory history. Pestal was an officer in the Russian service. He married privately; and the commission of this act leading to the forfeiture of his commission, he was cast into prison as a Pestal-ent fellow. On the eve of his execution, as he lay ironed, awaiting the next morning's mangling, "he whistled as he" lay, "for want of thought," and, in a happy moment of enthusiasm, composed the waltz that bears his name. Not being allowed note-paper, he was constrained to cut the notes of the air upon the walls of his prison, and, in the handsomest manner, presented

his gaoler with the copyright. Lithographs were obtained from the stones, and now, every young lady's musical portfolio, and many barrel-organs of the highest respectability, are intimately acquainted with "*Pestal, or the Prison Waltz.*"

I.

In London, as usual, last season I spent,
To Pocklington Square my notes were address'd all
And wherever I rambled, or wander'd, or went,
I was pester'd with that horrid pest of a "Pestal."

II.

I thought this mysterious, moreover and queer,
'Tis better at once that the truth be confest all,—
That all through the City one word should appear,
And that word the incomprehensible "Pestal."

III.

To discompose feelings, composers displayed,
In the music-shop windows that it might arrest all
Pedestrians attention of every grade,
In reddest of rubrics that dreadful word "Pestal."

IV.

Yes! there in the windows and up on the walls,
In the hues of the rainbow, the letters were dress'd all;
And my heart quakes e'en now as my mem'ry recalls,
A few of the frights I experienced from "Pestal."

V.

One evening to Lady Portarlington's rout,
An Adonis I went, figged out in my best all;
And when the dance-lists for the night they gave out,
Conceive my amazement at finding there "Pestal."

VI.

With Miss ——, never mind, there I danced the first set,
And in white she was dress'd, just like a fair Vestal;
And our eyes in delicious confusion had met,
As she said, "Mr. Jones, pray do you know 'Pestal?'"

VII.

Fanny Flirt's little loveable waist, then I drew
To my side, and around it my fingers I press'd all,
But e'er the first bars of the waltz were got through,
She exclaimed, "I'm so glad! there's that duck of a 'Pestal.'"

VIII.

"Where? Where?" I demanded, and jerked out each word,
As feelings of jealousy shot through my breast all;
Her cheeks dimpled out to a laugh:—"How absurd
To imagine that I meant a gentleman 'Pestal.'"

IX.

The air sent a mystical thrill through our feet,
And dark eyes flash'd light in that ball room so festal;
As we whirled in the waltz in delirium so sweet,
I, (for once in my life!) was enchanted with "Pestal."

X.

In front of my dear Helen's house, in Park Place,
Number—(I'd rather not mention it, lest all
Should know it;)—one night, up and down I did pace,
Thinking of anything rather than "Pestal."

XI.

The sound of her instrument, stopp'd my parade:
The windows were up, for the heat quite oppress'd all;
And in the wild notes of the music she play'd,
Oh! horror of horror! I recognised "Pestal."

XII.

I knocked at the door, and I rushed to her side,
Of that tune, intending of her to request all
Such playing to cease:—but e'er that she had cried,
"I'm practising, dear, this new, beautiful 'Pestal.'"

XIII.

Of course I was forced my opinion to change;
For who could resist those sweet lips that express'd all
So prettily? And she'd have thought it but strange
No doubt, if I'd made an objection to "Pestal."

XIV.

There the tune was again! and made into a song;
Now, words to dance-music I vow I detest all;
And Helen, my misery then to prolong,
Most bewitchingly proffer'd to treat me with "Pestal."

XV.

I stood by her side, quite a martyr of love,
Looking down on her beautiful hair that was tress'd all,
And, like Romeo, * longing "that I were a glove,"
On the hand that was playing the prelude to "Pestal."

XVI.

She sang then some words, very doleful and slow,—
And the tenderer ones, she, with emphasis stress'd all,
So thrillingly sweet, and so mournfully low,
I had almost forgotten the subject was "Pestal."

XVII.

At concealing my feelings, I made no pretence,
But with kisses her small taper fingers caress'd all;
Then, shortly, subsiding to calmness and sense,
I begg'd for a short explanation of "Pestal."

XVIII.

She showed me the song, and the picture, and all,
—For aught I can tell, it was painted by Westall,
Representing a person defacing the wall
Of a neat little dungeon, and that person, "Pestal."

XIX.

'Twas Pestal I found, who had written the air:
A Russian by birth, and a soldier; the rest all,
He had from another source, never mind where,
But accept as the truth, all I tell about "Pestal."

* "Oh! that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!"—SHAKSPEARE.

XX.

Young Pestal then, once, of one place getting tired,
Abruptly one night left his home so ancestral;
Enlisted, with love for a warlike life fired,
And was made very soon Mr. Aide-de-camp "Pestal."

XXI.

He, at court, an attaché soon after became:
And a courting attachment his heart soon possess'd all;
And as Mademoiselle Strofonoff felt the same,
He first made her, an offer, and then, "Mrs. Pestal."

XXII.

Now all this was managed in secret, because
Love-weddings at court by the State were repress'd all;
So Miss Strofonoff, without breaking the laws,
Could not openly own she was married to "Pestal."

XXIII.

But soon they had reason their fate to deplore,
And confess that their love-plans were prettily mess'd all;
For scarcely a week was their honeymoon o'er,
Than the Czar said he 'd made up a marriage for "Pestal."

XXIV.

In bitter invective then Pestal burst out,
And said that "the Czar and his laws might be bless'd all;
For them he cared nought;"—then he thought of the knout,
So went home, and like Niobe,* found "Mrs. Pestal."

XXV.

Soon the Czar sent the message he dreaded to hear,
And gave him an audience in the Great Guest Hall,
And mention'd a lady, who, e 'er the next year,
For political reasons, must be "Mrs. Pestal."

XXVI.

Now this lady was "forty, and fat," but not "fair,"
So in a few words, he his reasons compress'd all;

* "Like Niobe, all in tears."

"'Tis all gammon," * he said, "for two months since, I swear,
I made Mademoiselle Strofonoff, Mrs. 'Pestal.'"

XXVII.

Then the Czar in a fury strode out of the Hall,
And at once his attaché placed under arrestal;
And soon to a dungeon, damp, gloomy, and small,
A loaf and a pitcher accompanied "Pestal."

XXVIII.

On a three-legged stool, he sat "smiling at grief,"
Like the statue of patience upon its pedéstal;
Till the gaoler one day, said in manner most brief,
"Next morn for his head, he must ax (e) Mr. 'Pestal.'"

XXIX.

Though his spirits were, as you may think, "out of tune,"
Yet with musical crotchets his head was distress'd all;
So he hammer'd his brain, took a nail, and had soon
Nailed the idea, and thus composed "Pestal."

XXX.

Since pestle with mortar affinity holds,
On the thick mortar'd walls, the notes he impress'd all,
And because 'twas composed on the walls, I am told,
He made it a waltz, and he christen'd it "Pestal."

XXXI.

The original "score" (rather "scratch") was in sharps;
The "clefts" were cleft in, as though with a breast awl;
— And now, at my version, if any one carps,
Why then let him make out another to "Pestal."

* A Critic remarks:—"It may be fairly agreed that Pestal in such a critical moment, would scarcely have ventured on such an expression;" but, "it is highly probable," says Professor Dömblinhead, (Vern. App. Rep. Tom. xv. p. 587.) "that Pestal, being a scholar, made some quotation concerning such words as γαμου εἶναι, referable to the Czar's proposition, but which was taken for the exclamation recorded in the verse."

FEARFUL POSITION OF AN OLD LADY FROM THE COUNTRY

Whom low impudent little boys will tumble before all the way from the Strand to the Chrystal Palace.

A MUSICAL AUCTIONEER.

We were delighted to see, in the papers the other day, that Mr. Somebody, *Musical Auctioneer*, would have the honour of offering for sale, by public competition, &c., &c.

Now, this is the sort of thing that we, in company with other notorious social progress writers, have long been driving at. We have always gone in for the "beautiful," the "humanising," and all the rest of it, being mixed up with the business of ordinary life, to give it a flavour. The fact of a musical auctioneer having been called into existence is a satisfactory proof that we have not written in vain.

We have not yet been able to attend any of our melodious friend's *matinées musicales*. But we presume he uses a tuning-fork instead of a hammer—and that the following may be relied on as the *libretto* of a sale conducted under his auspices.

Now Ladies, kind, and Gents—the sale's, conditions pray consider
They're simply, that the purchaser shall be the highest bidder;
Should any bidding be disputed—then my course is plain, sirs,
The lot must be put up once more, and bidden for again, sirs.
Ri tol de rol!

[*Spoken.*—All goods to be paid for and removed at the conclusion of each day's sale!]

Ri tol de riddle iddle,
Ri tol de rol!

The first lot I've to offer, is a splendid
Pembroke table,
As good as new—now bid for it as long as
You are able.
Twelve shillings? Thank you—
Twelve and six?—Thirteen, of course,
You meant, sir,
For biddings must advance at least—
As high as five per cent., sir.
Going! Going!—On!

[*Spoken.*—What *can* you be thinking of, gentlemen; it's dirt cheap at five-and-twenty.]

Ri tol di riddle—No advance?—they're gone!

THE WHOLE DUTY OF RAILWAY DIRECTORS.

N a couple of letters from an old director of the Great North East and by West line, and a young director of the Branch United Pleasure and Mineral Junction, and Pottleton to Chawturmut Railway.]

Letter I.—Of Shareholders and General Travellers.

My dear Tom,—As you have at length succeeded in gammoning the respected shareholders of your promising line into making you a director, and as in that capacity you will have at least once a week to drink sherry, and eat sandwiches in the board-room—although should the traffic show no signs of improvement, I would recommend Southside Madeira and Strasburg *patés*, as being more generous—it has occurred to me that, as an old hand at railway work, I might as well give you a hint or two not only as respects the Madeira and sherry part of the business, but with reference to the two great ends for which railway directors were created—for throwing dust in the eyes of your respected shareholders, while you extract money from their pockets, and bullying, smashing, and, in general, making mince-meat, morally as well as physically, of the public at large. The first portion of your duties is, however, so well and so generally understood, that I need only recall it to your mind as a thing never to be lost sight of by the board,—shareholders, my boy, were made for directors,—just as sailors were made for sharks, or sepoys for royal tigers. A great majority of them know nothing about railway management, or indeed anything else; and there is always sure to be a lot of women, and decrepit, elderly, gentle-

men, of nervous temperaments, who don't speak at the half-yearly meetings, and whom you can bully as much as you please—making up for the extent of the bullying in question by the smallness of the dividend. To be sure, every line is almost certain to be afflicted with some too-clever-by-half shareholders, with a confounded knack of asking impertinent questions, while his fellow plebeians applaud; and a sort of plausible style of arranging facts and figures which is disgusting, and the reverse of conducive to the comfort of the board. Now, my dear Tom, make fellows of that kind directors out of hand. Enlist them on the right side, and look sharp that you do so before they be too deeply committed to pry into what are called "abuses," and "grievances," and trash of that kind. Once a director, the grievance-monger will give up his facts, and fling his stock out of window in no time; while you will have an additional claim upon the popularity of your shareholders, by proving that you at once placed one of their greatest favourites in one of the comfortable arm-chairs of the sacred board.

These, however, are but flying hints. Let us pass to the main topic. You know how to treat the shareholding fellows. Now let us consider how best we can manage to inconvenience, disappoint, and generally to bullyrag that portion of the travelling public who may commit their bodies and their carpet-bags to our tender mercies. And first, my boy, let us congratulate ourselves in freedom from competition. No rival lines leaping up in a day—no cheaper trains starting at the same hour as our own. No, my boy, the public is ours. As soon as the public packs its travelling bag, and dons its travelling cap, it becomes our own property, to do exactly what we like with—to shut up in locked carriages, and to be burned if the train catches fire—to be hustled and driven about by our myrmidons, like bullocks in Smithfield—to be started on its journey as soon as we please, and no sooner; and to be kept waiting at any terminus or station, locked in the carriages, as long as we please; if not, at the will of some sulky guard or policeman—if not longer. The public, my boy, has neither power of appeal, nor means of redress. If a fellow swear at being delayed three hours after the last moment for taking up a bill, have him taken up before the magistrate for uttering profane oaths. If he put his head out of the window, and mildly remonstrate, give him in charge for the breach of a bye-law. While

you can invent as you go to the police office, and say you merely act out of zeal for the safety of the public. The "worthy magistrate," as the penny-a-liners always call him, will compliment you highly, and fine the culprit severely. Clerks are important personages in a railway office. Choose for the situations the surliest youug gentlemen to be found in your neighbourhood. Dumbness is no disqualification, because impertinent questions are not to be replied to; and all passengers' questions, such as—"When is the last train up?" or "What is the difference between the first and second class fare?" are impertinent. Clerks ought to know their position; and if passengers want information they may go and get it elsewhere. Never bother about your trains keeping time. What do two or three hours, more or less, signify?—at least to you. And what does it signify to you—what signifies to the passengers? If they think they can get quicker than by the train, let them walk. I suppose you don't prevent them. You don't force them on the rail—certainly not. I don't know, however, a more amusing sight than to make up a party, and go and watch a whole train full of fellows, male and female, who ought, as they say, to have been at the platform at 8, P.M., waiting in a siding outside the terminus at half-past 10, P.M., until four luggage, five cattle, and six excursion, trains are moved out of the way. You will have the opportunity of studying every form and modification of human wrath;—you will have the truest satisfaction of thinking that it is mainly directed against yourself; and you will have the still more delicious feeling of being in a position to emulate the showman's account of the "Dook o' Vellinton"—as his Grace is said to have appeared at Waterloo—"with the red hot balls a flying round his nob, and he not caring one single damn for the same." Of course you will be sure to see half a dozen letters on the subject in the next *Times*, and perhaps an indignant leader. Let 'em write till their pens are stumps, my boy. They won't write another rail across the country; and that's all, I suppose, you care about. If, however, you want to be particularly civil, stick in a line in the time bills, saying that you do not ensure punctuality at all the stations, but that you will do your best to enforce it. There has never been a better civility dodge. Although, so far as my own opinion goes, I look upon civility to passengers as so much trouble flung away. There

has never, I repeat, been a better civility dodge invented. It looks reasonable, my boy, and well intentioned, and all that sort of thing, and you can stop the fellows' mouths with it in no time. Suppose the train due at Pottleton, at 2 P.M., don't make its appearance till 7 P.M., in consequence of the superintendent at the terminus having a few friends to lunch, and getting slightly obfuscated on the Madeira left from the last board meeting. All you, or your agents, have to do is blandly to point to the saving clause, and mildly to insinuate that the lady or gentleman must have seen it before taking his or her ticket. They 're done for in a moment. Hav'n't a word more to say.

In my next, I shall touch upon parliamentary passengers' excursion trains, and inquests.

Ever yours sincerely,

J. SHUNTER SMASHTON.

THE FOREIGNER'S LAY OF LONDON.

Byron's Bride of Abydos, Canto I.

KNOW ye the town where policemen and navvies,
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime!
Where the noise of the clocks, and the cries of the tabbies,
E'er rouse you to madness o'er roofs as they climb.
Know ye that Smithfield, abounding in kine,
Where the dirt ever blossoms, and beams never shine?
Know ye the land where their coffee is beans?
Their milk chalk and brains, and their tea is but greens,
Where they polish their apples and all other fruit,
And the voice of the muffin-man never is mute?
Where the tints of your nose, and the chimney-pot high,
In colour not varied with blackness may vie,
And the soot that falls on you is deepest in dye?
'Tis the town of the North, and of great Exhibitions,
Of pickpockets, thieves, and of base impositions!
Can you smile as you ride, when you know all the while,
That the cabman will charge you five shillings a mile!
Oh, false as the bills of an actor's "farewell,"
Are the hearts that they bear, and the lies that they tell

LONDON LABOUR AND THE LONDON RICH.

No. IV.—The Goer-to "At-Homes" (*continued*).

In speaking of the Charading "At-Homes," we took occasion to point out the quiet misery which many of the poor people who patronised them underwent in silence. We now come to a more bustling division of fashionable labour, which we may call

The Lionising At-Home.

The common name for this species of work is a *Conversazione*, or Reception; and it is a solemn festival got up in honour of the all-pervading, irresistible, vainly-combated, spirit of the age—the mighty genius, Bore.

The way in which these meetings are arranged is as follows:—A lady determines to have an At-Home, and directly she sends out cards to everybody she knows, and several whom she does not—but that is no matter. She asks about six times as many as her rooms and staircases can possibly hold: but then they will not all come, or certainly not all at once. Then she reflects that the mass of these people are dull and stupid, and incapable of amusing one another, and that she must get some more who can do, or have done, something that is known and talked about; or have social talents. These are the Lions. A banished patriot, with cloudy finger-nails, is a great card; so is a fiddler with long hair, or a nobility's tenor—(by him, we define that kind of tenor only heard of as belonging to the "nobility's concerts," whatever they are)—and authors of all sorts are admissible. The appearance of a Fez or two about the rooms has lately been considered a hit; and artists are always good "properties" in the crowd—for, albeit they do not talk much, they serve to be looked at. Travellers are also great cards—Eastern ones especially; and any jackass who has risked the lives of twenty honest fathers of families in the childish tomfoolery of scrambling up Mont Blanc, is secured at any cost. He is an enormous catch, and very useful for the various bores who throng At-Homes to

keep asking, "If he did not find it very cold on the top?" or, "Well, and what was it like, eh?"

About these *réunions*, we have first examined MR. DIMSDALE WICKS. He says:

"I am nothing in particular. Oh, yes—certainly; in the Treasury: but I don't call that anything. I thought you meant, did I work at all? I suppose I go out every night during the season. The last large At-Home I was at was Mrs. Padbury's. Who 's Padbury? Shot if I know. He uncorks the wine, or pays the bills, or does something, I dare say, for his livelihood; but nobody ever asks after him.

"Mrs. Padbury's rooms are small; but that makes no difference to her numbers. Women who come early get wedged up on sofas at the end and never get away again. Sometimes a man fiddles. I hate fiddling—so does everybody else. If he don't do that, he bangs the piano about or bawls. Nobody listens to him, except the people who sit near, and they are obliged to, and look enchanted when it is over: and I dare say they are. You do not meet many girls at these At-Homes. Mrs. Padbury is not young herself, so don't cultivate them. The two old Shapeotts are always there. They sit on the stairs, rattle their fans, and go in hard for four-and-twenty. It 's no use: they are young gushing things of eight-and-thirty—what I call a good age to admire water-colour drawings on the table, and go to classical concerts.

"There is never much to eat. If the foreigners get first to the table down stairs, they seldom leave much. You have coffee when you arrive; at least, the majority do: I don't. I think a man never looks such a fool as when he is sipping hot coffee which he don't want, with the maid staring at his waistcoat. It is worse than being alone at a railway-station, eating a sausage-roll, with all the girls' eyes upon you. Mrs. Padbury don't have many ices. The man can't get into the room, and the people can't get out; so they are not needed. Half-a-dozen are shown every now and then at the door, just that it may be said there are some, and these are seized by the foreigners. Of foreigners, Poles eat most sandwiches; great pianists usually prefer wine or wine-and-water. But when one happens to be a Pole and a pianist, too, it is better to order more of everything. The best time is when nearly everyone is gone, and you sit down with three or four *intimes* of the house to

the scraps. But I have never seen Padbury then : he has always gone to bed by that time. I don't think he believes in Lions. I can't say that I do either."

Miss Rosa Cruttenden gave me the following information :—"I am an authoress, and I write principally for the *Lady's Album* and *Boudoir Souvenir*. They do not pay for contributions, but one is in excellent society. I attend Mrs. Padbury's 'At-Homes :' in fact, I see a great deal of them, for, not having a *chaperone*, I go very early, and secure a nice seat. They are charming parties, and great homage is paid to talented people. The last was very interesting. Captain Tang brought a New Zealand Cannibal with him ; and the celebrated Polish insurgent, the Count Scamposki, who was flogged at Warsaw, was present. A very unpleasant affair, connected with a dessert-spoon, took place afterwards.

"Herr Stunf sang his beautiful German song, '*Mein Vaterland ist überall*,' meaning that he made his home everywhere, which Mr. Dimsdale Wicks said was very true. Who is Herr Stunf ? Oh, he is the great Herr Stunf, of the opera at Berlin. He will only sing at *conversaziones*, but Mrs. Padbury is going to lend him her house for a concert next week. Then that angelic Rosingutz played one of his exquisite violin solos on airs from his unpublished opera of *John*, and it lasted nearly an hour. The people were perfectly wrapped in dreamy ecstasy, and too much affected to applaud when it was over.

"The Lions generally arrive in a certain order to these At-Homes. The patriots come the first, because they like the tea and biscuits and a little political talk ; and then the dowagers who sit round the piano. Of authors, I think the magazine writers come after the poets, but the dramatic authors are the latest. They have always been dining-out. So have the members of parliament, who are also very late. If you will allow me, I will read you my last social sketch : it is from nature, and will appear in the next *Boudoir*. It will convey, perhaps a general idea of an At-Home at its height. I have, as you will see, imitated the popular graphic style of the day."

Having suggested that perhaps a portion of it would be sufficient to give an idea, Miss Cruttenden resumed, reading from a proof :—

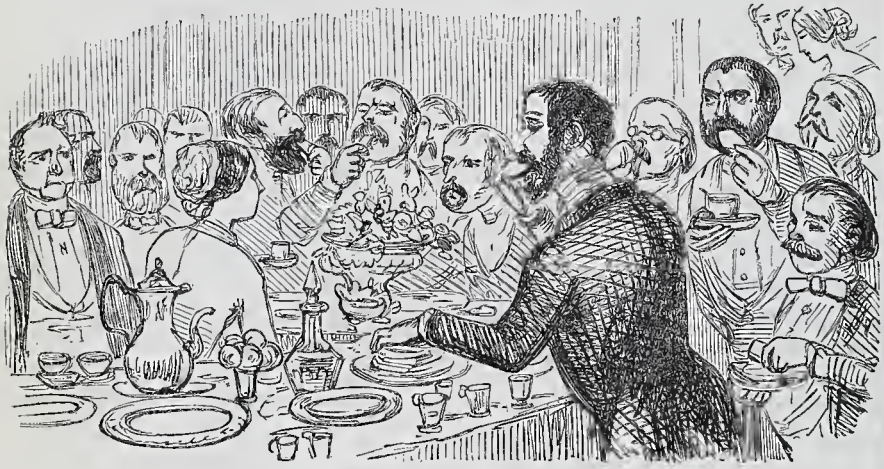
"'The room is quite full and very hot. The people are wedged

together like lucifers in a round wooden box, or figs in a drum, or sheep in a pen at a fair ; and the wax candles are melting with the heat ; and one of them keeps dripping and forming a sort of pastrycook's ornament with the head-dress of old Lady Carnaway. Somebody is singing at the piano—nobody knows what, for you cannot hear, as everybody is talking just the same, but a burst of sound comes now and then by fits and starts, like a German band round the corner in a gusty wind.

"'A crowd more people come who are going on to Lady De Barley's. They cannot get further than the landing ; but their names are announced very loudly, and the mistress of the house is just prevailing upon Miss Scrimbell to play Osborne's "La Pluie des Perles," and is hopelessly hemmed-in at the further end of the back drawing-room. Miss Scrimbell plays "La Pluie des Perles" nine times a-week during the season, including *matinées*. She moves about in a sort of limbo, half-way between the private and professional spheres ; and lives always ready-dressed to go anywhere at a minute's notice. All this time the people on the landing don't get further. Their names have been bawled out, and everybody has looked at them directly, and as nobody is there to receive them they are not happy. There is also confusion in the announcements : and mild Mr. Pim, the author of "Ocean Flowers,"—a series of pretty sonnets to those different kinds of seaweeds sold dry for sixpence, on a perforated card, at the sea-side, in a painted vase, and called "Neptune's Bouquet,"—mild Mr. Pim, we say, who is of a delicate constitution, and once wrote a very clever thing on "Mind," for a high-art weekly paper, which never made the noise it ought to have done, is taken for Mr. Rivett, the great engineer of the projected Ryde and Portsmouth suspension railway, and pointed out as such to Miss Tuffin (the female traveller, who has been to Algiers, and there insisted upon seeing everything eastern, which included a great deal amazingly diverting and novel, as the dragoman still recounts, and who is one of those painful creatures who ought always to wear Wellington-boots and shirt-collars) by Mr. Wilby Niminy, the composer of "The Bride of Lapland," an opera which a great many unfortunate people, who had never been guilty of any very out-of-the-way crime, were once invited by Mrs. Padbury to hear all the way through, to a piano

by some fourth-rate singers; and which ought to rank with "Il Barbiere," but for the neglect of native talent.

"'Miss Scrimbell has finished "La Pluie des Perles," and all the people who came last, and had collected on the landing, go away again; and having seen nobody and heard nothing, it is subject for speculation as to what they came at all for. The leading chiefs of the foreign patriots, and the Italian tenors, and the counts and barons who live up three pairs of stairs in Titchbourne Street, and haunt the pit-passages



[The Mossoos at Supper.]

of the Operas, and only show at night, and live no one can possibly tell how, have been at the refreshment-table for hours. The old ladies are hot and the girls are tired, and the Lions are not producing the effect they wish, and some one is singing amidst a clatter of talk, and finishes without a recognition; and those who came to wonder are disappointed that the stars did not shine more palpably; and everybody is gaping, and bored, and discontented; and Mr. Cokely, from the Inner-Temple, regrets his cab-hire, and says, as he leaves the door, to young Plast, the fresco painter, "Let us go to Vauxhall.'"

THE FINE OLD STANDARD TRAGEDY.

I.

I'LL sing you a fine new song, though it's subject 's out of date,
Of a fine old Standard Tragedy, that was once pronounced first-rate;
To which our great, great grandmothers would go in all their state,
And drag their time out drearily, for 'twas "legitimate,"
This fine old Standard Tragedy, all of the olden time.

II.

This play so old was made throughout of blank verse 'stead of prose,
And in blank terms the characters detailed their loves and woes;
And there the audience sat it out, or took a quiet doze,
And roused themselves up vig'rously to see the dismal close
Of this fine old Standard Tragedy, all of the olden time.

III.

When Winter brought the Theatres that open'd House to all,
Although one score and ten its Scenes, through each they yet would bawl;
Nor was the slightest interest e'er given to enthral,
And until five dull Acts were o'er, the Curtain wouldn't fall
On this fine old Standard Tragedy, all of the olden time.

IV.

But better Taste will come at last, when Plays must be put by,
And empty Houses soon proclaimed this Tragedy must die;
They gave it up right grudgingly, and not without a sigh,
And found they must at last look round for sterling novelty,
Instead of Standard Tragedies, all of the olden time.

V.

And surely this is better far, when Managers are made
To shelve these Tragedies that have of interest not a shade;
And much more economical, for Actors then are paid,
Exchequers fill'd, and Houses cramm'd to see the Dramas play'd,
In place of Standard Tragedies, all of the olden time.

FRIGHTFUL ATTACK UPON THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—A disinterested visitor to Doncaster on the St. Leger day, was heard to express his surprise at the idea of any person expecting to win a bet upon a race-course, as he had seen nothing but a run of *saddl' osses* (sad losses) the whole time he had been there.

A GLORIOUS DISCOVERY.

We are constantly being asked, in the advertising column of the newspapers and elsewhere, "What is to be done with the Crystal Palace?"

A popular song-writer has shown us that there is a great deal to be done with it even yet, by the publication of a new ballad entitled, *I met her in the Crystal Halls*. We have not read it, and, as we are rather too wide awake to attend concerts, and some how or other generally find ourselves leaving the room whenever a young lady is requested to "favour the company," we have not had an opportunity of hearing it. But we have seen the title-page, with a lithograph representation of a sentimental damsel with ringlets leaning pensively on a piece of masonry (probably Godfrey de Bouillon's pedestal) and looking rather poorly, with a view of the crystal fountain in the back ground.

The enterprising "navvy" whose pickaxe turned up the first lump of gold in the plains of Bathurst, can scarcely be said to have discovered a more inexhaustible mine of wealth than the man who has thus luckily hit upon a vein of sentiment in the Hyde Park Building. Let the thing once get wind, and not a labourer in the field of ballad literature but will be off to the newly found out "diggins."

The following are a few specimens of the treasures with which we expect to see the market very shortly glutted.

1.

The Koh-i-noor is gleaming love!
And the Crystal Fount is streaming love!
'Tis sweet to roam
Beneath the dome
Of Paxton's remarkable scheming, love!
Then awake! the expense is slight, my dear,
A shilling won't ruin us quite, my dear;
(Though to manage to pay
On a *five* shilling day,
We must steal a few Mountains of Light, my dear!)

2.

My pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,
Ah ! never look so shy,
But meet me in the transept
When it's cool, and nice, and dry.
The scented fount is running, love,
Refreshments' far from dear,
The works of art are stunning, love,
The jewels bright and clear.

3.

Oh, come with me where Garrard's jets
And rubies bright we 'll see,
And Hunt and Roskell's plated sets,
(Capital things for tea.)
Where Hobbs's prize and Chubb's defeat,
Informs you how you may
The strongest safe, by science cheat,
And bone the spoons away.

And so on.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHERE SHALL WE GO TO-DAY? is a question often asked every morning by visitors from the country, at breakfast. Why, you had better go home; you have spent all your money, and lost your time, and if you remain any longer in London, you will be very dissatisfied with the monotony of your native village.

SANS PEUR ET SANS REPROCHE. The Bayard shirt-collar, sold everywhere: admirably adapted to people visiting Herne Bay.

TO PICTURE AMATEURS. To be sold, a bargain, a highly coloured portrait of a nice old gentleman (unknown). Also a lady in black satin and high cap, to match. Also two dozen fine Canalettis, a bargain.

WANTED TO BORROW 500*l*. No security can be given, and therefore none but gentlemen need apply. Apply to Wyndham de Courcy, Esq., Doo's Hotel.

THE GREAT DINNER-BELL NUISANCE.

I AM an inhabitant of Somerford; a romantic village, which according to the last census-returns, numbers three hundred and forty-seven inhabitants. To this total, my right-hand neighbour Watkins Brown, Esq., of Somerford Villa, contributes six, in the person of himself, his wife, Betsy, the cook, Mary, the housemaid, Buttons, the page and small footman, and Thomas, the groom, gardener, and generally-useful out-of-doors man. Brown was once a lawyer with a very capital practice, but when he made that lucky Railway speculation which brought him in so much money, he determined, as he had no children to provide for, that he would retire from his profession, and seek an *otium cum dignitate* life as a private country-gentleman. Just at that time, the pretty compact little bit of property adjoining mine, happened to be for sale, and as it was just the thing Brown was in search of, he purchased it and built on it a comfortable sort of house in the Italian style, which he christened Somerford Villa. He has a miniature conservatory, a small walled fruit garden, a diminutive shrubbery, tiny paddocks, young flower-gardens, and a baby court-yard; and lives a very easy-going do-nothing country life, giving the proper number of heavy dinners, and aweing into submission refractory paupers at the weekly board-meetings. He is a very good neighbour, and perfectly harmless and inoffensive. Save in one particular.

And as this is not only annoying to me in particular, but absurdly obtrusive in its general application, I here record my grievance, with the conviction that I shall find many to sympathise with my case.

Inoffensive as Brown appears, he keeps in his house an instrument of terror that tortures the ears of all who come within its range. Three times a day, Buttons rings an immense bell. The first time at one o'clock, the second time at half-past five, and the third time at six. Now, why does Buttons do this? Is it to echo back the sound that comes at the same times from Sir Marmaduke Hamilton's of Somerford Hall, and to impress people with the idea that Brown and Sir Marmaduke are the only gentlemen in the neighbourhood? Or is it to make known to the remaining three-hundred-and-forty-one inhabitants of the village that Brown and his wife are having luncheon, or dressing for dinner, or

THE GREAT DINNER BELL NUISANCE.

Designed by E.B.

partaking of that repast? I don't know what else it can be for. It can't be to let Brown and his wife know that luncheon or dinner is ready, for in nine cases out of ten, they are in the room when the cloth is laid: and it can't be to let his visitors know, for he seldom has any; and, even if he has, his pleasure-grounds are not so outrageously extensive, but that Button's voice would be equally as effectual to convey to them the necessary information. Then, why does Brown do it, and lay himself open to the charge, of three times a day allowing a gratuitous nuisance, and an act of egregious folly to be committed on his premises? For instance: as the "Villa" is not a mansion, Brown is obliged to make his Brown study of the dining-room: and he has his writing-table up against the window. Buttons sees him there as usual at half-past five, and goes outside, and rings a bell, first in the baby court-yard at the east-end of the house, which is towards the village, and then by the door of the miniature conservatory, which is at the west-end, towards the hall. Now, why does Buttons do this? If he is of opinion that his master is unaware it is time to dress for dinner, why doesn't he tell him so at once, when he is in the room, instead of using such an absurd system of information? However, by six o'clock, Brown and his wife are in the drawing-room, and Buttons seeing them there, and perceiving that they are just about to proceed to the dining-room, rushes out to the baby court-yard, and then to the door of the miniature conservatory, and again repeats the offence he had committed half-an-hour before. Now, again I ask, why does Buttons do this? If the nuisance spread no farther than Brown's own premises, well and good: I would be the last person to mention it; but when it grows into a parish disturbance, then it becomes public grievance: and this is the sequence of events that arises from Brown's dinner-bell. In the baby court-yard, there are two dogs chained up, and two other sporting dogs in a model of a kennel: for when Brown came to settle here as a country gentleman, he considered that something in the sporting line was necessary to sustain the character, and as he was very well aware, that if he followed the hounds, he should tumble off at the first fence, he set up his dogs and his gun: and keeps up the farce by occasionally plodding through stubble-fields, and now and then (by accident) bringing down a bird. Well, Buttons appears in the presence of the dogs with his great bell: and the sensible brutes,

conscious of the pain they are about to endure, immediately set up a howl of quadrupled agony, to which the bell tolls its awful accompaniment: As in that terrible scene in the "Huguenots."

I also keep a yard dog, and two terriers, and as soon as they hear the noise, they take up the cause of their fellow-sufferers, and howl in sympathy. This sets off the dog at Somerford Cottage, who in his turn incites the butcher's dog, who in his turn gives the key note to the keeper's dogs, and all the curs in the village join in the yell, until a stranger would imagine it must be the village of Barking. And all this, because Brown is going to dress for dinner! Now, why does he allow Buttons to make himself the ringleader of such a disturbance, and cause poor consumptive Miss Pitts to groan, and gouty old Gobble to swear? Why doesn't he go and change his clothes in quietness and peace? *We* don't care to know that he is going to sit down to his leg of mutton; and if it is not to let us know this, or to convey to Sir Marmaduke the information, that the village contains an equally great and fashionable man as himself, what then is it for? Why on earth does Brown do it? It is a very different thing at the Hall. Sir Marmaduke has not only a large family, but generally a house-full of visitors to boot. His park and gardens are wooded and extensive, and not to be compared with Brown's little plot of ground: and when from the old Elizabethan turret, "the tocsin of the soul, the dinner-bell" rings out its dress warning, you may see the guests come wandering in from all quarters, from the gay party that have been so merry up at the old abbey ruins, to the equestrian belle and her cavalier cantering across the park, and the solitary lounging couple who have found such attractions in the conservatory. In such a case as this the dinner-bell is absolutely requisite; but so long as people who are situated like my friend Brown, are guilty of such obtrusive folly, so long shall I consider the dinner-bell in the light of a great social nuisance.

A THEATRICAL PROPHECY.

"On Monday next, Sept. 30, 1852, Madame Celeste, having returned from America will appear, as Miami, in the celebrated drama of 'The Green Bushes.'"—*Vide* Adelphi bill for next year.

OTHELLO AT THE SURREY.

Our readers will doubtless remember the production of *Othello*, in its operatic form, at the Surrey, last season, with "the words of Shakspeare adapted to Rossini's music." The experiment, we understand, is to be repeated; but the former *libretto* not being considered quite up to the mark, and Mr. Dowling's celebrated version, as formerly played at the Strand theatre, being thought too trivial, a new one has been prepared expressly for the occasion, by a distinguished member of the Shakspeare Society.

We have been favoured with a few of the most striking *morceaux*, with permission to lay them before our readers:—

ROMANCE.—(Othello.)

(For Mr. Travers.)

Most potent grave and rev'rend swells,
My most approved good masters!
Just wait a bit and I'll explain
The cause of these disasters.
That I've this old man's daughter ta'en
I don't much mind confessing.
It is most true—I've married her!
A fact that's not distressing,
Tol ol de rol, &c.

I'm rude in speech, and not much used
To courtly conversation,
A fact you'll please set down to a
Defective education.
But by your gracious patience soon
I'll clear my name from tarnish,
And tell you a round tale without
A particle of varnish.
Tol ol de rol, &c.

Her father ask'd me home to tea,
And many tales I told her
Of hair breadth 'scapes, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath the shoulder.

She loved me for my dangers braved,
I loved *her* for her pity—
That's all the witchcraft I have used,
So now I'll end my ditty.
Tol ol de rol, &c.

SONG.—(Iago.)

(The very thing for Mr. Borani.)

The man who steals my purse steals trash,
'Twas mine—till bound by him,
But now 'tis his, and may become
The slave of thousands' whim.
But he who filches my good name,
Of which I stand in need,
Takes that which not enriches him,
Yet makes me poor indeed!

Great things are expected from the following impassioned

OTHELLO'S FAREWELL.

I.

Farewell the neighing steed,
Farewell the shrill-toned trumpet,
(A thing I used to like,
But now I'm forced to lump it.)
The spirit-stirring drum,
The fife so shrill and squeaking,
The Royal banner too—
(That is the flag of the king.)
Tooral ooral loo, &c.

II.

And you, ye engines loud,
That imitate the thunder,
Farewell! Othello's forced
Completely to knock under.
As sure as two and two
Are four (for which, see Cocker,)
His occupation's gone
To Davy Jones's locker!
Tooral ooral loo, &c.

As a concluding specimen we annex a *morceau d'ensemble* from the final scene, with the Shaksperian fidelity of which we defy even Mrs. Cowden Clarke to be dissatisfied, while nothing could be more admirably adapted for all purposes of the lyric drama!

OTHELLO.—(SOLO.)

Oh! I've got another weapon, for which I'll go and look,
It is a sword of Spain and tempered at a nice brook.
Oh! here it is! I've found it, now I'll show 'em what I'm worth,
I'll stand no nonsense (*fortissimo*) UNCLE! I MUST COME FORTH!

LUDOVICO.—(*Within.*)

Who is that knocking at the door? Who is that knocking at the door
Is that you, Othello?
OTH. You're right, old fellow!
LUD. Then you'd better not attempt to come out, my buffer,
You have no weapon and perforce must suffer.
So it's no use knocking at the door any more!
It's no use knocking at the door.

REPRISO.
Oh it's no use knocking, &c.

Success is certain.

AMERICA VINDICATED BY "THE GREEK SLAVE."

'TIS false that in that Show of ours,
America's not shown her powers;
For in the Crystal Palace' nave,
She shows her POWERS by—a Slave.

TO THE FRIENDS OF NERVOUS INVALIDS.—A single gentleman, aged 21, is desirous of taking the charge of a nervous invalid, for whom a quiet home is desired. His lodgings are delightfully situated, in a cheerful part of Fleet Street, within an eightpenny fare of all the theatres, the Casino, and the Judge and Jury Society. Omnibusses pass the door three times a minute. The use of a latch-key if required. Terms moderate. Apply to A.B., at the Brass Instrument Makers, Temple Bar.

THE LITERATURE OF THE PAVEMENT.

We feel ourselves called upon strongly to protest against a system of advertising that threatens not only to rob the Stamp Office of its dues, but likewise to introduce an entire revolution in the means of giving publicity to general announcements. The London pedestrian cannot fail to have noticed the late alarming increase of inscriptions on the pavement, which is now completely tattooed with the puffs of rival tradesmen, who have adopted this very low method of calling attention to their various commodities. The flag that braves a thousand eyes will, from this remarkable proof of endurance, soon throw into the shade the other flag of musical celebrity, that braved a thousand years, though it is somewhat singular that these inscriptions should be expected to attract observation when, from their very position, they are certain to be passed over. Domestics can hardly fail to take advantage of this new lithographic movement, and we may soon anticipate seeing—"*A plain cook wants a place, &c.—Apply at the coal-iron round the corner;*" or, "*As footman in a gentleman's family, &c.—Ring the kitchen bell opposite.*" The particular region, proverbially said to be paved with good intentions, may have furnished the hints for this new mode of finding ways and means; but the expedient cannot be regarded as a successful one, since the advertising tradesmen themselves have already shown that they were obliged to come to the ground.

A HIGHLAND FLING.

Mr. Hobbs, we understand, has been invited to take a tour in Scotland, with the view of examining the celebrated Lochs and quays of that country. The Glasgow citizens entertain a natural dread of his breaking open Loch Lomond, and are now of course upon the *qui vive* respecting it. The American votary of Bramah may certainly take the credit of having produced a lock which has been the one to-pic of the month.

The True Republic of Letters in 1851.—Lodging Letters.

ECHOES OF THE CLUBS.

BY THE GHOST OF THE DEPARTED SEASON.

"And more than echoes talk along the walls."—POPE.

THE BORE-IENTAL.

AND from Chummurgutty to Bajellinazam, sir—did I say Chummurgutty—stop—no, it wasn't Chummurgutty—Tim M'Howdah was political agent *there*, a clever fellow was Tim, sir, devilish clever, and used to keep a compound, and a cummerbund, and a hookar-bardar, besides giving putully nautches, but, as I was saying, at Chummurgutty, for after all, I think it *must* have been Chummurgutty—though, when I come to consider it again, Chummurgutty is in the Mofussil, and, by the way, the new road to Rumgobbejemore takes you ninety miles out of the way, but that 's nothing—so, as I was saying"———

THE FINALITY.

"———Lose my seat, that 's certain—no tin to buy the borough again. Lord John ought to do something, for he 's knocked me out by making me vote for his bill. However, go like a good fellow, and talk to Hayter—put it to him that I 've never missed a division, and that I 'm done brown—they might do something—there must be a consulship or a commissionership somewhere. And if they 're stiff, hint that I know one or two awkward things which I'd better think over in a comfortable house in South America than on the hustings of Killbabblebrag, my boy—just whisper the name of Sir "————

THE OXBRIDGE AND CAMFORD.

——— "Very uncomfortable and undecided how to proceed, very trying times indeed for a man with a conscience and a family. My

living 's 840*l.* in the books—it 's a little more perhaps, but nothing to talk about. Now this pamphlet, which I have written, showing that Bishops are non-essentials to a Church, would be very pleasing to the old Earl of Blastington, if he could be kept sober long enough to read it, and it might be the means of getting him to give me Ivychurch, when Dr. Snoggles drops, and he 's eighty. On the other hand, my wife's uncle has a good deal to say to our diocesan, and he 's all for synod and convocation. Hard times, difficult times, my dear brother, but we must trust that our ways may be made smooth. Do you notice that they are always taking up the paving here "———

THE "OULD OCKSIFERS."

—— Cape, sir! Cape, sir! Damme, sir, don't talk to me of the Cape, sir, except the cape they bring at luncheon, and which is devilish unlike what it ought to be, by the way. Cape indeed! Why, when I served in the Burmese affair, we had to deal with fellows fifty times as savage as these niggers, and as cunning as old Nick, damme. But we cooked their goose for 'em, by ——, I fancy so, at least. Very well, then what 's the reason these chaps at the Cape can't get their goose cooked too: Damme, tell me that. British soldiers are British soldiers I suppose, eh? (Fine girl that going by, looked at you, you old thief—no, no, not at me, you old rascal—I 'm too old—don't say she looked at me). But about the Cape. I 'll tell you why we havn't sewed up every black beggar of the lot, long ago. Because, sir, damme, Sir Harry Smith is "———

THE SPOONIER UNITED.

—— By Jove, such a lark. Give us a light, and push the beer over, and I 'll tell you. An out-and-outer. Quartered at Muffington, devilish slow place, and not a decent looking girl in it. Nothing to do—can't play billiards for ever. One Sunday morning the yokels were all in church. Ha! ha! ha! I can hardly tell you for laughing. We turned the terriers into the church, shoved 'em in through a window, by Jove. Game to the bone—no sooner on the floor than one of 'em laid hold of a thundering old beadle by the calf—parson fit to split, but didn't dare show it, and all the charity buffers grinning like one o'clock.

We could see the lark from a window in our quarters. By Jove, though, no end of a shindy next day ; complaint to the Colonel, and two of us identified, but as we all swore, on honour, we were miles away, why of course "———

THE CECROPÆUM.

[As nobody ever speaks to anybody at this club, your Ghost regrets that he has been unable to catch an echo. One day in August a member was almost on the point of remarking to another that town was very full, when he providentially recollected where he was, and, with great presence of mind, turned to a dumb waiter, and took a tooth-pick.]

THE GRAVELLERS.

——— "You walked ninety German miles in a day? I 've no doubt of it. One does do extraordinary things when one gets out of this commonplace country, where they measure everything, and quote maps, and pedometers, and cab fares against you. Why, when I was in the Crimea, I heard that there was going to be a tremendous battle between the Russians and the Circassians. I was desirous to be present. Prince Woronzow kindly offered me a carriage, but 'no,' said I, 'give me a single horse.' I went, in two days, one hundred and ninety miles, and my excitement was so great that when I reached the field of battle I could not pull up, but rode slap across a regiment of Tartar cavalry, who were charging at full gallop. After that, as you may suppose, I didn't dare to stop and ask questions. I got away as well as I could. It 's a wonder I wasn't ridden over ; but one does hear wonderful things at this club "———

THE SCARLET 'UN.

——— "Hush—don't speak loud—here comes young Fitznorman, and we had to promise him the seat we want you to take. It was a bit of a *ruse*, but his father 's such a blatant bore, that it 's necessary to stop his mouth sometimes, or he 'd talk what might as well not be talked. We 'll manage him. Now look. Droner, the member for Drawlsby, has had an apoplectic attack, and can't live a week. I beg your pardon a moment—how do, Struggles? Want to speak to me, eh? Oh, poor Droner: Oh, I'm delighted to tell you that it 's nothing—

it was a mere tumble over a footstool—he 'll be here the day after to-morrow—I know you 'll be glad ; good morning. Now, my dear boy, that fellow 's a humbug, but I must be civil. Do you take the next train, and run down to Drawlsby. Here 's a note to Slimy, the managing lawyer there ; he 'll put you right ; mind the three election C's—canvass, cant, and kiss—we 'll take care of the fourth—the cash —ha ! ha ! Away with you—go your hardest at the Holy Plough and Revised Taxation, and if there 's a change of ministry — and these fellows *can't* stand—why, Herries said something about you, which I shan't tell you till you are *in* for Drawlsby—go along "———

THE PARTINGTON.

—— " O, don't be severe—now, for my part, I like to take a walk up to Islington or Camden Town, on a fine afternoon, after tea, and it 's very pleasant, I assure you. And sometimes I put an interesting work in my pocket, as the Anecdotes of Napoleon Bonyparty, or, if I feel inclined to poetry, the ' Beauties of Hayley,' or some other of the volumes of that meritorious selection of pleasing pieces by worthy Mr. Howard, and I read as I go along ; and sometimes I put my handkerchief on a clean place in the fields, and sit down on it, and read there. And if I am in very high spirits, I amuse myself by calling some little boy to me, and giving him a penny to recite to me any little poem he knows. Though I am shocked to say the boys too often attempt to earn the reward by recitations of a very objectionable character, illustrated by unseemly gestures. But don't be severe—nobody 's severe here. Waiter, a cup of lukewarm milk and water, please "———

BLACK'S.

—— " Eight to two that Palmerston 's in office when the Victoria tower 's finished—or seven to five that Lumley don't outlast Gye as opera-manager—or three to one on the two events. No ? Well, I 'll take nine to seventeen that the Bishop of London doesn't go to the Lyceum theatre between Easter Sunday and the Derby Day. Or, I 'll bet an even fifty that there are ten murders in Norfolk before Christmas—come, that 's fair. Will nobody take anything on next year's hop duty, or

the bills of mortality, or the Exhibition, or the number of cats in the street, or the new Reform Bill, or the maggots in that Stilton—somebody bet something "———

THE CAT.

(*Voices all at once.*) March of intellect—fencing and music one and thrippence a quarter—'taint Sau*turn*, I tell yer, it 's Oc, and Bone 's a kind of Madoc—connexion of the cartilaginous sciences with the metaphysics of analysis—bet you a hat, now, that the Queen *don't* shake hands with people at levies, only at droring-rooms—lecture on the babyhood of Shakspeare's heroes, beginning with Coriolanus in his cradle—hush, gents, there's ladies in the room, such remarks is uncalled for—ham sangwiches and beer for three—we 're going to the Wells to see the new pantermine—he wasn't for an age, but for all time, *he* wasn't, ah !—a severe shock with this machine, Miss, is called galvanisation, and a mild one is called lenitive electuary—three pennorth of cold without—all spirits ought to be proscribed.

[*Exit* Ghost, *huffed.*

SONNET.

TO A LONDON BARREL-ORGAN GRINDER ENCOUNTERED IN THE COUNTRY.

Stay, hapless wanderer! Hast thou left thy home,
Thy Hill of Saffron for these rural plains?
Art thou an Exile, driven forth to roam
A wandering minstrel 'mongst these village swains?
Hast thou forsaken that familiar spot,
The Hill of Mutton—hunger-mocking name,
And not a tear of sweet remembrance got,
For that fair Garden, linked with Hatton's fame?
Say, dost thou hither come, poor child of song,
To waken up the memories of the past,
With strains that Fancy whispers may belong
To well-known operas where we heard them last?
Here! let this coin that cloud of sadness banish,—
Zounds! that eternal Polka.—Cease—and vanish!

NURSERY MORALS.

A WRITER in a popular periodical has just published a paper complaining of the immoral character of most of our Nursery Rhymes, and especially (in accordance with the "spirit of the age") objecting that when, in such poetry, anybody is described as having done wrong, severe punishment is sure to overtake him. The writer in question disapproves of children being informed of capital, or any other punishments. We have endeavoured to meet his views by framing a few Nursery Rhymes on the principle he advocates, and we beg to present them to any little people of his acquaintance.

Billy Bolaine.

Billy Bolaine jumped out of his bed,
He rushed at his sister, and cut off her head—
Now this caused their poor mother a great deal of pain—
Let us hope little Billy won't do it again.

The Fire.

Sammy he found a lucifer match,
He stuck it, alight, in a farmer's thatch,
The farm-house down to the ground was brought—
"O Sam," said the farmer, "You didn't ought."

The Baby.

Baby it stood on the window seat,
Mary pushed it out in the street,
Baby fell and was smashed in the arey,
And mother she held up her finger at Mary.

The Well.

"Where's your brother, Margaret, tell?"
"Ma! I've shoved him into the well."
"Why, I hoped that you loved him dearly—
Very cross of you, Margaret, really."

A Dissenting friend of ours calls the Crystal Palace "the Meeting House" for all nations.

FASHIONS OF THE MONTH.

BY this time, all our readers are aware that the great novelty of the month has been the Bloomer Costume.

This elegant and commodious invention has been seen making its way (in most cases with some rapidity, towards a cab-stand) in our public thoroughfares, to a considerable extent, within the last few days. Doubts were entertained as to the probability of its ever being generally adopted in this country: but the enthusiastic manner in which it has been invariably hailed (not to say "chevied") by the boys on its appearance may be taken as a satisfactory proof that an enlightened British Public will never be backward in following the fashion.

At the same time, we do not wish to laugh at it before we are certain that it will not be adopted. We might certainly gaze on worse sights than the charming patrician Bloomer above depicted, and cannot help thinking what a lovely aspect the park would present under similar circumstances.

BOOBYISM IN POTTLETON.

[FROM THE "POTTLETON MESSENGER."]

[MR. BOOBY.]

A NEW movement has just commenced here, the principal mover being a Mr. Booby, a gentleman who has for some years been a resident in this town. Mr. Booby's name has never, we believe, been before the public; but we cannot better describe his views, in advocating a new style of costume, than by using his own words, which he delivered in a lecture to a crowded audience, at the Athenæum, on Monday last.

The lecturer appeared in the full costume of Boobyism, which consists of a large straw hat, a neatly made coat, with short sleeves, fitting

quite loosely, and encircled by a band round the waist ; short trowsers, with a frill round them, and a pair of socks and shoes—the heels of the latter being kept up by a tie over the instep. In fact, the whole costume is very similar to that worn by children of the age of six or seven years.

Mr. Booby was received with great applause, which he gracefully acknowledged ; he appeared to be quite at ease in his new garments.

He commenced by observing that he appeared before them that night as an advocate for the total abolition of the abominable chimney-pot which we wore on our heads (hear, hear) ; for the abolition of the uncomfortable cases into which we put our feet (hear, hear) ; in short, for the abolition of the whole of the present absurd costume (cheers). If they would look at him, they would perceive what might be done (cheers). He (Mr. Booby) was prepared to state, from personal experience,—for he had worn the costume in the streets on two separate occasions,—that it was a dress combining ease, elegance, comfort. [The lecturer was here interrupted for five minutes, in consequence of some gentleman present wishing to know "how he felt about the toes by this time." The impertinent fellow was kicked out of the place without having his money returned.] Mr. Booby continued : He knew what insults from the vulgar he should have to endure (expressions of sympathy) ; he had already had some experience. Would it be credited that the first time he walked through the streets, in the new Boobyism costume, that he was followed by a score or two of the tag-rag-and-bob-tail of Pottleton, under the impression that he was about to perform some gymnastic exercises, or go through some cabalistic entertainment? (Cries of "Shame!") Yes! and they had annoyed him with questions, too (continued Mr. Booby) : they had asked, "Where he had left his mate with the drum?" or, "Whether they should lend him a bit of carpet or a board to dance on?" Nay, even as he came there that night, a small boy, whom he passed in the street, expressed his opinion that he was "a Guy Fox goin' a' airin'." ("Shame!") Did he (Mr. Booby) pay any attention to these taunts? No! he bore them all! (Cheers.) Was this glorious movement to be put down by a parcel of small boys? (Cheers.) Were they to submit to the judgment of all the idle ragamuffins in the streets? (Loud cheers.) Were the tag-rag-and-bob-tail

to decide what was right and what was wrong? (Tremendous applause.) No: he (Mr. Booby) did not care for all the boys of all the butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers, in the civilised world. (Vehement demonstrations of delight.) He would not be daunted by them all. (A relapse for three minutes; and a fight, in consequence of some one stamping on somebody else's toe.) He did not attempt this reform from any motive of gain. (Hear, hear.) He did it from motives of the purest disinterestedness, actuated only by a fervent desire to benefit mankind. (Cheers.) His ancestors, the Boobys, had always been actuated by the same feelings. (Hear, hear.) He was proud to say he was a Booby. (Uproarious applause.)

The learned lecturer then argued at some length that the adoption of the costume of Boobyism would lead to the development of a new era. Mr. Booby concluded his eloquent lecture in these words. "I believe that the day is not far distant when this costume will be worn by every man in England; it will be a proud moment for me should I live to see that day. (Cheers.) And when the English nation has cast off the straps that bind it to its boots, and adopted my costume, I trust—I sincerely trust—a grateful country will not forget the author of Boobyism." (Enthusiastic applause.)

The lecturer was congratulated by his friends, and the meeting broke up.

We have no doubt (adds the editor of the P. M.) the new costume will speedily be adopted: even while we write, a dispatch has just come in, stating that a similar change of fashion is to be adopted by the ladies, and that the Duchess of —— has decided upon supporting it. There is no doubt but this is owing to the example set by Mr. Booby; and although we are rather attached to the present dress, we should have no objection to see some female Boobyism in our streets.

BETTER THAN USUAL.

What is the difference between a Puseyite and a Baptist?
One uses wax candles, and the other dips.

THE LILY AND THE BEE.

We should be very sorry indeed to do anything underhanded with the house of William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London, for we hold it in great reverence and respect, not unmixed with trembling, although its literature is not exactly of our own school. But there is no reason why a champagne drinker should not esteem a glass of fine old port. We confess, then, we have tampered with their printers; and from a few pilfered sheets of copy of Mr. Warren's last admirable book, *The Lily and the Bee*, just published, we print the following:

DAY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Lots more arrive.
And now a Bus—
A Hansom Cab—
A Van with branches decked,
And Pocket-Handkerchiefs resembling Flags—
My eyes!

* *

On we goes again!
And now a Rustic comes,
Who will not pay three shillings
From the Strand—
Why should he?
Pooh—pooh—pooh!
Two are enough—
Mogg! Bradshaw!
Mayne!——

* * *

Lo! Blackwall—
Poplar—
Greenwich!—
O, what a dream of Fish!
And devilled Bait—
The River and the Rail—
Brunswick!—
Trafalgar!—

* * *

The new and western World—
Slick, steep, and first-rate—
Some !
The Eastern Bramah pales—
Two hundred golden coins—
And falters Chubb !
I see them all—the Yacht—
Tom Thumb and Wenham Lake—
Kate Bateman,—Risley's aerial heir—
The Mississippi stream—
Josh Silsbee—many-coloured pails—
'What is it'
Barnum !

THE SPELL IS BROKEN.

The dispute even now continued amongst the critical editors of the works of the great Dramatist, as to whether their author spelt his name Shakspere or Shakespeare, may be considered as finally set at rest by the discovery of the following quartrain in the Library of the British Museum, Harl. MSS.

HOW DYD SHAKESPEARE SPELL HYS NAME.

"Ye weatherre mayde ye change we saye,
So write it as ye pleaſe,
When ye ſonne ſhone he mayde hys A,
When wette he tooke hys E'es."

NO MORE SEA-SICKNESS. This dreadful malady may be avoided with certainty by never going to sea. Testimonials from upwards of one hundred respectable inhabitants of Warwickshire, who have never left that county since their birth, may be seen at our office.

LAYS OF LOYAL VEGETARIANS.

[SUGGESTED FOR THEIR NEXT BANQUET.)

A PLATEFUL of turnip-tops fill, fill for me,
Give those who prefer it sea-kale,
But whatever the dish, it a bumper must be,
Wash'd down by old Adam's pale ale.
When smoking rice cutlets, and cold carrot pies,
Are hither conveyed from the dresser,
And beans light the beacon of truth in our eyes,
Here 's a health to the Queen, God bless her !

II.

The turnips sparkle on the board,
The beet-root 's ruby bright,
On cucumber the oil that 's poured,
Makes doubtful qualms all right.
'Tho peas are gone, and rhubarb 's done,
Still salad cheers the soul,
If lettuce plain, or cress remain,
If lettuce plain, or cress remain,
We 'll drown it in a bowl.

NEWMINSTER ! NEWMINSTER ! NEWMINSTER ! The only correct prophet, and three cheers for the bonny green turf ! Hip ! hip ! hurrah ! ! Yoicks, tantivy, tallyho ! *Nonsuch* is sorry he did not send the correct horse to any of the subscribers to his tips, but he hopes yon will all win your money on my picks for the Derby of 1852, the result of which, as far as you are concerned, is a certainty. Nonsuch will pilot you through to victory; he gives up making the fortune his information would lead him to for your good, my friends. N.B.—Don't forget to remit the percentage. Many a poor hearth will remember Nonsuch this winter. Half-a-crown is his charge, and no connexion with shilling pretenders. N. has a snug thing for the Oaks, and no mistake. If Newminster had not won, N. would have been safe. To the poor man he says, spend your money, and become all safe. Post-office orders payable to Nonsuch, at the Green Man, Splint Court, St. Giles'.

BRAMAH'S LAMENT.

(SLIGHTLY ALTERED FROM "THE RAPE OF THE LOCK." CANTO IV.)

* * * * "O wretched man!" he spread his hands and cried,
(While Piccadilly's echoes quick replied,)
"Was it for this I took such constant care,
The bolt-slips, wards, and tumblers to prepare?
For this my lock in wooden durance bound,
For this I offer'd twice one hundred pound!
For this with iron fillets cased the box,
And bravely dar'd that Hobbs to pick the locks?
Hobbs! Shall that Yankee give himself such airs,
While the thief envies, and the locksmith swears!
Bramah forbid! at whose unrivalled shrine,
Clerks, Bankers, Hudsons, all their wealth resign.
Methinks, already, I their sneers survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see my locks no longer bought,
And all my custom—thro' a Yankee—nought!
How shall I, then, my spotless fame defend?
'Twill lose me ev'ry purchaser and friend!
And shall that great 200-guinea prize,
Expos'd thro' crystal to the prying eyes,
That daily round my windows circling gaze,
In that rapacious Yankee's pocket blaze!
Sooner shall grass in Hyde Park's palace grow,
And Sibthorp lodge within that crystal show!
Sooner let Bramah's locks to pieces fall,
Wards, tumblers, screws, and bolt-slips—perish all!"

[MR. BRAMAH *does violence to his feelings and Exit.*

INFORMATION WANTED respecting a tumble-down mass of old wood and plaster, facetiously known as SHAKSPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE, in the town of Stratford-upon-Avon. A year or two ago there was a great splutter about preserving it, cruelly unheeded by the public: since which nothing has been heard of it, and it is feared that all interest in the matter has entirely ceased. N.B. The purchase of the materials offers a fine investment to any spirited American inclined to transport them to New York, who will moreover receive the thanks of the British public for ridding them of a nuisance. Amateur actors will find this a fine subject to play for, as they may gratify their love of show-off under the *prestige* of a "a high purpose."

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

We have very little to chronicle in addition to our last bulletin. The impetus given to the theatres and exhibitions by the country visitors, will keep them running on their wheels until the middle of the month, when they will all close—several of them until Christmas, as we hear and hope: for we take that to be good policy.

There is only one bit of news in the dramatic world. Mr. Charles Kean will be sole lessee of the Princess's Theatre this time next year, on the expiration of his partnership with Mr. Keeley, who with his clever wife will, of course, quit the concern. We are curious to see what the fate of the house will be under the single-handed management. Beyond all question the Keeleys have been *the* attraction of the seasons past; and with respect to the "legitimacy," so small is the impression left upon our mind by anything Mr. Charles Kean has done during this last year, that whether we have seen *The Duke's Secret*, or *The Wife's Wager*, or *Pauline in a Maze*, or any other of the pieces in which he has wearied us, in common with a number of well-meaning harmless people who had really done nothing wrong to deserve such punishment, we have, at present, but the most indistinct idea. Of the Windsor theatricals we shall speak next month.

Nothing is yet settled about Drury Lane. The horses have drawn a great deal of money; and we do hope and trust that the dismal old "legitimate" drama will never again desecrate the stage upon which the young dare-devil Baptiste Loisset has thrown his splendid somersauts and the charming Caroline so gracefully demonstrated the higher school of the *Manége*.

The little Batemans have won golden opinions, night after night, at the St. James's; and are now, we believe, off to the provinces, wherein they ought to create a great sensation. We before stated our opinion, that the press went too seriously to work with these tiny actors.

A delineator of comic American character, Mr. Silsbee, has made a hit at the Adelphi: and Timon of Athens has been produced at Sadler's Wells. As the theatre is a long way off, and the play insufferably wearying, we have not been to see it, but we hear that a moving diorama has been found necessary to "pull up" the interest at the end. So much for old standard productions.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We are glad to see that the popular author of the *Diary of a late Physician*, is in training to become a nautical novelist. With a laudable diffidence, he has commenced business in a sufficiently humble way, confining himself, for the present, to Steam-boat life on the river. His first work is announced as *The Lily and the Bee*, which will be followed immediately by *The Sunflower and the Cricket*, and probably, *Citizen B. and the Daffydowndilly*. It is then thought that he will attempt a serial, entitled *The Waterman*, to be completed in twelve numbers.

He has our best wishes.

OFF THE FORELAND.

Old Lady, *loquitur*.—"Now, my good man, I hope you are sure it will really do me good, because I cannot touch it but as medicine."

The Domestic Difficulty

THE MONTH.

A

VIEW OF PASSING SUBJECTS AND MANNERS,

HOME AND FOREIGN, SOCIAL AND GENERAL.

BY

ALBERT SMITH & JOHN LEECH.

NOVEMBER, 1851.

PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE OF "THE MONTH,"
No. 3, WHITEFRIARS STREET.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor cannot, *in any case*, undertake to return MSS. forwarded to him. Writers are therefore recommended to keep copies of everything they send.

All communications must be addressed to the Editor, at the Office of "The Month," No. 3, Whitefriars Street. It will possibly save much trouble, as well to many of our correspondents as to ourselves, to inform them that all the business arrangements of the work are in the hands of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, Whitefriars.

The following paragraph appeared in the pages of PUNCH last week, and it was also sent to THE MONTH:—

"AFTERNOON EMPLOYMENT WANTED—by a Gentleman, who in consequence of the closing of the Great Exhibition doesn't know what on earth to do with himself. Address A. Lounger, Esq., Fops' Alley."

On comparing the respective copy, we find both in the same handwriting. We must request our correspondents not to do this again. As PUNCH and THE MONTH belong to the same proprietors, and are printed at the same office, and illustrated by the same artist, a more than ordinary caution in not running over one another's subjects is necessary to be observed.

Several articles are in type, standing over for want of room.

F.E.S. (Nottingham).—Thanks.

THE ORIGINAL MANIAC writes thus:—"Editor! I am going mad! I feel it—Ha! Ha! my brain begins to whizzle! I have a dreadful joke—come what may, I will hurl it at you:—'What town in England would Mrs. Pendennis's sisters resemble?' I will not ask you to give it up. I don't care whether you do or no, but you SHALL hear it. The solution is 'Penzance,' (Pen's aunts). All is over—farewell!"

BROWN wants to know whether we consider this conundrum worth twelve postage stamps. "Why is a man's coat larger when he pulls it out of a carpet bag? Because he finds it *in-creases*." We cannot afford a shilling for this. He will find three stamps at our office.

THE EARL OF ELLESMERE.—Your lordship's joke has reached us. Your lordship is pleased to say, in reference to the recent fêtes on the visit of Her Majesty to your lordship's neighbourhood, that "no Sovereign ever brought so many of her subjects upon the scaffold with so much satisfaction to everybody." SCAFFOLD,

s. place of execution, also place to stand and see the Queen. Ha ! ha ! We take. Very good, your lordship. Excellent. Your lordship will find eight-and-sixpence inclosed at the office. Happy to hear again.

The Marquis of Granby.—Your lordship's joke has also reached us. Your lordship is pleased to say, in reference to Lord Palmerston's allusion, in his Tiverton speech, to the river Exe, that "the Exe-Prophet was afraid of being an Ex-Minister." Too much personality to please us, but your lordship is young—in short, your lordship can call for two-and-fourpence.

Modest Jacob desires to meet with a partner for life. She must, in addition to personal beauty and accomplishments, possess a sufficient income to maintain them both in competency, as Jacob's means are limited. Jacob has bright auburn hair and weak eyes, and plays several very pretty tunes on the flute. His height is 5 feet 1.

Happy Jack wishes to meet a young lady who will consent to marry him without the unnecessary annoyance of a courtship, as he has been already engaged four times, and on each occasion the affair has been broken off after three months.

Edwin de Beaufleur was invited to tea by the family of his intended. Perceiving a plate of periwinkles brought in and placed upon the table, he immediately left the room, and has refused to answer letters which have been sent, begging him to explain his conduct. Do we think him justified? Decidedly, but he might as well answer the letters. To the second question, we do not think any jury would give damages.

Betsyretta wishes for a husband. She is of a tender, affectionate disposition, especially towards animals, and is only thirty-five years of age. Her only drawback (which she confesses with the most captivating candour) is, that she wears a wig. But she would allow her spouse to suit his own taste as to its colour.

Coriolanus (nineteen years of age) sings negro songs and plays on the bones capitally. He says if he could meet with a young lady of congenially humourous habits and tastes, he should be the happiest man alive.

Blue-eyed Alice, to whom Alonzo gained an introduction, writes to us denouncing the youth as an impostor. She declares that, so far from being of "gentlemanly habits and good address," he misuses the aspirate frightfully, and wears bluchers. His brag about his fine head of hair and expressive eyes, originated only in his imagination. She says she felt no regret when her brother kicked him down stairs, having surprised him attempting to cut off a lock of her hair with a penknife.

Bertha sends us the following recipe for restoring the eyes to their wonted lustre and brilliancy :—

Take them out and wash well, first with soap and water, and afterwards with a solution of nitric acid, white sand, and blacking. Let them dry well, and then replace them, fastening them in their places with gum water. One great advantage

of this discovery is, that by turning the pupils inwards, on restoring the eyes to their places again, a view of the whole internal economy may be obtained, and thus the precept of the old philosopher, to "know thyself," be readily complied with. BERTHA should pay the postage of her letters. This came from Boulogne, cost tenpence, and was not worth it.

EXHIBITOR.—You are right. Mr. Pugin is a decided plagiarist. The Court of Louis the Fourteenth has undoubtedly furnished us with an earlier instance of a Mediæval Court. See Hallam.

A little country paper called the *Teignmouth Gazette*, dated October the 12th, has reached us. In the usual place we find the following odd announcement:—

'DEATHS.

'Oct. 9, at Stokenham, by the Rev. H. Robinson, Peter Loney, Esq. R.N., of Torquay, to Mary Anne, second daughter of Thomas Maye, Esq.'

Now we have heard 'fast' minds term marriage 'the grave of freedom,' but we never thought a newspaper would be thus severe. The editor must look to it.

A GENIUS.—The great cable sunk between Dover and Sangatte, for the Submarine Electric Telegraph, has been completed at Wapping; and this wapping cable, no less than twenty-four miles in length, is fully expected to prove the whole undertaking is practi-cable. When we think on the very different batteries that were seen on the coast half-a-century ago, and the great coil that was made about them, we may congratulate the dwellers on both sides the Channel, on the far more effectual manner in which the piece of our rope will preserve the peace of Europe.

MUFFY.—The largest whale ever taken in England, was captured in Tunbridge Wells in 1792. It weighed nineteen feet and three bushels.

A GENTLEMAN UNDER SENTENCE OF TRANSPORTATION to Australia contributes this

EPIGRAM.

The wealthy party which have got me lagged,
Continually of his rowdy bragg'd,
But ven I heased him of a bit of gold,
The Bobbies come and clapp'd me in the hold:
Vell, vot of that! The gold there vere I 'm sent,
'Ull make me wealthier than that ere gent.
In course, then, I am thankful to the nation,
For giving me this sev'n years' transportation.

JOHN. Boiled pork and walnuts, with port wine after, are not good for the bile, as many suppose. Vide *Booby on Indigestion.*

THE ADVENTURES OF LEONARD WARNER.

BEING THE HISTORY OF A RASSELAS OF THE PRESENT DAY IN SEARCH OF A TWELVEMONTH OF DISTRACTION.

CHAPTER VI.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

Margaret Bell slept with Bessy Warner after Leonard's party, as had been arranged; and they talked so much, about everything, throughout the brief portion of the night that remained to them, that Bessy's aunt was obliged to send up her maid at early daylight to request the young ladies would go to sleep. So the rest of the conversation took place in whispers, with their heads under the clothes, which is why it cannot be reproduced. But we do not think if it could that it would have been fair to do so.

Margaret did not like to go back to the Worleys at all, for she was very uncomfortable there: and, indeed, she determined that she would not, until evening. But the Warners were going out to dinner, and when she left in the afternoon, she thought she would call upon her old friend, Ellen Marshall, (that is, she was Ellen Langley now, because she had been married some few months, but the old name still seemed the most natural,) and see how she did.

The Langleys lived at Brompton, and as an omnibus was luckily passing by when Margaret left the square, she got in. A smirking gentleman with curled whiskers, made a place for her, seeing she was pretty, by pushing a stout lady who sat next to him a little nearer the top. Before this, however, she had, according to omnibus custom, sat down in somebody's lap immediately upon entering; but whether it was a man, woman, or child, that she had thus honoured, she was too confused to discover.

As the omnibus went on, the people shook down into their places, and then began to look at one another with an air of sullen defiance, as though each one considered everybody else an intruder; when they had done this, they fell into deep studies of the handles of their umbrellas

and the patterns of their opposite neighbours' trowsers ; and one old lady told the conducter every time they stopped, to put her down at Michael's Grove, which was far on, and need not be thought of for the next quarter of an hour. Then a pleasant stout little gentleman got in, whom Margaret thought she had seen at a theatre, and so did the passengers generally, for they stared at him, and nudged one another, and smiled expectingly, as though he had been going to give them a private performance of *Mrs. Gamp* in the omnibus, until he got quietly down at Brompton Square, without being funny at all. Further on, a very beautiful lady, who left a train of patchouli behind her, and had a little dog, descended, and turned up towards Thurloe Square; and on her exit, the gentleman with the curled whiskers winked at a friend in the corner who was reading the *Family Herald.* For the *Family Herald* has a great circulation about Brompton ; and it is supposed that a large portion of the correspondents—of the young men who write to know whether spangled white satin stocks are proper for weddings, or complain of having to face society they never go into, and of the young ladies who advertise themselves of an affectionate disposition, with auburn hair, and dying to make somebody's home happy by return of post—reside in its region. Indeed, the post-master once told us that he had reason to believe Anne Jenkins, his niece, at the poultry shop, was the *Hidden Myrtle* one week, and the *Desponding Blanche* another, of the "correspondence," which related to the bad behaviour of Mr. Godfrey's, the chemist's, young man who was seen at Cremorne with a little milliner from Brompton Place, after having received, and publicly used, a purse that she had worked for him.

At last the omnibus came to the corner of the terrace, where Margaret got out. Being a sensible girl she had the money all ready, and did not keep the conductor, whilst she took off a tight glove, and could not find her purse, and at length got it, and then had only half-a-crown, and the conductor had not change enough, and the crossing where they had stopped was very muddy, and a drove of bullocks was coming one way, and a rival brace of omnibusses the other, and at last the half-crown fell into the dirt. None of this happened : and Margaret went on to the Langleys' house and knocked at the door. And having done so, she waited a long time before she was let in.

The readiness with which the street door is opened, may be taken as no bad criterion of the general economy of the house. You know that already, reader; because you never feel so anxiously irritated as when the interval is prolonged between a knock at your own door and the opening thereof by the servant. As for ourselves, when we knock at the door and do not find it readily answered, we indulge in speculation. The feeble-minded only imagine they look absurd in the eyes of the opposite neighbours, and assume a pleasant careless patience that they do not feel. We do not thus. We lose ourselves in a train of fanciful thought. We picture a pudding being made in the parlour, or a light domestic wash going on in the drawing-room, or the entire household engaged in putting up a bedstead at the top of the house, at which by no acoustic power, the sound of the bell and knocker can arrive. We also observe, with some lynx-like clearness, through the walls, great confusion within—some running up stairs, and others down, and things being poked under sofa cushions, and little saucepans popped into cheffoniers, and black-leaded hands being hurriedly washed, and aprons covered with flour thrown rapidly aside—all these things we see clearly, whenever we are kept waiting at a door.

Margaret knocked again, and this time rather louder, upon which a boy who was passing, told her "not to wake the babby!" and then naturally turning her eyes to the area, she saw Mr. Langley's spectacles look up through the kitchen window. He shook a ladle at her, and before she could conceive what this meant, the door opened a little way, and a voice behind it said—

"Come in, Margaret dear—we don't mind you. Oh, we are in such a state!"

It was Ellen Langley who let her in.

"My dear, don't kiss me," she exclaimed, as they stood in the passage. "You will spoil your dress; I 'm all over flour. You couldn't have come at a better time."

This certainly appeared rather contradictory, and Margaret asked what all the trouble was about.

"Come down stairs," said Ellen, "and we 'll tell you all about it. Robert asked those Worleys to dinner, and at two o'clock to-day, Elizabeth's late master came—she hadn't been with us a week—along

with a policeman, and took her away. My dear, she had been robbing them for the last six months, and all the things were found at the lodgings she came from; and there we have left money and plate about always, thinking her so honest, and I do really believe she has got my chatelaine with all the charms on it that Robert gave me, for I can't find it anywhere, and I know I saw it last night."

Mrs. Langley poured out this chapter of accidents very rapidly as she went down stairs, and by the time she had finished they were in the kitchen.

Mr. Langley was sitting on a stool, basting a little haunch of Welch mutton, and a young man in a loose suit of Scotch plaid, made all the same, was brushing some soles with yolk of egg before putting the bread-crumbs on them. This was Tom Marshall—Ellen's brother; and Margaret knew him very well. Ellen directly began peeping into saucepans, and opening the oven, and washing parsley, and putting out jam into tarts, and making herself an actual living *ménagère:* and then she took Margery's bonnet and hung it on the dial weighing machine, and set her at once to work upon some melted butter.

"We don't mind you, Miss Bell," said Mr. Langley, who was getting very hot. "Nelly has told you, I suppose, what a state we are in?"

"Look there, Margeret," observed Tom, holding up his fish. "Isn't that a triumph. I did it all from this book. 'Domestic Cookery, by a Lady!' What a wonderful woman she must have been to have called at a house when the cook was tipsy."

"My dear Tom!" said Ellen.

"Never mind, Nelly. Now for it—look here. 'Repeat the egg and crumbs, and instantly plunge it into a thick-bottomed frying-pan, in which have ready a sufficient quantity of lard, boiling hot, to cover the fish.' Now Langley, 'catch your frying-pan'—where is it?"

Ellen tucked up her gown, and turned back her sleeves, for she was already dressed, and drew forth the frying-pan from beneath the dresser. "I wish it was anybody but the Worleys," she said, "they are such horribly formal people."

The reader may recollect that it was with the Worleys, Margaret resided. She felt 'a turn' when she learned the odd destiny that had now brought her into the very house with them; and until she

THE BELLE OF THE MONTH.—NOVEMBER.

In distress off a leeshore; Brighton Pier.

mentioned that, Mrs. Langley, in her trouble, had quite forgotten Margaret's relations with them.

"I'll make up for a green-grocer, and wait, if you 'll stand five shillings, Langley?" said Tom.

"Thank you—no. Mrs. Hibbett's maid is coming in at half-past five."

"What a lot of things I could make from this book," observed Tom. "Here 's 'Restorative Pork Jelly,' and 'Panada made in five minutes, for the sick.' Let us make Worley some Panada and jelly; he always seems to want restoring. Can't we get up anything with gunpowder in it, to go off bang in his face. I hate him."

"Now, Tom: I think you had better go off yourself," said Ellen Langley. "You have been very useful, and I am very much obliged to you; but now you are rather in the way."

"I thought I was to fry the soles," replied Tom; "do you know if there is one thing above another I have always wished to do, it is to fry a sole. It has been the dream of my boyhood."

There was a ring at the bell which somewhat startled the party.

"It 's only Mrs. Hibbett's maid," said Ellen, peeping up from the window. "What a pretty girl she is!"

"I 'll let her in!" cried Tom; and he was off like a shot up the stairs.

"Well, that's a great relief," said Mrs. Langley. "We must tell the Worleys what a mess we are in, and get on as well as we can. I'm sure I don't know how we shall manage."

"Don't fidget yourself, Nelly," answered Margaret. "I will keep down here all the time, and see that everything goes up properly."

"You dear good thing!"

"Not at all. You see, as the Worleys think all this time I am at Bessy Warner's, I could'nt very well meet them here. I can assure you it will be quite fun—to think that I am sending up their dinners, and they don't know it."

"Miss Margaret Bell," observed Tom, who came back at the minute. "These domestic phases in your character are charming—the woman who can waltz and melt butter equally well, is above all price. I offer you my hand and heart, here—now—before witnesses."

"No Tom," replied Margaret, with a laugh; "I never mean to marry."

And then the laugh ceased, and for a moment she looked grave.

At last Tom was entreated to go, and, after great difficulty, took his departure, recommending Langley not to stir the custards the wrong way, because if he did they would turn into bread sauce ; and to be sure and recollect that the currant-jelly was not to be eaten with the soles. And then Mrs. Hibbett's maid had a few directions given to her ; and Mr. and Mrs. Langley went up stairs to play host and hostess, leaving Margaret in the kitchen. And they could hardly have got into that species of order, supposed to be characteristic of perfection in an apple-pie, when the Worleys came up in a fine carriage, with a knock that shook Margaret's heart almost into pieces.

The dinner was very stupid, so there is no occasion for reporting it ; but all the time there was our pretty friend in the kitchen, with her sleeves turned up, and the dress tucked away, and a little apron on, sending everything up stairs as nicely as though she had been a cook all her life. But Margaret had been excellently brought up, and taught to be useful in everything ; and when the railways ruined her father, and she suddenly had to 'go out,' it was settled without a murmur on her part. Yet she was really unhappy at the Worleys, for they were not pleasant people : and Margaret felt happier in the Langleys' kitchen : and almost wished she was going to stay there, like another Cinderella—quite as pretty and as gentle.

"I am sure the world is much funnier than almost everybody thinks," she mused to herself. "Last night at Leonard's nice party, and to-day serving up a dinner ! "

And she laughed, as her white taper fingers put some little bits of parsley round a pat of butter, which Mrs. Hibbett's maid took up, thinking her the nicest young lady she had ever met in the world.

At last she was obliged to leave : for she wished to be home before the Worleys, so she had Ellen called out of the room to bid her good-bye : and telling her not to thank her at all, for she had never felt so happy, and was very sorry it was all over, it had been such fun,—she tripped off towards Bloomsbury Square.

CHAPTER VII.

AN ADVENTURE.

THE huge cone, which forms the base of the crater of Mount Vesuvius, is a mountain of clinkers, loose and jagged, which have been thrown up from time to time by the eruptions. It is only practicable on foot; and even then is sufficiently difficult. Fortunately it is not of any great elevation: but while it lasts, the effort required is as painful as that which is necessary to mount the *Mur de la Côte*—the last gasping, freezing, drowsy, pluck-abandoned struggle in the ascent of Mount Blanc.

The doctor looked with despair at the black mass before and above him, and sat down upon the cinder-dusted ground to collect his forces. There is no turf here to repose on. The soil is such as you see in the suburbs of Stockport, and Halifax, and Ashton-under-Lyne: at every step, like a slave-lord, you trample on millions of blacks. But the great chimney above, which so continually blows forth its clouds of smoke, is larger than all the shafts of the manufacturing districts put together: and if we were to collect all the fiery furnaces that light up the skies, and all the blazing colliery causeways that illumine the headlands and commons, and roads of the north, they would pale before Vesuvius even in its repose.

"Have we got to get up there?" asked Wagshot, wistfully.

"Si Signor," replied the guide, who did not understand him, but imagined what he asked.

"You 'll find plenty of helps, Waggy," said Eaton. "All these gentlemen will be glad to give you their assistance."

A motley crowd awaited the ascent. The majority of them were sturdy, undergrown lads, something between guides and chimney-sweeps, each with a rope or strap for the adventurous tourists to hold on by—a thing they generally did, and pretty firmly. There was beside, an old man with a basket of grapes, and raw eggs to be cooked in the glowing lava at the top; he also had a bottle or two of wine.

They chose their helpers, and started—the chief guide, who had opened his mind to Waggy, taking the lead. It was no joke. The clinkers rolled about, and their ankles got twisted all sorts of ways as they turned over; whilst, every now and then, great blocks of lava, displaced by those ahead, came scuttling down, nearly knocking those behind and below off their legs. Rapid *deux-temps* waltzes, and long galoppes, had kept Leonard and Eaton in pretty good training, but Waggy was terribly driven to it; and after gasping, and grunting, and blowing like a grampus, every dozen steps he pulled up, and sat down upon a clinker, 'to admire the view.' He had never, certainly, entertained so vivid a desire to dwell upon the picturesque as on that day.

"Come along, Waggy," cried Eaton; "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether. Bravo—that 's it. I 'll run you up to the top for a sovereign."

"It 's—it 's the devil's own—work," gasped the doctor. "I—I 've been up Ben—Ben what—is—it—but I never—hold hard—ugh! ah!—isn't that Capri? By Jove, it 's glorious!"

At last they got close to the top, and here the walking became somewhat less painful, for the ashes form a level, such as it is, and the foot holds better. Following the guide, who did not appear particularly steady, they kept marching on obliquely upwards, and at last stood at the edge of the crater.

The summit of Vesuvius is so unlike anything else that it is a task of no ordinary difficulty to give the reader a clear notion of it. Imagine a frightful abyss—a huge, circular, black gulf, on the top of a mighty cinder heap, said to be a mile across, edged round by a wall of loose ashes constantly crumbling away into the glowing pit below. In an extinct state it would be sufficiently awful; but in its volcanic activity it is appalling beyond idea. Each instant, volumes like tempest-clouds, of black suffocating smoke come roaring forth with a noise that renders all conversation inaudible. Now, you believe that night has suddenly come on, as you find yourself enveloped in sulphureous darkness; now, this clears off, and with the bellowing of a park of artillery, sheets of flame shoot up high in air, so vivid that they even overcome the brilliant Mediterranean sunlight. Far below us, in the glowing, molten, bubbling

entrails of the earth, there is awful work going on, be sure. The sea has made an inlet into the fiery furnace, and the water fights the flame, and increases the hellish strife. To-morrow—to-night—nay, whilst we stand at the frightful vent for such convulsions, this agony of the elements may rage wildly forth; and all those smiling vineyards, and rich pastures, and busy towns, will be buried under a smoking waste of lava—as Pompeii once was; as Torre del Greco will again be.

They were walking cautiously round the edge of the crater, preceded by the guide, who was staggering about, and looking after some place to the leeward of the smoke, whence they could better see the crater, when, after an enormous blast of fire, and boiling water and ashes mixed together, from the gulf, which appeared to make the very mountain vibrate, the whole space upon which they were standing folded in, and appeared to be slowly descending into the mighty eauldron. It did not fall in suddenly, but glided quickly down an incline. A wall of black ash rose on their side, where just before they had looked down the slope of the ascent. Lumps of clinkers and great masses of scoriæ fell down upon them; and the next minute they were thirty feet below the edge of the crater, clinging to a mere bracket of loose lava, which overhung the terrible yawning chasm below; and almost overpowered by the choking, heated fumes that enveloped them!

No cry broke from the party. The danger was so intense—so apparently inevitable—that for an instant they were all silent. And then the guide pulled a small dirty pewter doll from his bosom, and began, in a shrill agonised voice, to pray and call upon any saint that he could first bring to mind to assist him.

"*Tace*," cried Leonard with a sharp tone, that made it the best Italian version of 'Hold your row!' ever uttered. "Eaton! what can be done?"

"Nothing: we are lost," replied the other with frightful calmness. "We must fall—nothing can save us."

Another roaring burst from the mountain seemed to be vomiting forth the very centre of the earth, and hurling it, in defiance, at the sun. The sulphur blast would have suffocated them, if they had not kept their handkerchiefs to their mouths and nostrils.

The guide continued his prayers—the two friends nearly bit their lips

through in their awful position. They saw, too, that their party was not complete—there was no trace of the poor doctor!

"Don't try to climb," said Leonard, as Eaton strove to clutch at the black wall behind them. "You will kick us down into the crater. Stop—there is somebody above."

As he spoke the smoke whirled round, in a dense black cloud, and covered the edge above them; but almost immediately afterwards it was blown away, and they saw some of their helpers peering over. Leonard made signs for them—for not a sound could be heard in the tumult of the mountain—to let down a rope, that they might be pulled up. The men were some little time comprehending them; but at last they tied their belt of cord and straps together; and peering cautiously over the edge, paid out their somewhat treacherous line to the three below.

Whatever might have been the faith of the guide in his little pewter doll a minute or two before, the instant the line came down it was evidently not worth much more than the actual price of the metal. For thrusting it into his pocket, and not thinking of his employers, he seized the rope and was drawn sharply up through the hill of ashes, almost smothering Leonard and Eaton in his ascent. The line was again lowered, and the guardsman was hauled up. Leonard was the last, and before he had reached the top the cornice upon which they had stood broke away, and fell with a crash unheeded amidst the tumult of the mountain into the depths of the volcano. But they were safe; and when they stood again together on the comparatively trustworthy substance of the crater, after shaking hands heartily, and kicking the guide ten feet down the slope—pewter doll and all—their first thought was, "What has become of poor Waggy?"

CLASSICAL.

Question—what is the silliest bird in Latin?
Anser—a goose.

A BURLESQUE CUT AND DRIED.

IT is a matter of daily regret, among the comic writers and serious managers of London, that all the good subjects for burlesques have been used up; and that that once attractive species of dramatic entertainment is rapidly tending towards extinction. Madame d'Aulnois has been exhausted. Every inch of the classic ground of Lemprière has been trodden, over and over again. Even the Thousand and One Mines of Arabian Enchantment have been so repeatedly worked that there is scarcely a "placer" left in the whole diggins. In short—to borrow a facetious formula, upon almost every Christmas and Easter play-bill we remember to have seen for the last five years—there is not a plot, of the description we are alluding to, on which a single story could be raised that has not been built upon.

Under these circumstances, we hail the recent proceedings at the L——l C——y C——rt (we are obliged to be very cautious, for fear of being seized at our own writing-desk by ruthless bailiffs, and dragged in chains to the Euston Square Station—thence to be transported, by

special train, to appear in the fearful presence of His Honour, Mr. ——. But no! we dare not hint at his terrible name, even by initials) with delight. There is, at all events, one magnificent subject for an extravaganza yet untouched, and the best of it is—all ready cut and dried, to the hand of any author who likes to undertake it for the coming season. The story wants no twisting and turning. The mere reports of the *Times*, done into rhyme, with the usual sprinkling of jokes and parodies, will be quite sufficient. It could be well cast from the different theatres. Fancy Mr. James Bland in the principal character, (Mr. Harley, of course, officiating as his head clerk, or prime minister). The entire "business" and dialogue is so wonderfully adapted to his peculiar style, that we could almost fancy the whole thing a joke, good-naturedly got up to give him a lift in his profession. Indeed few people can be found to look upon it as a serious reality.

The more we dwell upon the subject, the more it fascinates us. We have no wish to spoil the market of any gentleman who may choose to do it for any of the theatres—but we cannot resist the temptation of trying our hand at a scene or two.

We would describe the production in the play-bill as a Tragical, Comical, Bombastical, Historical, Improbable, piece of Tomfoolery, abounding with the most Startling Effects and Incredible Incidents, entitled—

RAMSHACKLE THE GREAT;

Or, the Tyrant of the Twopenny Territory.

And our notion of the "cast" would be as follows:—

Ramshackle the Great (*Surnamed the Terrible Turk, Tyrant of the Twopenny Territory*)	Mr. James Bland.
Costz (*His head Clerk and Prime Minister*)	Mr. Harley.
Nabz (*His Bailiff*)	Mr. O. Smith.
Prince Plucky (*Prince of Papyrus, with unlimited jokes about his observations being of a 'whitty' nature*)	Mrs. Keeley.

Guards, Officers, Bailiffs. The public generally, &c.

Scene the First.—A STREET.—*Chorus of discontented Citizens.*

Oh! what a row, what a rumpus and a rioting
The slightest thing now seems to bring upon us here.
Ramshackle's rule is uncommonly disquieting
In every shape—we can't escape his laws severe.

If our mouths we open, soon his dungeons gloomy frown upon us;
If we keep 'em shut—for being silent e'en he 's down upon us.
Nobody is to avoid his tyranny, abhorrent, able,
Though his actions in a legal point are quite un-warrantable!
Oh! what a row, &c.

1*st Cit.* Friends, Britons, countrymen, and lovers, hear me!
I 'm going to make a speech—so p'raps you 'll cheer me.
Shall we this Ramshackle submit to?
All. No!
1*st Cit.* Or take a stand——
2*nd Cit.* I say, he 's coming—
1*st Cit.* Oh!

[*Exeunt omnes precipitately.*

Enter RAMSHACKLE THE GREAT (*on his way to the Court*) *surrounded by Officers, Slaves, &c.* COSTZ *in attendance.*

SONG.—(RAMSHACKLE.)

Air.—"The Holy Friar."

I am a tyrant, I beg to say,
And hold o'er the people unlimited sway.
I heed not noblemen, snobs, nor snips;
I shut up all speakers who open their lips.
No laws I own—no warrant I want—
If ask'd to produce one—I tell 'em I shan't.
I bully and badger the folks pell-mell,
When—troubled with bile—I don't feel very well.
No sultan or sire
To rule can aspire,
Despotic as judge of a Palatine shire,
As a Pa-a-a-a-a-a- &c., &c.

Ram. Our breakfast on us heavily is sitting,
We feel in a strange humour for committing.

[*A boy crosses the stage, whistling.*

Who dares us, on our way to court, annoy?
Catch him!

[*Officer runs after boy, who escapes after a little pantomime at the wing with his thumb and four fingers.*

Officer. We can't, my lord.
Ram. Have ev'ry boy
In town committed.

Costz. Parents would make noise,
Ram. Commit the parents, then, for having boys.
Costz. With sympathy, the county would be rising,
Ram. Commit the county, then, for sympathising.

[*Enter a Messenger, bearing a bag of despatches and a paste-pot.*

Arrest that slave!

[*The Messenger runs away in terror, leaving his paste-pot and bag of despatches.*

Ram. (*Pointing to despatches.*) Examine them this minute.

[*He smells the paste-pot.*

I smell foul play—there must be something in it.
Costz. Despatches from Prince Plucky, of Papyrus.
Ram. Our mortal foe! Now vengeful thoughts inspire us.
Tis he, who, aided by the fairy-press,
From the good graces of the fair Princess,
Public Opinion—keeps us. Haste, and drag him
Before our court.
Officer. Should he object, sire—
Ram. Gag him!
Officer. But should he offer us resistance—
Ram. Stop him!
Smash! dislocate! obliterate him! wop him.

[*Exit frantically.*

SCENE THE SECOND.—THE COURT.—RAMSHACKLE *seated on his throne of justice.*—COSTZ *in attendance.*—*Officers, Guards, &c.*—*Detachments of the public generally.*—*A dead silence, broken by a sneeze.*

Ram. Who sneezed?
The Sneezer. (*Humbly.*) My lord, a cold—be not displeased at—
Ram. What! is our court of justice to be sneezed at?
To prison with him!

[*The Sneezer is dragged off. Enter* NABZ, *pale and terrified.*

How now, slave! Your prisoner?
Nabz. There never was straight for'ard blows like his'n are.
Ram. But he submits to our decree?
Nabz. He don't,
He 'll see you further first—and then he won't.

[*Applause from the crowd, and cries of "Long live Prince Plucky."*

Ram. Officers! seize and fetter ev'ry noddy,
Who dares to wish long life to anybody,
Except ourself. [*To* NABZ.] You say you couldn't grab him.

Nabz. He says he 'll punch whoever tries to nab him.
Ram. Then pow'rs demoniac to our aid we call.

[*Stamps his foot. A fiend rises through shooting-trap, bearing a talisman with the magic characters "Warrant" inscribed upon it.* RAMSHACKLE *gives the talisman to* NABZ. *The fiend disappears.*

Show him this magic talisman, that 's all. [*Exit* NABZ.
Prince, King—nay, Emperor—whatsoe'er the power,
We 'll punish all who won't before us cower.

[*Tumult outside.* PRINCE PLUCKY *enters in custody of* NABZ *and other bailiffs.*

So, here you are.
Prince P. Yes. May I be enlighten'd
As to the why and wherefore?
Ram. Aren't you frighten'd?
Prince P. (*Coolly.*) No!
Ram. Death and fury!—not a single bit?
Prince P. Though to your fiendish mandate I submit,
You the wrong porker by the ear have got.
Ram. Beware! our bolts of vengeance—
Prince P. They be shot!

[*Cries of "Bravo!" from the crowd.*

Ram. Arrest the slave who dared "bravo" to call.
Costz. My Lord, they all did—
Ram. Then arrest them all.
Although five hundred strong they stand collected,
We 'll quod them every one—and be respected;
Ruin them—beggar them of all their pelf,
Or you shall be lock'd up and fined yourself.
[*Pointing to* PRINCE PLUCKY.] Long miles away, be yonder slave convey'd,
To our remotest dungeon.
Prince P. Who 's afraid?

DUETT AND CHORUS.

"Bow! wow! wow!"

Ram.

To dungeons deep at once confine the insolent offender,
Unless a pretty large amount of treasure he 'll surrender;
And so we 'll serve each vagabond who dares to make a row, sirs,
Within our court, or won't to us in meek submission bow, sirs.
Bow! bow! bow!
Ri tol de riddle iddle,
Bow! bow! bow!

PRINCE PLUCKY (*struggling with his captors*).

You low-bred cur! although you think your enemies you 've puzzled,
For this I 'll shortly have you—as all mad dogs should be—muzzled.
No longer on our peaceful cits your faugs shall leave their mark, sir,
We 'll stop your biting, though you now so insolently bark, sir!
Bow! wow! wow!
Ri tol de riddle iddle,
Bow! wow! wow!

[*Exeunt at different sides.* PRINCE PLUCKY *dragged off in custody.* RAMSHACKLE *foaming at the mouth, to the chorus of "Bow! wow! wow!" supported by the whole strength of the company.*

[*Scene closes.*]

Then, we would have a scene of Prince Plucky, in prison, relieved by the Princess Public Opinion, who presents him with a magic testimonial, and a concluding one showing the complete overthrow of the tyrant Ramshackle, with a tableau representing the triumph of Common-Sense over the Demon of Ill-Temper and Absurdity. Not only would the thing be certain of success in London, but we can warrant it to "go" enormously, at least in *one* provincial town.

ECHOES OF THE MONTH.

WHERE is the building that once charmed all London?
ECHO—*All undone.*

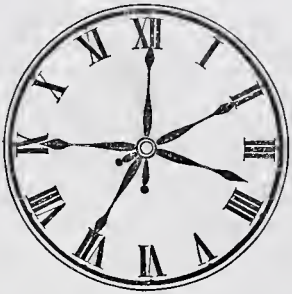
What thing from Bramah did his Hobbs take ill?
ECHO—*His obstacle.*

What will those busses do that take a penny?
ECHO—*Take up any.*

WE see on a board at Kensington the '*Hippodrome Dining Rooms.*' Cannot this be called a 'Salle-à-*Manger*.'

'BE IN TIME.'

Since the wonderful distribution of the Electric Telegraph gives us a chance of a general equalisation of time all over the civilised world, we hope the old nuisance of having all sorts of hands to the clocks in the West of England will be put down. Who on earth cares whether Bath or Plymouth ought to be later or earlier than London? so long as a clock informs us of the correct railway hour of our advent, or 'exodus'—we like a new word.



[WEST OF ENGLAND TIME.]

At present, the above is the only impression of the western coffee-room clocks left on the traveller's mind after sojourning therein. For our own part, we get so bothered and confused, that whether it is a quarter to ten minutes past, or twenty minutes after three quarters to, or half-past nine minutes after, we cannot settle.

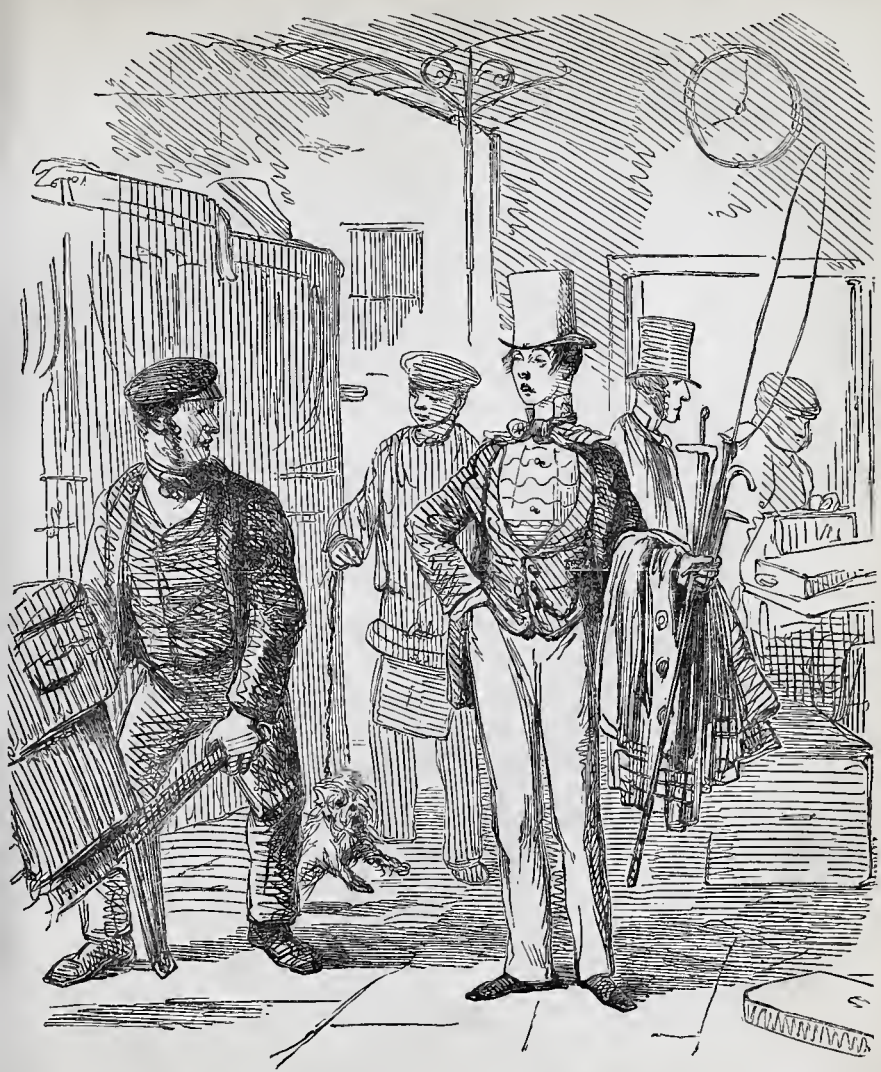
And, therefore, we hope that along with Old Lady-day, and throwing at cocks at Shrove-tide, and the curfew, and other matters, 'West of England time' will go to—we were going to say, 'the tomb of Capulets,' according to custom: but a moment's reflection showing us that the Capulets had nothing to do with Plymouth, nor railway time with them, nor, in fact, that there was any reason for bringing in the quotation at all, we leave our readers to finish the sentence as they like.

JOWLER, OF ANDREW'S.

Any Oxford undergraduate will recognise the portrait of Jowler, of Andrew's. Jowler senior has a family-living in Devonshire, of the value of six hundred a year. If you look into "Burke's Landed Gentry," you will find all about that ancient house. Old Jowler is very proud of his lineage; and, anxious that Frederic Augustus should make a figure in the University, he pinches himself to allow the lad two hundred a year. Fred. is as fine a young fellow as any at his college—he has a natural taste for all the amusements of British youth. He hunts, drives tandems, shoots pigeons, gives dinners at the Mitre to his friends, and may be seen any afternoon in Term time walking down High-street, like Solomon in all his glory. He is then well worth a study. The splendour of his jewellery, the colossal pattern of his shirt, the aggressive nature of his waistcoat, the loudness of his trowsers—or, as he calls them, his "bags,"—strike the most indifferent observer with awe. At such times I never take the liberty of speaking to him. That stately personage on his arm is the Hon. —— Pincushion, of All Saints' (son of Lord Threadneedle), one of the greatest asses in Christendom. Poor Fred., however, cannot help thinking it is an honour to be seen in his noble company.

I met Frederic yesterday, tearing up the Haymarket in a Hansom. (The young gentlemen of the Universities always ride in "Hansoms," and pay two shillings and sixpence a mile). He stopped the cab on perceiving me, and in the jolliest manner insisted on standing some pale ale (heavens! I still feel qualms at the recollection of that poisonous draught), and on my accompanying him to the station. He was on his way to Oxford. The usual talk of University men, about Higgs of Christ Church, and Wiggs of Brasenose, and how we should have licked the Cambridge men at Henley if there hadn't been *that* "foul," occupied us till we reached the station.

It was then that I was struck by the extent of his luggage. Besides an ample allowance of portmanteaus, carpet bags, and hat-boxes, I observed two great-coats, a dreadnought, a plaid, a gun-case, a dressing-case, a bundle of hunting caps and canes, in the midst of which towered gracefully a tandem whip.



JOWLER, OF ANDREW'S.

Jowler.—"What luggage? Oh! ah! I've two portmanteaus—one carpet-bag—a dwessing-case —two hat-borxes—a fishing-wod—gun-case and a Scotch tawyer dorg."

"Why, Jowler," said I, "you surely don't let your governor see all these signs of extravagance? A tandem whip, too, of all things in the world!"

"To be sure I do," replied he. "I tell the old boy I must do as other men do; and he's always satisfied while I am with Pincushion, and his set."

"But how does he expect you to pay Strandall's and Follet's bill on two hundred a year?"

"Gad I don't know,—But the twain 's off—shall we see you this term? Mind you knock me up. Tar, tar!"

There were two other Andrew's men in the carriage with him, besides Après, of St. James's, who always keeps a pack of cards in his pocket; and I have no doubt they played vingt-un all the way to Didcot.

As I strolled back to the joint at the club, I made several moral reflections of a very valuable nature, which, however, would not perhaps interest the readers of the *Month*.

A ROMANCE OF THE DIGGINS.

THE LAY OF MARY GOLD.

WILLIAM FIGGINS was my true love,
A gardener he were by trade,
Which he lived by Weedon Barricks,
And won my heart there with his Spade.

He twined hisself in my affections,
And to his will myself did mould;
And vowed he 'd leave his Polly Hanthus,
If I would be his Mary Gold.

"Oh! Mary Gold," ses he, "pray listen!
No longer I 'm a rake indeed;
And if you don't return my true love,
I 'll go to pot, and run to seed.

Your himage in my 'art is planted,
And from its roots shall ne'er be torn,
So say the word, and we 'll be grafted
Like apple trees to morrow morn."

My maiden's blush rose at the question:
Too soon that were our 'ands to jine:
"The Parson fust in Church must ask us,
And then, dear William, I'll be thine!"

With that the Bands three times was publish'd,
The Wedding-day also were fixt;
My gownd were made; but there sometimes is
A slip the cup and lip betwixt!

For William come and says habruptly,
"O Mary Gold, our match is broke!
Because I'm goin to Hostrailyer:"—
Witch them's the very words he spoke.

"Oh! you false and cruel William!"
Ses I—"to leave your Mary Gold!
And what do *you* want in Hostrailyer,
If to hask I may be bold."

"Because I've read in a Noospaper,
At the public 'ouse a drinkin' my beer,
As 'ow they've fund Gold in Hostrailyer,
And a man might make his fortin theer.

And so I'm going to leave my diggin,
For the diggins that are beyond the sea,
And in the beds of them gold-rivers
My spade shall turn my celery."

"Oh!" ses I, "deceitful William,
I'm Mary Gold which am your own;
There's no gold truer in Hostrailyer;
But your love for me is flown."

"No!" ses he, "my pooty Mary,
I loves you truly and sincere;
And I'll come back a gent of fortin,
And marry you within a year."

So I was fosed to seem contented,
And say ajew to William Figgins,
Which sail'd the next week for Hostrailyer,
And left his Weedon for the Diggins.

But I'm unhappy, and I wish that
That theer gold had neer been found,
For then, by this time, into Figgins
He 'd chang'd his Gold now I'll be bound.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF RAILWAY DIRECTORS.

Letter II.—Of Excursionists and Inquests.

My dear Tom,

Having disposed of the Shareholders and general travellers in my last, I will now pass on to Parliamentary passengers and Excursionists, who, of course, are fair game. Arrange your Penny a Milers so that, at all the main points of your line, they shall just miss all other facilities of conveyance; and keep them half the day stuck in sidings waiting for goods trains to pass. A salutary system of this sort drives them into second-class trains in no time. As for keeping faith with an excursionist, you will not, of course, think of anything so utterly ridiculous. What is he that all the regular passengers should be put out for him? A mere poor devil of a mechanic, with his wife and eight children, or a still poorer devil of a clerk, with his wife and nine children. Keep them as long as you like before you take them out, and keep them twice as long before you take them back again: and if in the interim they can't—ha! ha!—keep themselves, it will teach them to put more money in their pockets the next time they go excursioning; an arrangement which will be for their benefit as well as yours. Another very excellent dodge is now being extensively played with the mail trains, and I earnestly recommend it to your notice. People like to travel with the mail-bags, because the Post Office (confound it) makes us keep our time, and no mistake. Now the dodge is this. Charge mail fare,—considerably above first-class rate—which will be readily paid for the expected speed and certainty of travelling. Just as your passengers are falling into the trap, get the mails off on the sly, and then bundle the extra fare passengers into an extra mail, which can jog along as it pleases, and deliver its cargo as many hours too late as may be consistent with the advantage of the line, or the convenience of its *employés*. No doubt if an ordinary private individual practised any such expedient, he would speedily find himself arranging the fibres of hemp in the shape of oakum within the locked doors of a place of temporary sojourn; but a railway, my boy, is privileged. We are big and powerful, and we don't care for anything; unless, indeed, it be the

slashing damages which some of these abominable juries are now-a-days laying on. Trial by jury, my boy, is the curse and the bane of the railway system.

Don't you, however, be discouraged, but work your line cheap. You will save more than you 'll have to pay when the smash does come. Upon our own line we expect soon to be able to do with one functionary to each train. He will show the passengers to their seats, put on the luggage, grease the wheels, shut the doors, start and drive the train, act as porter at the stations, and take the tickets ; in addition to which he will jump off as the train approaches junctions, sidings, &c., look after the points, and make the necessary signals for his own guidance, and those ahead and astern of him. The economy of this plan of management is evident. As for day and night signals, indeed, you may safely—for ourselves—take them easy. They are very often misunderstood, and give no end of trouble to work. Besides, I generally find on our line, that half of the policemen and drivers believe that a red light means "Stop—Danger," and half that it means "All right —go on." You can imagine the hesitating condition into which a man would be thrown, hovering between these two opinions. He would get on much better, and with more comfort to his feelings, in the dark.

Never let your pointsmen, &c., know when a train may be expected. The uncertainty keeps them in a state of activity and anxiety, favourable to the safety of the line. Never let them know, either, the stations at which extra trains are to stop, and you need only hint it mysteriously to the driver, leaving his own judgment free and unfettered, as becomes the mind of a Briton, who never—never will be a slave. If he chooses to stop at a particular station, well and good : there may be passengers waiting. If he don't choose, well and good still. His own passengers may be in a hurry.

In arranging the starting of your trains, be sure you mix up expresses—goods trains—first and second class—quick—Parliamentary and cattle caravans, in amicable confusion ; an arrangement which gives a great idea of the amount of traffic on the line. As a general rule, start a slow train before each fast one, both that the former may be kept upon its mettle by the latter, and that any dangerous speed in

the latter may be prevented by the easy going of the former. If a Parliamentary gets before an express, let the speed of the latter be reduced to that of the former, for similar reasons. When you have thus got your whole line crowded with trains of all degrees of speed, going at uncertain hours and uncertain paces, a good many of them not certain where they are to stop, and all of them coming in too late—with the exception of those who come in too soon—the staff of assistants being cut down to starvation pitch—then your line is in full operation, and collisions may be anticipated. The first half dozen of these will probably choke off a couple of score first, second, and third classers: of course, no blame is attributable to the directors. Juries take liberties in the way of awarding damages, but they have not the pluck to get a whole Board committed for manslaughter: so it generally ends in a small monetary transaction, and, perhaps, the transportation of some dirty devil of a stoker, whom nobody—but a dirty wife and his dirty children—cares a curse about. There are always fellows of this sort to be made scapegoats of, and it looks very well if you go dead against them at the inquest, and pretend to be horribly indignant. Another good mode, too, when a collision takes place—in consequence of a down train pursuing its journey—by a slight misapprehension—on the up rails—is, to start off a special train with several of your brother directors, and a lot of physic, and a sawbones or two,—they can be picked up cheap from the hospital nearest the station—and go right down to the scene of disaster, where people with smashed legs, stove-in ribs, and concussion of the brain, will feebly moan their admiration of your unbounded philanthropy; while you will take care to send paragraphs to the newspapers, praising the "thoroughly humane and deeply sympathetic anxiety of the excellent directors." But take great heed—apropos of newspapers—to keep those scoundrely newspaper reporters at bay, for they are such keen dogs, that if they get the ghost of a scent of the truth, you may be sure they will be shaking it in their fangs a couple of days after. At the inquest be sure you make a grand parade of "courting investigation," and bring up a hundred or so witnesses who know nothing about the matter, in case the coroner should wish to ask them any questions. Of course, your counsel will be up to all cross-examinatory processes of confusing the whole transaction.

A good dose of technicalities bamboozles a jury, and sometimes—and, indeed, just as often—a coroner. Get lots of engineering evidence. It is never intelligible, and therefore tells on the side of the company; letting alone that you examine your own engineers, and not those of a hostile line. I would particularly press this point upon you. If you want to assert that a railway train is more easily stopped upon a decline than on an incline, you will always get an engineer who will not only assert the proposition, but prove it in the most dreadfully mathematic and algebraic manner, to the utter confusion and helpless bewilderment of the jury. So that between this gentleman's science, and your own philanthropy, it is possible that you will come out of the scrape more easily than you expected.

Such, then, are a few leading principles of modern railway management, which I, and other experienced old slayers, have built into a science,—very good for the Directors, and very bad for anybody else—and which, my dear boy, putting into practice upon your infant line, you will find, as you live and learn, gradually elevating you in the scale of railway dignity and veneration, to the height of

Yours sincerely,

J. Shunter Smashton.

LORD BYRON IN A NEW LIGHT.

Scene.—Astley's.—Mazeppa *kneeling at the feet of* Olinska *is kissing her hand in a peculiarly offensive manner.*

Drolinsko, *the comic chamberlain* (*after regarding the operation for some minutes.*) I beg your parding, young feller; but ain't you a coming it a leetle too strong?

Explanation.

The joke of the above is that the Astley's bills announce the drama as written by the noble lord above named!

THE LAST ACT OF A GRAND OPERA.

SCENE.—*Exterior of the Crystal Palace.*

TIME.—*The closing hour on the Last Shilling Day.*

CHORUS *of Returning* VISITORS.

This way—this way, homeward wending,
Dusk forbids our longer stay,
Every step in mud descending,
Each with care must pick his way;
Vexing is it,
Rain should visit
Here upon the closing day.

[*Chorus dies away in the distance.*

YOUNG LADY, *who has missed her party.*

Recitative.

Alone in such a crowd! oh, wretched me!
Where can my stupid country cousin be?
Here must I wait and watch the rain-drops trickle;
Oh! hapless fate! oh! melancholy pickle!!

Air.

I'd be a Bloomer—scorning a shower,
Wearing a dress that fits tight to the feet,
Only that boys all rejoice in the power
Of raising a shout when you pass down the street.
Oh! if it were not to custom contrary,
I'd have a pair of those mentionless things,
Cool in the summer-time, Turkish, and airy,
For I'm shock'd at the clothes to which mud always clings.

[COUNTRY COUSIN *appears with the Umbrella.*

Recitative.—COUNTRY COUSIN.

Oh, happy chance to meet like this once more,
never did expect it—I am sure!

Air.

Upon the Greek Slave as I gazed,
My arm you left alone,
And turning round I stood amazed,
To find that you were gone;
The envious crowd between us press'd,
'Twas bustle, squeeze, and jam,
When lo! my lucky stars were bless'd,
And here you see I am.

DUETT.—*Ensemble.*

Then off we will hurry together,
And home make the best of our way,
Although I confess that the weather
Is dreadfully wretched to-day.

CHORUS *of Sympathetic* SPECTATORS.

Yes, off they will hurry together,
And home make the best of their way,
Although he confesses the weather
Is dreadfully wretched to-day.

[*Exeunt* COUNTRY COUSINS *with mutual congratulations.*

Enter from "The Way Out," the FATHER OF A FAMILY, *followed by* MOTHER of ditto, ELDEST DAUGHTER of ditto, *and two* Juvenile Members of ditto. *They gaze despairingly on the drizzling rain, and form an affecting group.*

QUINTETTE.

Quick! the umbrellas spread,
How it patters overhead!
Here it will not do to stay,
Goodness gracious! what a day!
What a day! what a day!
Goodness gracious, what a day!

Recitative.—FATHER OF THE FAMILY.

What's to be done? each omnibus is cramm'd?
If ever I get in another crowd, I'm—jamm'd.

SOLO (*Maestoso*).

Yes, we through the mud must trudge it,
Not a cab can now be had.
Half-a-crown—I'd not begrudge it;
Half-a-sovereign is too bad.
With no chance of rain abating,
Every 'bus is crowded so,
What can be the use of waiting?
Off we each had better go.

TRIO.—MOTHER, DAUGHTER, *and* FATHER.

Mother. Oh think of the bonnet, the ribbons upon it,
Our dresses, the messes that both will be in.
Daughter. The sorrow, to-morrow, when from you we borrow
Your purse a new purchase of things to begin.

Father. Yes, thoughts of the bonnet and ribbons upon it,
The dresses, which messes are sure to get in,
Bring sorrow to-morrow when from me you borrow
My purse, which is worse when to buy you begin.
[*Exit* FATHER OF A FAMILY *in search of a cab.*

SOLO.—DAUGHTER.

Oh! can I e'er forget the face
Of that obliging gent,
Who with a most enchanting grace
To me his Guide-Book lent.
I glanced upon the catalogue,
And felt, I know not why—
Some foreign prince he was *incog.*
And her he loved was by.
[MYSTERIOUS STRANGER *here appears.*

CONCERTED PIECE.

Daughter. Good gracious! He's here! How imprudent, how vexing,—
I mean how delightful—was aught so perplexing?
Mysterious Stranger. What weather! Permit me to see you safe out,
And this is your sister, I have not a doubt.
Mother. (*Aside.*) What a very nice man! No, sir, here you behold
Her mother.
Mysterious Stranger. Dear me! If I hadn't been told
I could *not* have believed it.
Daughter. Yes, yes, I am right;
He's some great man *incog.*
Mother. And how very polite!

SOLO.—MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

Within a dangerous world we dwell,
We know not who is who;
With ladies caution is as well,
Be careful what you do.
In crowds mind where you put your purse,
You know not who's behind it;
Affettuoso. But if you lose your heart—that's worse—
Detectives cannot find it.

Recitative.

Mother. Thanks, courteous stranger—but to crowds inured,
Both purses in our pockets are secured.
My husband for a cab has only gone,
And left me as the treasurer alone.

Mysterious Stranger. They know me here—one quicker I shall find,
Or—lucky thought—my carriage waits behind.
To tell my coachman here at once to come
I 'll go myself, and see you safely home.
[*Exit* MYSTERIOUS STRANGER *hurriedly.*

QUARTETTE.—MOTHER, DAUGHTER, *and* TWO CHILDREN.

Mother and Daughter.

What a happy chance that we
To the Exhibition came !
He 'll turn out a count to be,
When we come to know his name.

Children. Oh, tired and hungry we are both, mama !

Mother. We soon shall be at home. Behold papa !

FATHER OF A FAMILY *appears with cab, and at the same time* MOTHER *and* DAUGHTER *discover their dresses cut in the region of the pocket, and that their purses have vanished with the* MYSTERIOUS STRANGER. *Grand Tableau of Horror, and Policemen.*

FINALE.

CHORUS *of* CABMEN *and* OMNIBUS CONDUCTORS.

Our Harvest is over— the Season has closed,
But Hurrah for the project Prince Albert proposed !
Hurrah for the Palace that Paxton has made !
And Hurrah for the good it has done to our trade !
Hurrah ! Hurrah !
Hoo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-rah !

[*Striking picture of general departure of everybody, and Curtain falls.*

AS PATIENT AS GRISELDA.

IN *The Times* of the last week we read the following, twice or thrice repeated :—

"THE WIFE OF T. L., who has not heard of him for two years, wishes particularly to have a letter."

The lady certainly deserves a few lines by this time. She has shown such mild and exemplary patience that we hope T. L. will—in the parting words of railway friends—' write soon.'

THE POTTLETON DEBATING CLUB.

On Friday, the 24th ult., Mr. J. Simkin read a paper on the following question. "What are the Sources of the Greatness of Pottleton High Street?" He attributed its present prosperity and renown to the variety and extent of its establishments. "The passing traveller," said he, "who requires a new hat, who wishes to bury a friend, to consult a medical man, to purchase a beer-engine, to pawn his watch, or to have his hair cut and curled in the prevailing style of fashion, will find Pottleton High-street ever ready to minister to his wants." He also glanced slightly at its position and climate, and paid a high compliment to the patronage it afforded to cheap literature through the cigar and periodical shop at the corner.

The essay was listened to with much attention, and loudly applauded. Mr. Collars afterwards rose and took a different view of the subject. He showed that High-street had obtained its title to pre-eminence in the reign of Queen Anne, who died, as he had been informed, previously to the opening of the cigar shop.

After a smart discussion, the following motion was put and carried by a large majority:—"The Greatness of Pottleton High-street is attributable less to its position, its edifices, its climate, or its resources, than to the energy, civilisation, learning, valour, and general good humour of its inhabitants."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO ARTISTS. Very eligible opportunity for aspiring and inventive Genius. A handsome premium will be given for the suggestion of a perfectly fresh view of the Crystal Palace—either inside or out. Under the peculiar exigencies of the case, a little stretch of imagination not objected to. Apply personally at the office of any of the Illustrated Periodicals or Papers between 3 and 5 A.M.

WHY DO SUMMER ROSES FADE? We see this question asked every day in the newspapers, without being answered. We believe it is on account of the sap being cut off from them through decay of the woody fibre of the stalks.

HOTELS.

CHAPTER III.—"AN OLD ESTABLISHED HOUSE."

The other day, in our wanderings, we chanced to come upon one of the best specimens of the old conventional expensive comfortless hotel that we expect is to be found in England. No matter where it was; perhaps portions of it will be recognised by our readers.

It was advertised to be let. In the "old coaching days" it had without doubt been a flourishing establishment. People had bolted bad coarse two-shilling dinners there, whilst the horses changed; and had the pleasure of sitting down with the coachman. All sorts of hotel birds of prey had haunted its dingy time-dusted interiors and precincts. Waiters had bowed, and chambermaids had curtsied, for their expected fee. The boots who took your carpet-bag to the door had touched his forehead for your donation; and the helper who threw it on to the roof of the coach had done the same. The coachman had expected his gratuity at the end of the journey, and so possibly had the guard. In fact everything that sneakish extortion—worse, and far more contemptible than a direct brigand-like attack upon your purse—could exact, had been miserably submitted to, until the glorious locomotive came rattling through the suburb of the town, scattering all this harpyism to the right and left, as the tectotum top in the game of "the devil amongst the tailors" knocks about the little ivory ninepins. And then there arose a famous inn close to the station, to which quick civil railway porters wheeled over your luggage for nothing. The attendance was charged in the bill at eighteenpence a day: wax candles were driven away by light gas chandeliers: the waiters' idea of dinner got beyond "chops, steaks, broiled fowl, sir;" and there was some capital fresh old English beer in the house: instead of the inevitable doctored nauseous pale ale, which was very well as far as it went, but is now becoming rather a nuisance; for in many places you can get nothing else, and mild October has departed. And so, altogether, the old house had its bar put out of joint.

We got there by mistake, late in the evening, having been taken there by a stray fly. We have before stated that a fly is a sad thing. Its

lining is always fusty, and its windows always small and difficult to manage. Its accommodation is uncomfortable: it has a bad horse: it is twice as dear as a Hansom; and its driver looks for something for himself—that miserable expectant sum of "What you please."

The coffee-room of this "old established hotel" was a ghastly place. There was no gas, but some mould candles were burning about with cocked hat wicks, and their light was all absorbed by the dingy paper. The only pictures were of the old "coaching" school, with that dull half animal clod, the "Jehu," as smart writers used to call him, "tooling the prads" along a road at a rate they never went at. Next to Jehu, who was something between a "thorough John Bull" (an equally objectionable person) and a hackney coachman, on the box, was a female in a green spencer, a short waist and a yellow bonnet, large and radiant, such as we see worn by Queen Caroline in old pictures, with a reticule on her arm. This was the "fast thing" of coaching life: a low variety of the ambition which makes Charley Lincoln, of the Guards, drive Herminie Danton, of the choreographic department of Her Majesty's Theatre, down to dine at the Trafalgar at Greenwich. Behind the box, on the knife-board seat in front, were an agricultural gentleman; a man with moustachios, smoking a cigar, in a hat bigger at top than at bottom, with a curved rim, the convexity being downwards, after the fashion of Corinthian Tom, in "Life in London," white trowsers tight at the ankle, and with long straps. (It appears essential to all coaching pictures, that a snob smoking a cigar, in moustachios, should form one of the load. There was also a man in that old style of blue cloak with a cape, called in the coaching vernacular a *rockelow*, and the shelf was filled by a soldier. The company behind appeared to have come from the print of the Licensed Victuallers' Festival; and altogether the sight of the pictures suggested thoughts of what you would do, short of actual murder, rather than be one of the party. There was also an old dusty stuffed pheasant over the door—a looking-glass over the mantel-piece, divided into sections, that put each side of your head on a different level if you got between them, making your face look as if it was going up stairs—a number of dark old tables, indented with knocks of presidents' hammers and freemasons' glasses—and a couple of long old-fashioned bell-pulls, of scarlet stuff, edged with black,

which eame down bodily when you pulled them. On a thin bygone sideboard, were some old battered, plated, eruet-stands and egg-eups, with the copper coming through; and an ancient toast raek of the same fabric—one of those you only see at sales.

It is needless to say that everything was in keeping with this room all over the ghostly old establishment. A nipped-up old lady presided in the bar—the waiters had the air of old curates who had tried to better themselves by taking to the hotel business—the boots was permanently bent with carrying portmanteaus up and down stairs; and the chambermaid had attended on Queen Charlotte when she changed post-horses there. They had all lived at this inn, without ehanging one of its arrangements, until they had allowed the world to ride past in an express train, and finally away from them.

The bed-rooms "kept up the allegory." The beds were huge four-post mausoleums of red serge, scarcely leaving one space to turn round in the room. One hard skimpetting towel hung on the horse, and a cornerless cake of insoluble soap reposed in the little round dish, which went into a hole in the wash-hand stand, as it had done for years. On the landing we saw two wax eandles, ready to be taken in to some desolate victim in a private room. They were in the regular heavy old eighteen-inch high candlesticks, and their tops had been freshened up to a point with a knife. But with all this we had a regular old dip to go to bed with: and the warm water they brought us was so hard, that our hands almost scrooped over one another in it.

The inmates of the eoffee-room were principally eommereial travellers—men who had onee been great in the horse and gig way, and who hated the rail. They tried to keep up a little of their former importanee by whistling as they eame into the room, and then standing right before the fire, with their back to it, and their hats on; but they wanted their whip to throw down in the eorner, and the omnibus ride from the station had lowered their self-esteem. They pulled their boots off in the room—not a very delicate performance—before everybody: and then after sitting over the fire and drinking hot brown brandy and water until they were nearly at red heat, ordered "a pan of coals" and went to bed. We have frequently seen men of the same genus pull off their boots in the room, and order "a pan of coals:" and only this genus. It

HOTELS.

The Commercial Room in the "good old Coaching House."

is an idiosyncracy, at the elements of which we have not very clearly arrived.

The general proceedings of these old established commercial travellers were in accordance with the old established house. We saw them at dinner. One of them they called "Mr. President," who was in the chair: and he ordered the wine, and was generally appealed to. After dinner they asked us for a "sentiment." We knew none: we thought "sentiments" belonged to the middle ages: indeed we had never met with any but on the last pages of sixpenny song books; and it always tried our understanding to make out how any man by gravely saying "may the wings of friendship never lose a feather" could contribute to the conviviality of a dinner. So we said we knew none, to their great amazement, on which one of them observed—"The gentleman seems rather green, Mr. President (a laugh); I 'll give one for him if you please. Here 's all fortune's daughters but the eldest—Miss fortune." He thought us green: well, perhaps we were. "Good again," said Mr. President, knocking the table: and to this comicality followed one of those grim pauses which attempted smartness is sure to bring in its train at a party.

Experienced people had often told us—"Ah! you should go to the travellers' room for fun:" but whether their humour was too esoteric, or whether (which we suspect) we had heard better, or whether we did not fall in with good specimens, we cannot very well tell. At all events we were not dazzled on the present occasion. Their fun was all allusive. They would say to one another, "How about the little widow at Peterboro'?" or "I heard of the rare games you carried on at Stowmarket!" or "Ask Tompkins whether he means to go out to tea again at Oswestry?" and there was a laugh after each of these remarks. Certainly we did not hear one story or joke that we could remember; and we honestly believe that we are a capital audience. But these commercial gentlemen were slow old coaches, and they suited the old established inn. We do believe, now, that they would have preferred driving across the country, cocked up on the box seat of a gig, with their hat on one side; and occasionally giving a lift to some uneducated uninteresting hard-handed female they overtook on the road, to rattling along the rail with all its speed, economy, and certainty.

At the back of this old inn were acres of stables: the amount of slowness, and feeing, and discomfort that the former occupants of these drew after them, was terrible to think about. Not much was going on here now. Two or three post-chaises were rotting under a shed, tenanted by pigeons: and when we wanted to go to the station, they said they would "order the fly to be brought out." They had no notion of going to the corner of the street and calling a cab, of which there were several, in a few seconds. And we posed the waiter by saying, "What can we have for dinner besides chops, steaks, and broiled fowl?" Thus anticipated, he only staggered for a second, but then said he would go and see; and returned shortly to tell us we could have anything we liked. But we found afterwards the latitude allowed was too broad.

It must have been a terrible struggle for this old inn to keep up its old illusions. We suspect now that its staff of servants was made to appear larger by popping them in and out at different places, or bringing them on in different dresses, as theatrical processions are treated. Indeed we once thought we saw an awful likeness between the waiter who came in to light the fire, and the chambermaid.

Of course the attendance was not charged in the bill. We gave two shillings for the day, with which everybody appeared dissatisfied; and the last question put to us was—"If it included the boots?"

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Note. When young men have arrived at that interesting period of their existence, when there 's nothing to them in life half so sweet as Love's young dream, it is a common practice to anoint themselves for the sacrifice by smearing their heads with Rowland's Macassar.

Query. Do they pour on the oil for the purpose of feeding the flame of their passion?

Note. The advertising columns of the newspapers continually record (in large type) this interesting fact—"NUNN'S MADE MUSTARD."

Query. Did these nuns belong to any of the religious houses near to Durham; and were they reduced to the making of mustard when the monasteries were so pepper'd by Henry the Eighth?

BALLAD.

AFFECTIONATELY ADDRESSED TO ONE JOHNSON, OF THE CITY, ON HEARING THAT UNHAPPY CREATURE DESCRIBE THE INTRODUCTION OF CANDLES AS "THROWING A LITTLE LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT."

AIR.—"*When this old cloak was new.*"

WHEN that old joke was new,
It was not hard to joke,
And puns we now pooh-pooh
Great laughter would provoke.
True wit was seldom heard,
And humour shown by few,
When reign'd King George the Third,
And that old joke was new.

It pass'd indeed for wit
Did this achievement rare,
When down your friend would sit,
To steal away his chair.
You brought him on the floor,
You bruised him black and blue,
And this would cause a roar,
When your old joke was new.

'Twas then thought noble fun
To ask a man to dine,
And ere the feast was done
Slip jalap in his wine.
'Twas fun to watch how pale
The poison'd creature grew—
That feat was never stale
When your old joke was new.

'Twas thought a splendid stroke,
When friends for mirth were rife,
With powder—as a "joke"—
To prime a smoker's pipe;
Into the victim's eyes
The shatter'd fragments blew;
What shouts on shouts would rise,
When that old joke was new!

But mild folks would amuse
Themselves with jests of lead,
And, if you ask'd the news,
They 'd say "Queen Anne is dead."
Nay, they would have a hit
To answer "How de do?"
"My name's not Howe"—was wit
When your old joke was new.

You heard some belfry bray
The nation's joys or hopes—
"Why do those bells ring, pray?"
"Because folks pull the ropes."
"I hope I see you well"—
"If you 're not blind you do,"
Was thought a glorious sell
When your old joke was new.

"How old are you, Miss Young?"
Wit flash'd like sword from sheath—
"As old, sir, as my tongue,
But older than my teeth."
Or briefer repartee
Forth at your question flew—
"That 's tellings," show'd *esprit*,
When your old joke was new.

"Come, *eta-beet-o'-pie*,"
Sent the pie round with glee:
When sauce was brought they 'd cry,
"None of your sauce to me."
"Tongue? O, you 've tongue enough."
"Brains? Yes, you want a few."
Folks would applaud such stuff,
When your old joke was new.

Expected at "The Cock,"
As eagerly you paced to it,
Did you ask "What 's o'clock?"
"A round thing with a face to it."
Wanting a friend's address,
"Where are you now?" ask'd you,
"I 'm *here*" your ear would bless,
When your old joke was new.

In short, whatever dull,
  Vulgar, or flippant thought
Enter'd a donkey's skull,
  Out as a joke was brought.
A hundred times repeated,
  Again the trash would do,
And with applause was greeted,
  When *your* old joke was new.

A PROBABLE RESULT NEXT DERBY DAY.

FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD is offered to everybody, including the Mayor of Southampton, if they can tell us why on earth *Auld Lang Syne* was played on Kossuth's arrival.

A QUERY WITHOUT A NOTE.

WHAT is the difference between Buddhism and Bloomerism?

THE RIVAL HOUSES RECONCILED.

WE learn, from private information that may be relied upon, that Messrs. Lumley and Gye have determined on uniting their respective companies next season, and conducting the Opera on an entirely new and original plan, which, owing to the excitement attendant on the Great Exhibition having subsided, and a duller season than ordinary anticipated, will be necessary to ensure anything like success.

Acting, therefore, upon the old adage that "union is strength," Messrs. Lumley and Gye have joined forces, and agreed upon a very peculiar line of management, of which the following is a slight sketch. In the first place they have come to the conclusion that, without the inducement of "playhouse prices," none but a few grey-headed old gentlemen, or withered old ladies, of the bygone Ancient Concert style of audience, will pay to attend a representation of *Don Giovanni*, or *Le Nozze di Figaro*. Secondly, all the pretty lighter operas, such as *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *La Sonnambula*, *Don Pasquale*, &c., &c., are too hacknied to be looked upon as great attractions, so that the *repertoire* of really "drawing" operas may be said to be nearly confined to *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Les Huguenots*, and *Le Prophète*. In this emergency, as the *rococo* legitimate drama has all blown up and gone to pieces at last, having nobody but Messrs. Creswick, Charles Kean, Hicks, and Co., to support it, it has occurred to Messrs. Lumley and Gye to have some of the best-known English comedies and farces translated into Italian; and to engage M.M. Meyerbeer and Auber, at liberal salaries, to compose music for them.

We are in a position to give our readers the cast of one or two of those that have been already decided on :—

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

Sir Peter Teazle	Signor Ronconi.
Sir Oliver Surface	Signor Lablache.
Joseph Surface	Herr Formes.
Charles Surface	Signor Mario.
Sir Benjamin Backbite	Signor Stigelli.
Crabtree	Signor Tagliafico.
Rowley	Signor Polonini.
Snake	Signor Rache.
Trip	Signor Luigi Mei.
Moses	Signor Romnir.
Lady Teazle	Madame Sontag.
Mrs. Candour	Madame Garcia.
Lady Sneerwell	Mademoiselle Angri.
Maria	Mademoiselle Corbari.

This will be followed by an Opera Buffa version (somewhat in the style of the *Prova d'un Opera Seria*) of *Box and Cox*, under the title of

IL STAMPATORE ED IL CAPPELLAIO.

Box, stampatore	Signor Lablache.
Cox, cappellaio	Signor Ronconi.
Mrs. Bouncer	Mademoiselle Cotti.

We are unable at present to give the full cast of *The Beggar's Opera*, which is also mentioned, but Tamberlik is talked of for Captain Macheath, and Grisi and Viardot for Polly and Lucy. Tamburini will most probably be the Peachum, and Alboni, Mrs. P.

Other pieces are mentioned, but are, as yet, by no means decided upon. Among them we may mention *Hamlet*, *High Life Below Stairs*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, and *The Wreck Ashore*. In the latter piece, Lablache's *Marmaduke Magog* will, it is believed, eclipse John Reeve's. Maralti will play Walter Barnard ; Sofie Cruvelli, Alice ; Herr Formes, Grampus ; Corbari, Bella ; and Massol, Miles Bertram. Meanwhile we can only heartily wish Messrs. Gye and Lumley the success their novel undertaking so well deserves.

HOW THEY KILL TIME AT VAUXHALL.

We have often heard of the annihilation of time and space, but have never believed in the possibility of the feat. We have heard of men being kicked into the middle of next week, but even this we have considered difficult. But we doubt no longer. We, and in fact, society in general, have been most unceremoniously kicked—not into the middle of next week, or next month, but into the beginning of next year. The "enterprising manager" of Vauxhall Gardens lately assured us—and we never doubt the word of a manager, especially in regard to "positively last nights"—that 1851 is over. His final bills contained the following astounding announcement.

"Tuesday, September 30th,

POSITIVELY THE

LAST NIGHT OF 1851!!"

We have been in a dreadful state of mind ever since reading this. We have been rushing frantically about, asking everybody we have met to tell us what day of the month it is, but have received the most contradictory replies. A funny friend of ours has assured us that it is the "eleventeenth of June." Our publishers confine themselves to informing us that it is quite time this month's copy was sent in. Our landlord positively insists upon the fact, that there is a quarter's rent due since Michaelmas, and that there will be another before the year is out.

Altogether, we are completely bewildered—the only conclusion we can arrive at is, that as 1851 has expired a month ago, and 1852 will not commence for three months to come, we are at present living in that often quoted period, "less than no time."

L**d J**n R*ss*l has favoured us with the following epigram descriptive of his view from the summit of Snowdon, when he made the ascent last month:—

Mist wreaths of am'rous fogs old Snowdon's forehead kiss'd,
And when I gain'd the top, the view was really miss'd (mist).

THE BOX OF BOOKS FROM LONDON.

"Now Clara—what a shame! You always take the pretty ones!"

THE NURSERY-RHYME MOVEMENT.

REPEATEDLY as we have urged the necessity of reform in this important branch of educational literature, we cannot get the proper authorities to attend to us.

We feel bound to enforce our theories on the subject by a few more examples :—

I.

Simple Simon
Went to "Timon"
Loving much the drama;
Simple Simon
Pitied Timon—
Help'd by Panorama!
Said Simple Simon
"Blow your Timon—
Give me back my money."
The Treasu-*ry* man,
Said "Don't *I* man
Wish you may get any!"

II.

Ride-a-cock-horse
Without getting cross
To hear Mrs. Dexter her notions enforce;
Things on her figure—whose name none disclose—
She should wear whiskers and Gibus *chapeaux*.

III.

Paddy was an Irishman,
Paddy was in grief,
Paddy sent to my house
For out-of-door relief;
I sent to Paddy's house
Friendly gift and loan—
Paddy came to my house
And used it as his own.
I went to Paddy's house,
His gratitude was dead,
He up'd with his Billingsgate,
And threw it at my head.

THE FASHION OF THE MONTH.

LOOMERISM still continues to make its appeal to the understandings of the fair sex. The majority are still undecided whether the visible adoption of t—ws—ers is to be considered among the breaches of propriety. Nevertheless, they have in many places thrust themselves into sight, and kindled a social war around the domestic hearth. The husband who has long suffered his wife to rule over him, yet objects that she should wear the outward symbols of her power. The mistruster of novelties says that the new fashion is nothing else than a Dexter-ous way of raising cash from well-filled lecture-rooms. Finality men are averse to continuations; and the lean and slippered Pantaloon refers back to the decorous dress of his youth, when his namesakes were not allowed to outrage maidenly propriety. While, on the other hand, the romantic young misses who are in the hey-day of their bloom, quote Haidee, that charming little Bloomer,—

"—whose full, silk, Turkish trowsers furl'd
Above the prettiest ancle in the world;"

and think how very jolly it would be if Fashion allowed *them* to display ancles fully equal to Haidee's. Stern mamas cannot see the need of raising the dress to the knee, and are by no means grateful for the leg-I-see* which the new dress gives to them. May difference of opinion never alter friendship, but with trembling we await the issue. The Standard of Rebellion has been raised: the slaves of conventional fashion cry aloud to be emancipated: and Mrs. Bloomer, putting on her trousers, sends forth her war-ery, "Am I not a man and a Brother?" or we hear her giving the following soliloquy:

Vide HAMLET, Act. I., Sc. 1.

TROUSERS or no trousers—that is the question;
Whether 'tis better on the legs to suffer

* Old joke: recollect it in a comic song.—ED.

The dirt and scrapings of hespatter'd crossings,
Or to take arms against this present Fashion,
And with new dresses, change it?—To fix,—to change,—
No more;—and hy this change to say we stop
Mud splashing, and the thousand natural woes
The legs are heir to,—'tis an emendation
Devoutly to he wished. To fix,—to change,—
To change! perchance the gown;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that change of dress what jeers may come
When we have shuffled off this flounced coil,—
Must we then pause? Where 's the respect
That makes the petticoats for so long rife?
For who would bear the great constraint of gowns,
The dresses long, the small feet hid therehy,
The pangs of tight-laced stays, the waist's display,
The dirtiness of stockings, and the turns
The patient follower of fashion takes,
When she herself might her own comfort make
With pairs of trowsers? Who would flounces wear
To hrush and sweep the mud,—a weary wife,—
But that the dread of some one's sneering breath,—
That unforgiven sarcasm from whose spurn
The maiden e'er recoils,—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather wear the dress we have
Than change for others that we know not of?
Thus Custom does make cowards of us all;
And thus the very name of resolution
Is pass'd o'er hy the frail cant of the law,
And novel dresses of great use and beauty
Meet no regard: the trousers they despise,
And spurn the name of Bloomer!

Mr. Smalls, of Brazenface College, who went down to the sea-side this last "Long" to coach for his Little-go, was so imbued with the spirit of the place, that he construed (Horace, Car. Lib. I. 42.) "Trahuntque siccas machinæ," thus:—"the bathing-machines draw the sick folks down to the sea.

PROGRESS OF BOOBYISM.

[FROM THE "POTTLETON MESSENGER."]

Boobyism, since our last, has been making rapid progress. The costume is now adopted by five gentlemen in this village; and we have no doubt that we shall shortly see this very neat costume in every street,—nay, we may say, universally adopted throughout England. How happy we are in the thought, that Pottleton was the birth-place of the promoter of this fashion. The house in which Mr. Booby was born has already become an object of interest, and overtures are being made for the purchase of it by subscription.

[THE BIRTHPLACE OF BOOBY.]

It is situate in Toper's Court, near the House of Correction. We went round it the other day, but we cannot explain the feelings which this visit excited; words *cannot* describe them, and it is only people of the very strongest imagination, who can form the faintest idea of what those feelings were.

Mr. Booby, we are happy to state, is quite well; and on Tuesday last he delivered his second lecture at the Athenæum. On this occasion, Mr. Booby was attended on the platform by the five converts we have

Mr. Booby delivering his Lecture at the Pottleton Athenæum.

previously mentioned. They had, with Mr. Booby, held a private meeting, previously to the lecture, and elected themselves a committee, but for what purpose did not transpire. They looked extremely well in the new costume, but were evidently not so much at home in it, as Mr. Booby.

The lecturer was listened to with considerable attention by a crowded audience; and at the conclusion of the lecture, Mr. Booby stated, that he intended delivering a third discourse on Boobyism, on Friday next. The committee next sang "God Save the Queen," to a novel air compounded of "A Frog he would—" and the "Old Hundredth," and then retired amid much applause.

Extraordinary Occurrence.—On Friday the room was again well filled, and soon after seven o'clock, Mr. Booby rushed on to the platform, and informed the audience, that the committee had all been seized, and forcibly dragged away. A scene of indescribable confusion succeeded. It appears that as the committee, and Mr. Booby, were coming to the Athenæum, several men rushed upon them, and captured the committee, saying that the whole five gentlemen had lately escaped from a Lunatic Asylum in the neighbourhood. Whether this is true, or whether it is done by the authorities to check the new movement, we cannot say; steps, however, will instantly be taken, to try whether the Boobies are lawfully detained or not.

We shall publish further particulars in a second edition.

THE ABSORBING QUESTION.

Now the Great Exhibition is over, and has been found to pay so well, the general inquiry is what is to be done with the receipts, the surplus having apparently the effect of putting everybody at a non-plus. Among other suggestions put forth to relieve the Royal Commission from the charge of taking care of it, we observe there has been a proposal for establishing a National Theatre, which would unquestionably help to get rid of it in the shortest possible time, and thus save a great deal of needless anxiety. The author of this proposition, having seen the Crystal Palace broken up, seems to evince a desire, equally laudable and dramatic, to take care of the pieces.

BLOOMERISM IN THE ARMY AT EDINBURGH.

E hear that the bold example of the American ladies, in casting off the tyranny of long habits, and still longer dresses, has animated another class of the human family, who have, no less than lovely woman, been hitherto denied the coveted prerogative of wearing the—it must be generally known what we wish to allude to, and therefore there is no necessity for us to wantonly shock the feelings of our more fastidious readers.

A public lecture was delivered on Monday evening at the Nogo (late Miss Fortune's) Theatre, by Sandy McBoozie McPhuddle, formerly a private in Her Majesty's —th regiment of Royal Highlanders, upon the new costume proposed to be introduced into the above corps.

The lecturer made his appearance exactly at eight o'clock, habited in full Highland Bloomer costume.

He commenced by stating that it had been clearly demonstrated that political freedom and social privileges depended entirely upon the wearing of "trews." For his (the lecturer's) ain part, he could na weel ken how sae mony o' his brethren could ha' rested sae long satisfied wi' the puir gudewife's petticoats, which were as degrading to the Hieland chiel as they would be to the Lowland carl. (*Cheers and hisses.*) He had heard that even the lassies had began to greet anent the matter, and it was muckle time that the laddies should do the like. (*Groans, cheers, and sounds of the pibroch.*) But to return to the point he started fra'—a practice, by the way, his countrymen were nae in the habit of pursuing—the lassies fra America had told them that they could na enjoy ony political freedom unless they wore the breeks. He wad just e'en go further. He wad tell the government that they could not fight unless their claithes were altered. Folk spak of the Scotch-

man that his hairt was in his breeehes pocket: how then eould they earry their hairts to battle wi' them wi'out these garments? (*Hear, hear, and Highland flings.*) Would na' the dress he spak of be mair convenient for them too in their daily avocations? Could they no mair easily perform the neeessary funetions of throwing the eaber, and putting the big stane, if thus attired?

Mr. Duncan M'Sticowacs here rose, and declared he could na sit still and listen to sie-like blasphemies. (*Confusion, and Tullochgorum.*) He deemed the wearing of "trews" were uneo indelicate. As for fighting, did not the lads wi' the philibeg fight for Prince Chairlie?

Mr. M'Phuddle had no objeeted to the philibeg. He considered it essential to their moral and religious welfare, but it should be worn over the trews.

Mr. M'Sticowacs would have his say. The trews wad no be seemly for Hieland sports; they wad surely burst.

Mr. M'Phuddle wad no be interrupted. The day, he said, was gone by, when prejudiee should be permitted to sway the hairts of true men. He ealled on them a' to petition the War Offiee for a supply of "trews."

Mr. M'Sticowacs wad obsairve—(*great confusion, and drones of bagpipes.*) Did Macgregor—did Campbell—did the Duke of Argyll—(*loud cries of "God bless him! and Gilly Callum"*)—did Allister M'Allister—M'Cullum More—Rhoderic Dhu—did ony o' their heroes wear trews? (*No, no, and laughter.*)

Messrs. M'Phuddle, M'Stieowaes, and other speakers, endeavoured to address the audienee, but the time for retiring to barraeks having arrived, the greater part of the meeting adjourned in a strathspey all down Princes Street, singing the verse of Burns:—

Wi' cocky-leekie's ingle fu'
Nae bairn sae daft as unco blu'
I wad my cutty haggis loo'
On brae and broomer,
And tint my birks and aiblins too
To gang a Bloomer.

Why are Indian servants called Coolies?—Probably because their principal duty s to fan their masters in the heat of the day.

SERVANTS IN COUNTRY HOUSES.

We bring this sensible letter into the body of the work, apart from the usual "Correspondence," because we think it may lead to some good, and deserves especial notice.

To the Editor of the Month.

Sir,—Your excellent remarks upon the annoyance which travellers experience in finding the remuneration of hotel servants left to their own pleasure, or rather displeasure, have, I am certain, struck every one of your readers with their truth. For a long time I have only gone to those houses, in which I knew the attendance was included in the bill at a fixed rate; and I think the hotels that adopt this practice would do well to more generally advertise it.

* * * * *

(Here follow several remarks very complimentary to The Month, *which we need not intrude upon our readers, but with which we have been sufficiently well pleased.)*

* * * * *

Beyond this, I think you have it in your power to ameliorate a similar exaction, although in another sphere. I allude to the obnoxious practice of paying servants in country houses at which you may have been staying. I have lately been at an old house in ——shire for a week's shooting. We had a very agreeable company; but what with the gamekeeper, butler, valet, (I am not well enough off to take my own) and housemaid, I found myself poorer by two sovereigns when I left the mansion than when I entered it.

I did not especially grumble at this, for the shooting had been good, and so had been the wine, and we had charades every night, and the servants ran about very willingly after burnt corks, and wash-hand basins, and cloaks and screens—(you don't like charades, though, by the bye)—but the worst was, not one of them appeared satisfied with what I gave them. They might have been; but they allowed me to slip it stealthily into their hands, without an acknowledgment, as the railway porter does who puts your portmanteau on a cab, at the Brighton station.

Perhaps you will frame a tariff, of what should be paid to each, to be hung up in the halls of country houses: we should then know what to do.

To those of large income this makes very little difference; but I can assure you it falls rather heavily upon

Yours obediently,

A YOUNGER SON.

THE SAPPER'S BEER.

A RECOLLECTION OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

I.

ALONG the nave he turned,
To take his farewell look
At the model Terra-Cotta church,
And the dome of far Coalbrook.
He listened to the Sommerophone
That thundered on his ear,
And he thought that such extensive tone
Must need extensive Beer.

II.

Beneath that Cotta church
A party sat at ease,
And from a not quite snowy cloth,
Eat buttered bread and cheese.
They poured a draught for him
From a flat stone bottle near,
Which opened with a pop, and smelt
Suspiciously of—Beer.

III.

He turned, and drained the pot!
Oh do not deem him weak;
For really at that public spot,
It needed no small "cheek."
Go, watch the shilling ranks
When dinner-time draws near,
Be sure the hand most daring there
Has smuggled in some Beer.

!!!!!! KOSSUTH !!!!!!

(FROM OUR OWN REPORTER.)

KOSSUTH has arrived in London! He started from Southampton in the first-class carriage No. 72, and sat on the left-hand seat next the door as you get in on the up-rail side. The porters were much affected, especially when he shook hands with all the flymen at the station.

At Basingstoke, KOSSUTH bought a bunch of grapes of the little girl on the platform, whilst the train waited. The sixpence he paid for them was of the reign of George III., A.D. 1817. It was afterwards purchased by Mr. Andrews, of Southampton, for half-a-sovereign. There was a vivid scramble for the grape-shucks, on the platform. He said to the little girl, "These grapes have been nourished by the Sun of Freedom on the Soil of Liberty." The crowd of boys collected on the platform frequently shed tears.

The solicitor at Woking Common had prepared an address for KOSSUTH; but the train went by before it could be presented.

On arriving at Waterloo, it was found that KOSSUTH had lost his ticket. In this predicament the greatest sympathy was shown towards him by the Company. The ticket was subsequently found in the carriage, and bought by Mr. Andrews, of Southampton, as an heir-loom. Mr. Andrews and his family generously came up to town in a horse-box, giving up the first-class carriage to KOSSUTH and his suite.

None of the portraits are like KOSSUTH. He resembles an ordinary *Mossoo* more than any thing else.

KOSSUTH went off to Bayswater in a cab, No. 1137. He took his carpet-bag inside with him, but he had a hamper, it is supposed containing fish, on the top. The cabman was much affected and wept frequently.

KOSSUTH! KOSSUTH!! KOSSUTH!!! Defender of the common rights of mankind! great Patriot of Hungary! Cromwell of modern days! you are now on British soil, and will probably spend there the jovial time of Christmas. Should your resources be crippled by the dastardly tyranny of foreign oppressors, apply for your Valencia raisins, sugar, spice, candied peel, and the best currants to J. Pettitoe, retail grocer, Dyot Street, Seven Dials, where you may purchase winter fruits 25 per cent cheaper than at any other house. Copy the address.

THE EXHIBITION PRIZES.

Offence of the deepest Die—the deepest, at least, that a medallist can sink—seems to have been given in various quarters by the way the Great Exhibition authorities have allotted the Medals. Chevalier Claussen and Alderman Copeland, heroes respectively of flax and crockery, have flung theirs back at the donors. Messrs. Broadwood, and Messrs. Collard, are declaiming, ever so many octaves higher than their widest pianofortes, against the injustice of allowing M. Erard to be "received with musical honours" in respect to his harps, and assert that his pedal does not deserve a medal. Mr. Colt is revolving in his mind how to revenge the slight to his revolvers; and the great American photographer, Mayall, declares that the Commissioners may all go—in at a certain "gate" near New York.

We rather expected this kind of thing. Had there been a dozen medals to give away, we have no doubt they would have been bestowed in quarters hopelessly beyond cavil—the contributors to the *Month* (had we chosen to exhibit) would have had eleven, and Prince Albert the other. But when 2000 people are to be rewarded, everybody who is left out grumbles. Moreover, there are two sorts, Council medals and Prize medals. There are 160 of the first, which is reducing the recipients to very common councilmen indeed, and about 1800 of the prize medals, which are not prize medals after all, for competition is not the principle on which they are awarded. Then the medals were to have been of gold and silver, but the authorities came to the curious decision that, if they were made worth keeping, people would not keep them. So they are made of bronze, because, as they can't be sold or pawned, there is a chance that Mr. Hope, M.P., the East India Company, the Czar Nicholas, Messrs. Fox & Henderson, and other gentlemen, may preserve the distinction thus conferred. This is very right; temptation should be kept out of people's way.

The authorities certainly have done their best, both by preaching and example, to allay any feeling of disappointment rejected contributors might feel. And for this they deserve great praise. They have talked to the unsuccessful exhibitors as parents (of the old school) talk to children who evince jealousy. "Law! child, what has your little

brother got, as a present, after all? It 's only a bit of copper. It 's good for nothing. How *can* you be so silly as to want it from him?" For they began by announcing that giving the prize to one person would not in the least imply that he had done any thing better than any other person. And they concluded by giving their best prize for a pot of pomatum, and refusing it for a pianoforte with all the silver and mother o' pearl in the world outside, and all the improvements of fourteen years inside. Can anything be plainer than the intention of the Commissioners? Why, one would almost as soon be knighted—the expression may seem rash, but we adhere to it—yes, knighted with the sword (wiped and cleaned of course) that is kept to knight tallow-chandlers and herring-curers, as be splashed with Exhibition bronze. We congratulate the charity boys that the colour of their plates prevents any chance of the boys being mistaken for successful exhibitors. But as suspicion may attach to the omnibus conductors, we advise their petitioning Mr. DANIEL WHITTLE HARVEY to change their badges into brass. He can make no difficulty, for that little police affair about a virtuous tenant of his, showed that he had recently in hand a plentiful stock of the article.

However, whatever may be thought of the rewards, it seems that the love of fair-play, for which Englishmen are so much celebrated (by themselves) will keep the authorities in the warmest of water until Christmas, when "solid pudding" will drive out the aspiration for "empty praise." The disputes and squabblings will be a great bore, and we confess our views have somewhat altered as to the desirability of preserviug the Crystal Palace. We had thought that, having answered its own purpose, and being fit for no other, it had better come away at once. But we now think that the authorities aud the insurgent exhibitors had better be turned into the empty building, and left to fight the matter out, conditionally on their being released as soon as they have unanimously agreed who ought to have the prizes. Food for a fortnight to be locked in with them, and after that the doors to be opened on no pretence whatever, until the old O. P. placard shall be seen hoisted in the transept—"WE ARE SATISFIED." As the building is the worst possible conductor of sound (which was the reason it was proposed to give national concerts there), LORD CAMPBELL and the other

neighbours would not be much annoyed by the noise. We respectfully put it to the police whether this course will not be better than allowing the peace of London to be broken for another two months by wranglings over these miserable bits of copper.

When TALLEYRAND saw LORD CASTLEREAGH come to the Congress in plain clothes, while other people were blazing in uniforms plastered over with orders, and stars, and jewels, and other trinketry, of which the continentals are so fond, he observed that the Englishman, after all, was the man who was "distinguished." If the exhibitors cannot apply this moral, we have another to offer. Let them strike a medal for themselves—the obverse may present a view of the Crystal Palace—as novelty is desirable—and for a motto the medallists have only to take one from the cover of the Official Catalogue, slightly altering a letter or two. Let this be the motto of the discontented exhibitor :—

"Non nostra, ista quæ invenimus, dixerunt."

Which, with a crying face, and a voice full of tears, they can translate to their babes thus :—"They 've be—be—been and said that we—we—we didn't in—in—invent them things, when we—we—we *did*. Boo—ooo—ooo!"

THE CROWDED CROSSING.

(A STREET EXPERIENCE OF THE MONTH.)

BY OUR PENSIVE POET.

WHO has not stood "like Patience" on the kerb,
Making cool calculations when to cross,
Which endless trains of vehicles disturb,
Leaving the posed pedestrian at a loss?
Doubtful which course to take, he darts at random,
Then—fear-impelled—darts wildly back again;
Cab, wagon, truck, gig, carriage, bus, and tandem,
By turns succeed, and hope of pause is vain.
"Now!" "No!" "Yes!" "Go!" "Quick!" "Stop!"—as we expected,
Shut in—shut out—clash, clatter, rumble, roar,
Two legs, uncertain where to run, detected,
Retrace their steps exactly as before.
Ah, me! how thrill those legs with conscious pride,
When slash, dash, splash, they gain the other side!

OUR MONTHLY PROPHET.

THE other day, a seedy individual called at our office, wishing to know if we were in want of a smart, active Astrologer, to look after the future, and make himself generally prophetic.

As it struck us that an occasional insight into the middle of next month might be acceptable to our readers, we asked him what he could do. He informed us that he had been engaged on an Almanack, as Prophetic Messenger, for some years, during which his intelligence had given general satisfaction. He had, however, been compelled to leave, the work being of the heaviest description, and the place one where no assistant familiar spirit was kept. He had been out of employment for some time, and was in the deepest distress. He had not cast a horoscope for several weeks.

Touched by his sufferings, and fascinated by his cheapness (fifteen shillings a week and find his own telescope) we have engaged him to furnish us with a monthly prophecy on things in general. An observatory has been rigged up for him in our top garret. We have supplied him with funds to get his compasses out of pawn, and a bit of chalk (at our own expense) to draw his magic circles—stipulating, however, that he shall not make too great a mess on the floor, or do anything to frighten the neighbours.

The following is his first monthly effort. It is an understood thing that—in case of his predictions failing to come true—his future services will be dispensed with (there was also a promise given that a portion of his salary should be refunded, but, as to the fulfilment of *that* particular prophecy, we are not sanguine).

We have glanced over his prognostications ; and, candidly, we don't think much of them. Some of his expressions we consider in the highest degree objectionable. We told him as much: but he met our opposition flippantly by remarking that their present badness was of little consequence, as he would undertake to make his words " good " at the end of the month.

NOVEMBER.

The aspeet of the heavens, throughout this month, will be dark and gloomy. Look not to the stars for guidance, as you won't be able to catch a glimpse of them.

It will be a month of dangers and difficulties. Happy the man who can see his way through the dark and slippery paths, in which the greatest may fall—and hurt themselves. There will be perils by land and by water. An obstruction in front of *Ursa Major*—the Brown Bear—betokens a frightful omnibus accident, which the presence of *Saturn*—the Time-Keeper—might have frustrated: (*Mercury*—the Pickpocket—being meanwhile busy with the weatherbound passengers.) *Aquarius* is invisible, *i. e.* Waterman, No. 12, will be stuck in the fog!

Woe to those who forget the fifth! They may slumber awhile in calm unconsciousness of its importance; but a thousand voices will soon let them know that they would do well to remember it. There will be No-Popery demonstrations on this day, which will lead to angry risings among the greatest and most respectable families. And, in many cases, the consequences of disturbing the public peace will be visited on the heads of the offenders—by those in high places.

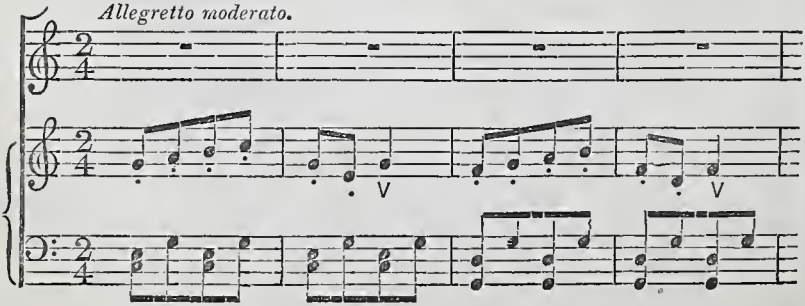
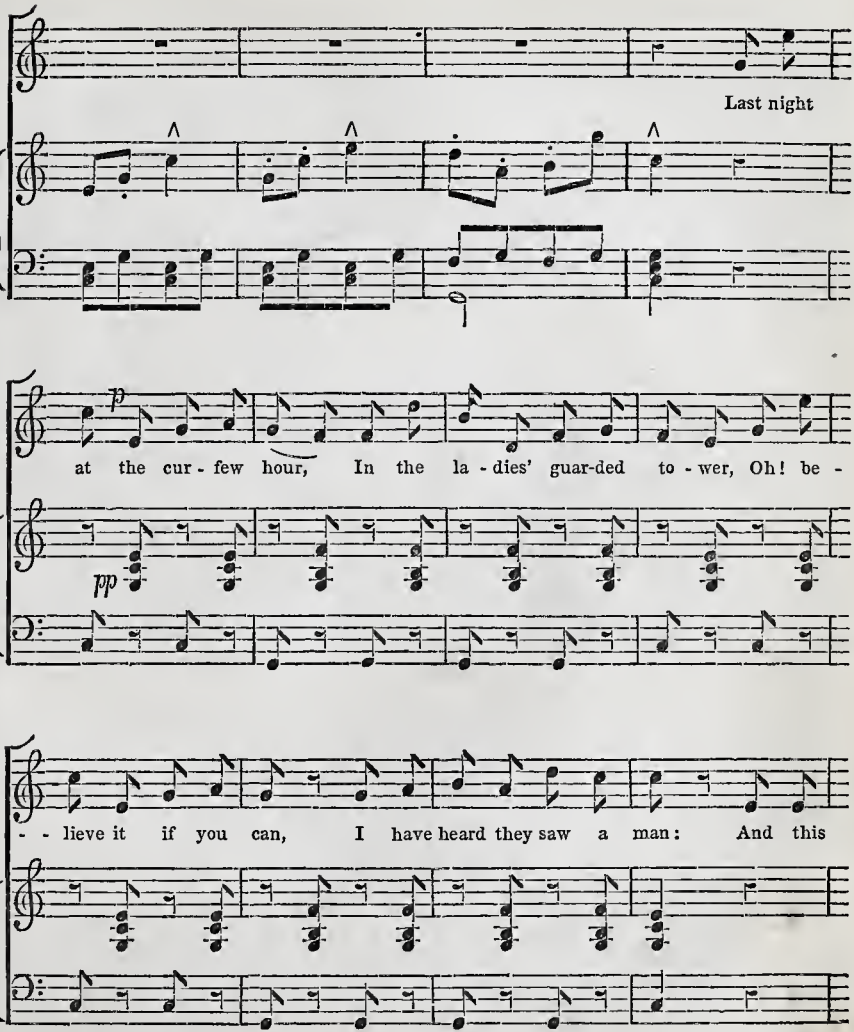
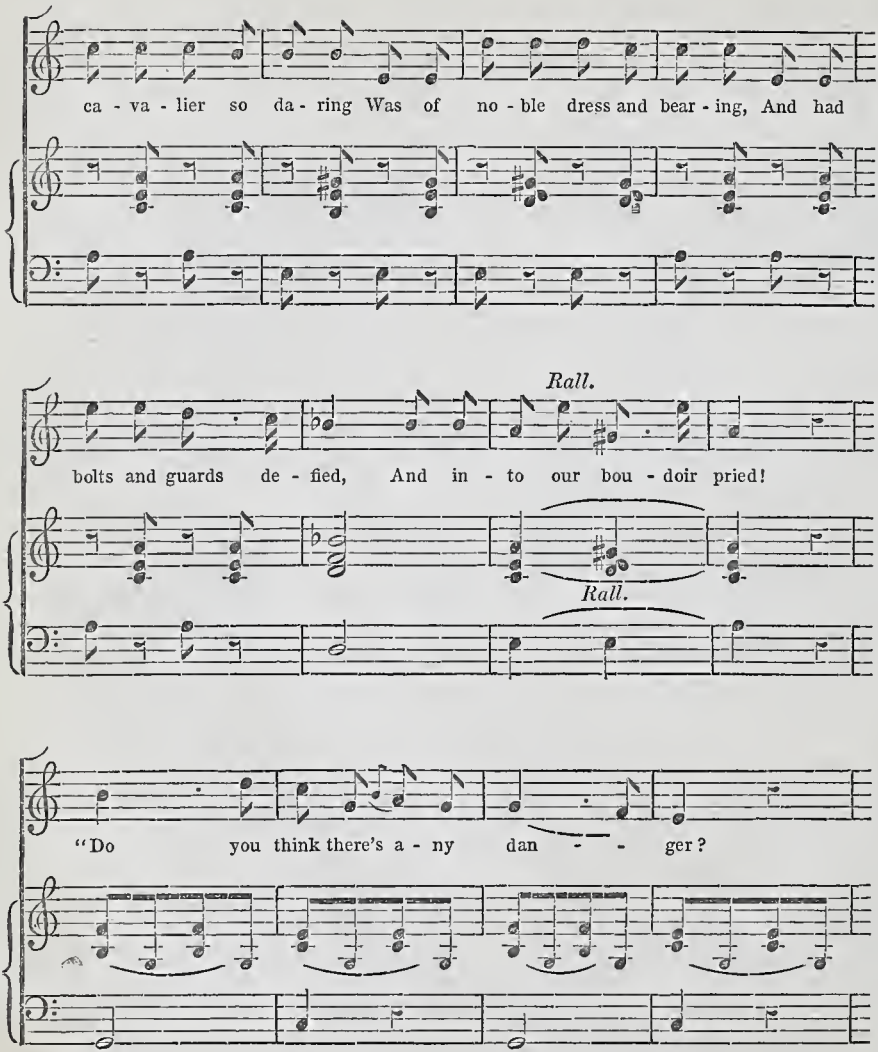
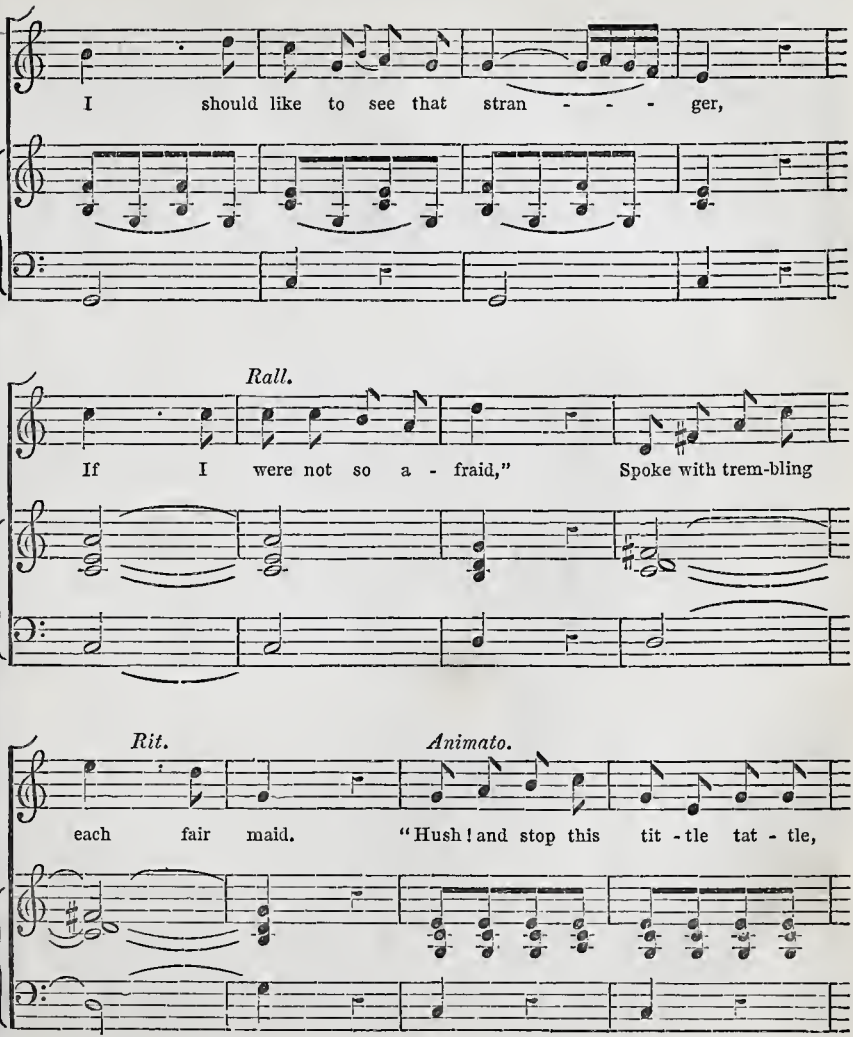
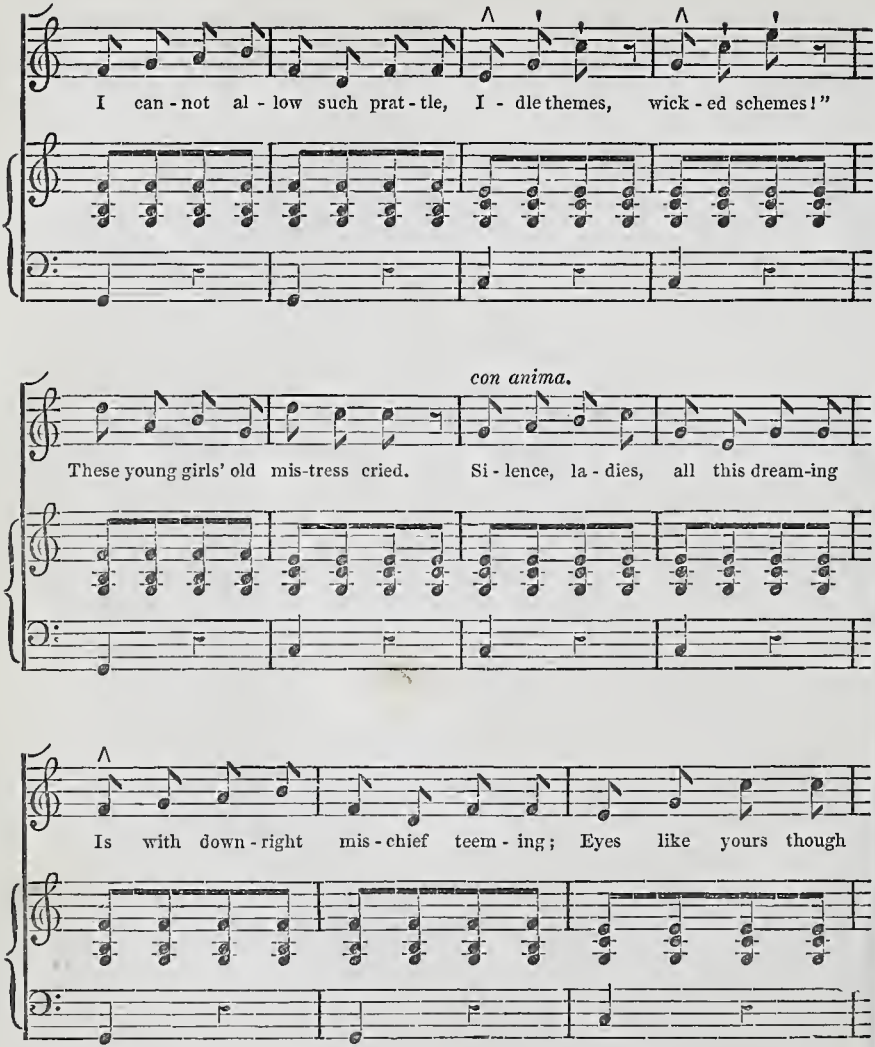
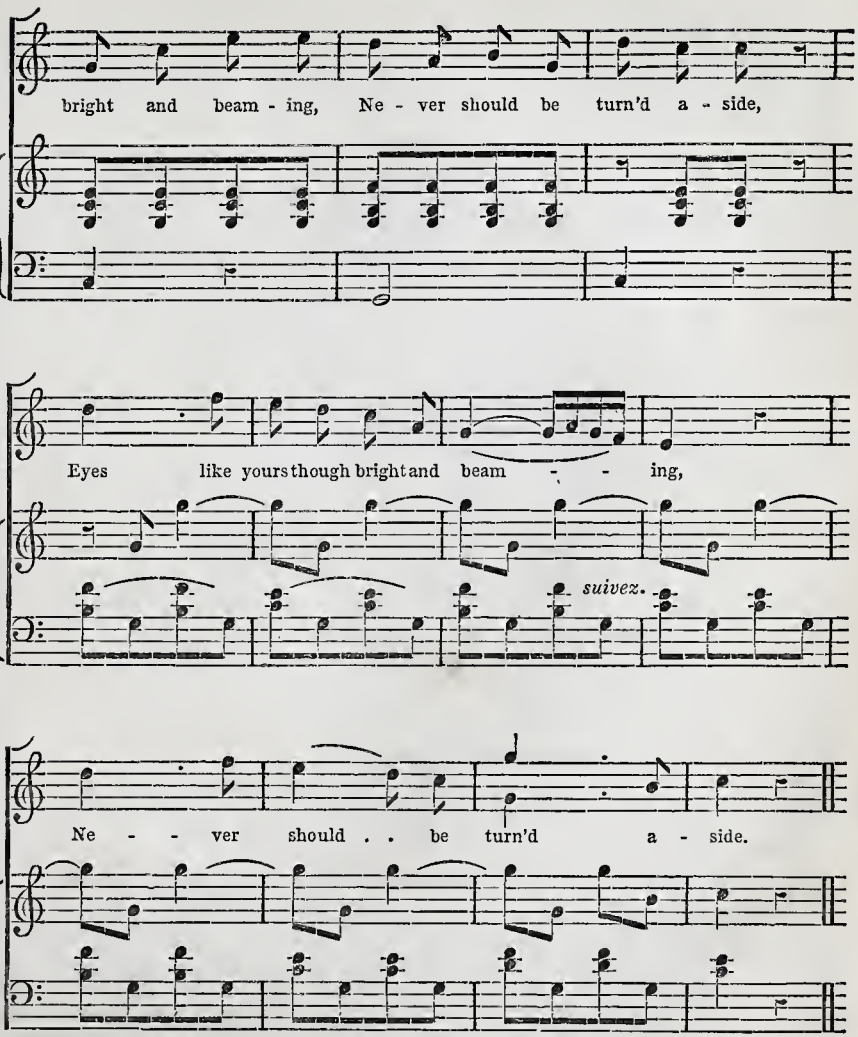
A star is still missing from the Pleiades! Madame Celeste has not yet returned from her transatlantic engagements to appear in her favorite character of Miami, in the *Green Bushes*.

On the ninth, a terrible scene will be enacted in the City. The new Lord Mayor, envious of the event which shed such lustre on the reign of his predecessor, will make a Great Exhibition of himself.

Towards the middle of the month, emigration will commence from the neighbourhood of Bethnal Green—to a frightful extent. It is likely that the prospectus of the new theatre, on the principle of Sadler's Wells, will be issued at about that time.

What is it that threatens the inhabitants of Oxford Street and the vicinity, with such appalling woe on the 22nd? Let us ask the stars. We have—and they have informed us. The Princess's Theatre will re-open; and as Mr. Charles Kean is still connected with the management, a horrible tragedy may be expected. With that gentleman in the principal character, we may be prepared for the worst. Woe! woe! to the people if they do not look to it, though still greater woe to them, if they are weak enough to go and look at it.

THE MAIDS OF HONOUR.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Last night
p
at the cur - few hour, In the la - dies' guar-ded to - wer, Oh! be -
pp
- - lieve it if you can, I have heard they saw a man: And this

ca - va - lier so da - ring Was of no - ble dress and bear - ing, And had
Rall.
bolts and guards de - fied, And in - to our bou - doir pried!
Rall.
"Do you think there's a - ny dan - - ger?

I should like to see that stran - - - ger,
Rall.
If I were not so a - fraid," Spoke with trem-bling
Rit.
Animato.
each fair maid. "Hush! and stop this tit - tle tat - tle,

I can - not al - low such prat - tle, I - dle themes, wick - ed schemes!"
con anima.
These young girls' old mis-tress cried. Si - lence, la - dies, all this dream-ing
Is with down - right mis - chief teem - ing; Eyes like yours though

bright and beam - ing, Ne - ver should be turn'd a - side,
Eyes like yours though bright and beam - - ing,
suivez.
Ne - - ver should . . be turn'd a - side.

You must know this man so daring,
As his proper crest is wearing
On his breast a lion bold,
Work'd in silk and cloth of gold.
And our turret's oaken portal
Scarcely open'd to a mortal,
When he appears in sight
Unlocks itself each night.
"Yes," cried Blanche; "and last night stealing,
Whilst the curfew bell was pealing,
Near our room he dropp'd this ring,
And I thought 'twas—" "Who?" "The King!"
"Hush! and stop," &c.

Now beyond this girlish chatter,
No one could explain the matter;
Though the whole affair at court
Made a deal of talk and sport.
But the queen, the mystery learning,
With some jealous fancy burning,
Never rested night or day
Until Blanche was far away.
Stories go, she only tarried
At the court, till she was married
To the Queen's own page, they say,
And the King gave her away.

But the girls ne'er ceased to prattle,
And kept on their tittle-tattle,
Though all day, "Silence, pray!"
Still the old Duenna cried.
"Silence, ladies, all this scheming,
Is with downright mischief teeming;
Eyes like yours, though bright and beaming,
Never should be turned aside."

A FORTUNE FOR A SHILLING AND NO MISTAKE. All the winners of every race next year, told for a shilling. *Nonsuch* right again—sent a different horse to everybody and some one got *Truth*. Nonsuch will thank him for his percentage, which you must know I am entitled to. He is sorry all could not win their money, but somebody must lose or how could others gain? Never say die, my friends! Fill the flowing bowl and drink to Nonsuch with three times three and a little one in. What's a shilling to ensure thirty thousand million pounds: and this shall be yours. Again! again! again! Huzzah! Flare up and sport your tin!

GOING THE WHOLE HOD.

THE papers inform us that "The Earl of Zetland has laid the foundation stone of the St. George's Hall with *imposing masonic ceremony.*"

We are glad to hear it. We have always been dissatisfied with the way in which these affairs have been generally managed by noble amateurs in the foundation-stone line, from his Royal Highness the Prince downwards. They have never seemed to enter thoroughly into the spirit of the thing. They just come in their carriages, dressed as mere gentlemen, make a speech, and without so much as taking off their gloves, knock up a little dirt pie of mortar with a silver trowel, and all is done.

The expressive "imposing masonic ceremony" leads us to infer that the Earl of Zetland has managed matters in a far more artistic manner.

Having undertaken the offices of a bricklayer for the time being, he doubtless nobly resolved to act as such. We presume he appeared in his shirt sleeves and a paper cap; mixed his own mortar; worked the crane himself, and deposited the stone in its proper resting-place. His lordship then probably wiped his face with a cotton pocket-handkerchief, and having partaken of refreshment—in the shape of a pot of beer—provided for him by the committee, withdrew amidst the cheers of the bystanders, carrying his own ladder.

THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH

We have very little to chronicle in addition to our October report. London is in a state of dismal torpidity, and likely to remain so for a month longer. The principal theatres are shut up; the panoramas "will shortly close;" and every thing is as dull as can be.

The Olympic has brought out a burlesque on *Azael*, which is not very good; nor is it well played, the part of the hero being entirely out of Mr. Compton's line. It should have been Mrs. Keeley's, but perhaps the subject had better have been left alone altogether. Either the dialogue is written with a grand contempt for metre, or the actors deliver it with unpardonable carelessness; and what is supposed to be a representation of a *bal masqué* at Vauxhall, is a very dull affair every way. A Mrs. Phillips is cruelly put into characters at this house, that she might have played with effect thirty years ago; and Mr. Farren's bad taste, in persisting to bring his painful infirmity of speech before the public deserves general condemnation. A Miss Fielding—we believe from the provinces—appears to be a clever girl.

A Figure of Fun, at the Strand, is remarkable for the very clever acting of Mr. Rogers, as a showman's assistant; and Miss Marshall, as a maid-servant turned Bloomer. After Mrs. Keeley, we have no *soubrette* on the stage half so effective as this very available actress.

Mr. Silsbee has proved a great card for the Adelphi, and his Yankeeisms are received with roars of laughter. Miss Ellen Chaplin 'makes up' admirably in the same piece; and the Liverpool-born farce of "Bloomerism" has proved an undoubted hit. If Miss Woolgar is a

type of what the Bloomers ought to be, we are sure everybody must wish to see the fashion generally adopted.

The little Batemans have finished too soon at the St. James's, with houses literally crammed to the ceiling. We are glad to record this, because we almost stood alone in an early and unqualified recognition of their talent. They are very clever little people, and will do much more than they have done.

Our readers will be surprised to hear that *two new theatres* are being talked about; and we believe, in each instance, the greater part of the capital necessary will be made up of dollars rather than sovereigns. One is entirely for horsemanship, in the same style, and on the same plan as the Cirque, in the Champs Elysées—a speculation that must pay, if well carried out. The other is for Historical Drama; and now that the old five act school is flickering in its dying convulsions, it appears to be the only chance a theatre can have of attracting.

At the same time some leading actor must turn up somewhere. It is a general remark that the profession was never at so low an ebb as at present. Not a gleam of young and attractive talent is visible anywhere, to supply the place of those who are going. There is nothing in the provinces; we really believe Miss Woolgar was the last importation of real importance; and this was seven or eight years ago. From among our present companies we have no leading tragedian—nay, we have not even a first-rate melo-dramatic actor. For example, if we wished to see *The Brigand:* whom have we to play *Massaroni* as James Wallack *did* —as Melingue *could?* Take the highest ground of all. Is there anybody whom any manager would be daring enough to entrust Mercutio to? Have we any *Falstaff?* Could any one oblige us with the slightest hint as to the whereabouts of a *Falconbridge?* Punch's immortal joke of "*Hamlet's* coming!" applied to the effect which Mr. Charles Kean's performance of the Prince of Denmark was supposed to have made upon the Royal children, was the terrible truth of what we have to look for in *that* quarter. In fact there is next to nothing anywhere outside the ring in which our old established favourites move: indeed until some grand overwhelming general theatrical smash and convulsion takes place, and all the elements reform themselves into fresh combinations, we have very little to hope for.

WORDS FOR A MADRIGAL.

By a river's flowery side
There my lady fair I spied,
With a fal lal la, and a fal lal la,
And a fal lal lal lal la!

A BLOOMER ON HORSEBACK.

Boy.—"Did you want your 'orse holded, Miss?"

Mr. Marshall, "is not mad."

THE MONTH.

A

VIEW OF PASSING SUBJECTS AND MANNERS,

HOME AND FOREIGN, SOCIAL AND GENERAL.

BY

ALBERT SMITH & JOHN LEECH.

DECEMBER, 1851.

PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE OF "THE MONTH,"
No. 3, WHITEFRIARS STREET.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor cannot, *in any case*, undertake to return MSS. forwarded to him. Writers are therefore recommended to keep copies of everything they send.

All communications must be addressed to the Editor, at the Office of "The Month," No. 3, Whitefriars Street. It will possibly save much trouble, as well to many of our correspondents as to ourselves, to inform them that all the business arrangements of the work are in the hands of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, Whitefriars.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MONTH."

Mr. Editor—While engaged in what Mr. Wright would call "walking our chalks" a few days since near Euston Square, we were somewhat surprised to see a sign on which was painted in staring letters, "Railway Milk." This we thought at first might be a sort of liquid oxide, but on looking through the window we discovered in the well-known tins, milk of some sort, but why it was called "Railway Milk" we could not guess. We have certainly heard of the "milky way" but that way is out of the way of any engine ever made by Stephenson. How "Railway Milk" is made we can't guess—though we have certainly heard of many rails being scattered over with the brains and calves of hapless passengers in a way (whey) sufficient to make the blood curdle. Perhaps some of our fast readers will send us a line in explanation.

ROTHSCHILD.—The *Lottery Ticket* playing at the Adelphi Theatre has no connection with the subject of the French *L' ingots d'or*, though the latter has turned out to be a farce to some and a tragedy to others.

S. D. STEWART.—We believe that by the "solidarity of peoples" Kossuth meant the swell mob—most of whom are ardent republicans and consider that *La propriété c'est le vol.*

EUREKA.—Many of the advertisements in the third column of the *Times*, have frequently been a sad puzzle to us, we were weeks before we got the "Door Mat" out of our heads, while some of the Fonetic one's nearly drove us wild, but the following *interesting* communication which appeared in the "leading journal" of the 14th ult., is, we think, very easy of comprehension—"D. T. J. Take no rash steps, but visit your unele immediately." Of course somebody's advising somebody else not to sell something for that queer price known as "next to nothing," but to pawn them. We will bet two to one we are right, and we trust that D. T. J. will not give any pledges he can't redeem, like the continental monarchs did in 1848.

A Pretty Nut to Crack sends us the following:—

Why are the imitations of a celebrated Diamond utterly valueless?
Because they are neither Coin nor (Koh-i-noor) Diamond ! ! ! !

Why is a man inhabiting the first floor of an Oyster Warehouse like a busy body?
Because he is over a fish-house (over-officious).

These are written in a lady's hand, or we should have said something harsh.

Viscount Palmerston.—"Encouraged by the kind attention we bestowed upon the incipient jocularity of Lords Ellesmere and Granby," your Lordship writes, "You have attempted a slight witticism." In acknowledging the addresses approving your Lordship's conduct in procuring the release of the Hungarian refugees from Kutayeh, you allude to the necessity which existed for giving strong support to the Sultan—in fact, you remarked, "the *Porte* required judicious *bottle-holding*." We are much pleased with your Lordship, both as a wit and a diplomatist. Our Nursery for Aristocratic Comicalities flourishes beyond our hopes.

The Times, in an article brilliant enough for our own pages (we can pay it no higher compliment), traces, in an article on the Lord Mayor's Show, a connexion between Venus rising from the Sea and the Lord Mayor landing at Westminster. The real feature connecting the spectacle of the 9th of November with past ages was Widdicombe riding in the procession.

A Correspondent wishes to know how salmon ought to be dressed.

Mr. Farren usually wears a long waistcoat, black breeches and gaiters, or pantaloons and Hessian boots, a bright blue coat with gilt buttons, broad-brimmed hat, watch-ribbon and seals, and carries a crutch-headed cane.

A Musical Gentleman wishes to know, if the eighteen men in armour who figured at the Lord Mayor's Show, mounted on Mr. Batty's cream-coloured horses, were preceded by a band appropriately playing "Batti, batti." We have serious reasons to fear that the musical gentleman intends this question for a joke.

The Wretched Individual who, because he has been on the Continent, thinks he has a right to torture poor unoffending Englishmen, had the audacity the other day to ask us the following conundrum:—

Why is a person half-way up Monte Velino like one who writes verses?

(*Ans.*) Because "He 's on high to the Apenine,"—("He 's an eye to the Happy nine," meaning, we presume, the Muses).

An Ignorant Ensign wishes to know whether "the Standard of Natural Sherry" is any relative to "the Flag that 's braved a thousand years, the battle and the breeze." He had better refer his question to F. M. the Duke of Wellington.

BERTHA is mistaken in believing that turtle soup is made from doves. Turtles are found on Dartmoor after heavy rains: and after their wool—which makes beaver hats—is sheared, they are sent to London, and smoked for table use.

OUR JULIE wishes to know what is the difference between a huntsman and a tarlatan dress, which ANNIE has asked her, but won't explain. We do not know, unless it is that one skirts a cover sometimes, and the other covers a skirt.

GOOD MAISTERE EDITOIRE,—Ofttymes doe I take my famylie to heare a goode olde standarde opera, and likewise an oratorio at Exeter hys halle: and, by my halidame! have I devised two faire jokes there anent. Wilt have them, i'fackins? Here:—

"Whenne does Donne Giovanni expresse ye sentiments of ye Duke of Richmond? —Whenne he sayeth, 'Il Commendatore!' (He'll commend a tory.)

"Again:—Why didde ye Prince Consorte, whenne he assisted ye Queene to raise ye Lord of Londesborough to ye peerage, resemble a great musicianne composynge his fineste werke?—Verilie, because he Haydn (*aiding*) in *ye Creation!*

"So reste you, merrie Maistere Editoire, and farewelle!

"Thine, ROGER DE'SHARPEWITTES."

WHIST.—A B C and D, playing whist, all forget what's trumps. What is to be done? We can't tell.

A bets B that Pope's well-known line—

"Pleased with *the rattle*, tickled with *the straw*,"

was applied by the poet to a person fond of riding in omnibuses! Which wins?

A FINE YOUNG HORSE FOR SALE, which has never been broken in, is very wild and unmanageable, and has caused several fatal and serious accidents. For a gentleman troubled with a Bloomer wife, who is strong minded and rides after the hounds, it will be *found* a bargain.

FOUND IN AN OMNIBUS by a Gentleman, who was seated with his back to the window, *a severe cold.* Anybody desirous of possessing the same, can have it by going to the same place and paying the usual expenses.

Just published. Fcap. 8vo.

VISITING MY RELATIONS, and its Results.—A series of small pasteboard Memoranda in the Pocket-book of a Recluse.

HOW TO STOP, AND WHEN TO STOP; or Spunging reduced to a System. By one who does not wait till he's asked, and never goes waay till he's turned out.

Also, a New Edition, with Illustrations, of

THE STORY OF THE GENIUS, who turned every thing he could lay hands on into Gold, and then bolted.

ADIEUX TO KOSSUTH.

Adieu, great Kossuth! As the last cannons thunder
Their roaring response to your very last bow,
What *are* your own real impressions, I wonder,
Of those who 've made you their excuse for a row.

For yourself, all you 've done here redounds to your credit,
Disarming old foes, and creating no new;
You 've learned the right thing, at the right time you 've said it,
In free, glowing phrases of eloquence true.

At heart as sincere, too, as folks who have prattled
Of "hollow harangues," and of "double-faced art,"
You came with a "purpose," for which you have battled,
And fairly and manfully played out your part.

But as for us English, one part of our trade is
Importing all strays from church, palace, or gaol;
And if Bogy himself should be kicked out of Hades,
We 'd lodge him at Crocky's, and weep o'er his *tale.*

But you were a godsend—we recked not the scandal
Some folks tried to fling! it was spite thrown away.
On two points alone had you left them a handle;
You didn't like fighting, and rather liked "play."

The "play" was a farce: your admirers could shrive all
Your faults in that line—you 'd no tempest to weather;
While those who assembled to cheer your arrival
Will never find fault with what's called the white feather.

There 's Feargus himself—how he deals fulmination;
What patriot thunder, red-hot from the forge!
But he takes, when his dupes make the least demonstration,
Precious care to get safely locked up by Sir George.

For his friends and the Charter's—those pale-livered zealots—
You 've heard, Sir, no doubt, from some pedagogue's lips,
How the Spartans put down a rebellion of Helots
By pure moral force—by just cracking their whips.

When Feargus's fools for a death-struggle nerved them,
(Their very small beer lashed to Socialist foam,)
The true men of London turned out and "observed" them
With eighteen-inch sticks. Your admirers—went home.

Our shop-boys, restrained by tyrannical masters,
(Who brutally begged they 'd attend to their work,)
Waived the gratification of waving their castors
For Ungary's Ero, and Habdul the Turk.

But they 've studied the question, and sent you addresses,
Where grammar starts free from the serfdom of rule;
And, excusing a few geographical messes,
The counter's a very high form in your school.

The addresses inform you,—that is, if you read 'em,
The Ban was a terrible Curse to the land;
That, nightly, to stifle poor Hungary's freedom,
Her Iron Gate's locked by the Emperor's hand.

They deplore it, but add an indignant defiance
Cremorne sends its patriot cry to Comorn,
And sighs to make war on the Holy Alliance,
Where Danube (they state) laves the dark Golden Horn.

There's another nice batch who adorned your processions,
The retail Rienzis of vestry debates,
Who are cruelly dragged up, by scores, at each sessions,
For cheating poor workmen by using false weights.

Electors, to whom a pet candidate, vowing
The service he'd do them, intended no mock,
When he promised support to the "Bill for Allowing
Addresses by Counsel for Felons in Dock."

And then, crowning glory, to aid your ovations,
You had the sweet breath of the Jobbers of Jobs,
The muck-loving, blustering, mean Corporations,
Vulgarity's *crême*, the quintessence of snobs.

While such were the friends whom you've oft had to blush for,
A few keener heads, too, you'd count in the throng,
Who intend that a cause that they dont care a rush for
Shall answer good end on the hustings ere long.

You know that the Better Class kept from your banner,
Not hating yourself, but not loving your cause,
And feeling unmeasured content with the manner
Our monarchy pivots our popular laws.

But we bear you no spite—an antagonist doubly can
Honour your eloquence, tactics, and pluck,
So we wish *bon voyage* to you, gallant Republican,
Plaudits, and feasts, and all sorts of good luck.

ADVENTURES OF LEONARD WARNER.

BEING THE HISTORY OF A RASSELAS OF THE PRESENT DAY IN SEARCH OF A TWELVEMONTH OF DISTRACTION.

CHAPTER VIII.

TOM MARSHALL LURES MR. LANGLEY INTO THE VORTEX.

LEAVING Leonard and Eaton on the glowing clinkers of Vesuvius, in terrible anxiety as to the fate of the Doctor, and Margaret Bell once more at her uncomfortable home at the Worleys', we will return to Ellen Langley's house at Brompton.

It was the day after the dinner-party, and everything was where it ought not to be. Things had been so put about and deranged, that for once Ellen thought it would be so nice if the husband of her heart would dine with her brother at his club. Tom, who was in the city, belonged to the Gresham, and would be sure to be there about five or half-past; and Mr. Langley fell into the notion with the greatest aequiescence, so he started off at once, and in the hall of the club found Tom looking at the play bills. "Halloo, Langley—how are you to-day?" he asked. "What brought you here?"

"I was thinking, perhaps, you would ask me to dine with you. They're rather in disorder at home—everything is being washed up. I think I should have been washed up myself, if I had not made my escape."

"Delighted to see you; but we won't dine here. You said you would come to my chop-house some day. Let us go there now—can't have a better opportunity."

Mr. Langley was very pliable, so he took his brother-in-law's arm, and went off with him. They walked on until they came to a little tavern in a narrow thoroughfare, where nothing appeared to have been altered for a century. Looking through a door any one might see, far in the

distance of the long dark room, a huge fire throwing its dancing reddened glow upon indistinct figures sitting near it.

"This is the place," said Tom, "and now to buy our dinner."

Before Mr. Langley replied, he was taken into an adjoining butcher's shop, where four chops were ordered to be cut from one of the fine loins lying on the board. Then, not proud, Tom took these in a piece of playbill and marched back to the tavern, passing on to the extreme end of the room, where was a gridiron on the large fire just alluded to, which certainly might have accommodated St. Lawrence on an emergency, with room even to spare for a small friend. Mr. Langley was almost awed by its size. All over the large gridiron, which a trim girl was superintending, were numerous little private properties in meat, broiling and blazing away to admiration. Betsy knew to whom each bit belonged; and if a fine piece of fat, in the excitement of being cooked, wandered along the bars from its own steak to an alien one, it was put back again. Betsy was, however, not beyond being talked over. She had her favourites, and Tom Marshall was one of them; so that if there was an especial spot with a clearer fire underneath, his chop was deposited carefully above it.

Mr. Langley was made to sit down in a box, having seen the chops properly disposed of; and then Tom Marshall made a tour of the tables, at each of which he knew somebody. Then he came back again, and whispered small speeches, supposed to be compliments, to Betsy, until the chops were ready, and served up on pewter platters, hissing hot.

Mr. Langley was a mild, well-meaning man, of that gentle disposition that usually accompanies spectacles, and, moreover, not a year married: but he was mortal. For a moment, he wondered why he never got his chops so well-cooked at home as at a tavern—why they were never so hot—why, in fact, they were different things altogether. And then he thought, perhaps, after all, married men did not keep all the happiness of life to themselves; and just at that moment the bright pewter of stout, with its foaming head, arrived, and he was told by Tom to "dip his beak into it," the which he incontinently and practically did.

The dinner was excellent; and then Tom said they must have some punch, which he affirmed was superb—that it would make Mr. Langley's

THE FASHION OF THE MONTH.

THE NEW ARTICLE OF LADY'S DRESS THAT WILL BE SO VERY MUCH WORN.

Clara.—"How do you like my new waistcoat, dear?"

Harriette.—"Well, I declare it's sweetly pretty!—the most—a—a—the most SLAP-UP thing I've seen for a long time."

hair curl, and cause him to speak double Dutch backwards, in no lessons, without a master; with many other curious attributes worthy of some investigation.

The punch came and was repeated, and then Tom began to tell good things, and romances of history pertaining to love and Gravesend, and stories with the Argyle Rooms and that celebrated aristocrat, the Honourable Robert Crofts—as he termed him—for their scenes of action.

"By the way, Langley," he said, "you must come to the Argyle Rooms."

"No, no: nonsense," replied the other; "no: I can't go there."

"Why not?"

"Well—I don't know, but—"

"No, I should think not: no more do I. I hold it to be the duty of a man to see everything; especially amusements."

"Certainly; you are right there," answered Langley; but I generally take Ellen about with me. Now, you know, from what I have heard, the Argyle Rooms—"

"Very true: yes: it might bore her. I know what you are going to say. But *you* would be amused. I 'm sure of it."

Tom was the Mephostophiles, and Langley the Faust. Another tumbler of punch did it.

"Let's go," said Tom.

"Well—let 's," answered the other, and off they started; Mr. Langley feeling remarkably festive. His head was a perfect balloon, and he had a notion that he could skate the *Prophète* dance even along the paving-stones.

"This is quite like old times," said Mr. Langley.

"I told you so," said Tom. "Let's have a Hansom."

"Let's," rejoined Mr. Langley. A cab, of the class thus facetiously designated, was caught flying; and into it Mr. Langley and Tom wedged themselves, after those difficulties and intricacies always attendant upon so doing.

"Now I'll show you some fun, Langley," said young Marshall. "Do," replied the other, joyously—rubbing his hands well. "Capital!"

"I'll bet you a hat," continued the other, "I get a crowd about us in Cheapside."

"I dare say you can, Tom; but I never bet."

"Never mind—here goes!"

And before the well-conducted Mr. Langley had the slightest notion as to in what manner the popular attention was to be excited, Tom leant from the cab, as far as was consistent with safety, and thus appealed to the public—

"I am *not* mad,"—(he pronounced it "mard," like an actor)—"I am not, indeed! They are taking me to a lunatic asylum against my will."

"Tom! Tom!—what are you about!" cried Langley, terrified in spite of his hilarity, and trying to pull him back.

"I hear you," cried Marshall, louder than ever. "People of London! my keeper is trying to gag me!"

"Shame! shame!" cried the spectators, who began to increase, flanked, as is always the case, by lots of boys, who kept up with the Hansom, in the gutter. "Hooray!" responded the boys. "But I am *not* mad!" continued Tom, suddenly breaking into a lyrical inspiration of the day—"No, by Heaven! no, by Heaven! I am not mad!"

"Tom, don't! for goodness sake, don't," cried Langley.

"He's at it again!" exclaimed Marshall to the running crowd. "But I am a freeborn Englishman!"

"Hooray!" cried the boys again.

They were approaching the corner of St. Paul's churchyard, where the tide of foot passengers goes into a little channel of its own, leaving the larger course for the vehicles. As they neared this point, Tom Marshall bawled out to their escort,—

"I am *not* mad; but I think the whole lot of you must be, to be made such fools of!"

The mob were quite aghast at this sudden sell, and, before they could recover, the cab turned round the corner, and left them in a knot; at the crossing, by the renowned trunk-maker's. Tom Marshall burst into a loud fit of laughter, as he got away from his late partisans; and Mr. Langley felt that comfortable sensation which a nervous voyager experiences when one of the South-Eastern boats suddenly turns from the tossing and boiling water of the bar into the comparative tranquillity between the piers of Boulogne harbour.

"Upon my honour, Tom, you quite frightened me," said Mr. Langley.

"Ho!" responded Marshall: "that's nothing. But you have been out of that kind of life, lately. Is there really any fun in being married."

"I am convinced it is the only happy state," replied Mr. Langley with gravity.

"Ah! I've heard so," observed Tom, "and dear old Nelly is one of a thousand. She always was a good one."

And then as if the little dialogue had excited serious thoughts, they both kept quiet until they got to the rooms.

Not for us is the task of tarnishing, in ever so slight a way, Mr. Langley's fair fame, by recounting his hilarity that evening. We would not for any consideration even hint, how, after he left the rooms, Tom Marshall took him into taverns where men great in convivial harmony cheered the night by singing sentiments, more or less of that feeble philosophy embodied in the old ditty "away with melancholy"—where the "chops, steaks, kidneys, welch rabbits, poached eggs" of the waiter were cooked in quantities that one could scarcely have imagined all the sheep, oxen, cheeses, and hens of England could have produced; where for lack of pegs you could have hung your hat on the smoke, so thick was it. Nor would we make the most remote mention of how Tom Marshall further took him to houses open later still for the cultivation of conviviality, at each of which Mr. Langley looked upon the world in more dazzling colours than ever. How he warmly shook hands with a policeman, and said that all mankind were brothers upon emerging into the open air—how its effect upon him led him to sing a chorus touching on an approaching general amelioration of circumstances, if patience were but exerted, at the top of his voice, in the Haymarket, we will not notice. We only feel called upon to state, that just as light was visible in the eastern sky, Mr. Langley felt it advisable to call a cab.

"Here you are, sir," said the man, who was on the pavement, near the gin-shop, on the opposite side of the way.

"What nonsense you talk," said Mr. Langley, "I'm not there—I'm here. Haven't you got any eyes?"

"Beg your pardon, sir," answered the man. "Want a cab?"

"No—we're going too far," replied Tom.

"Take you anywhere, sir," said the man.

"Very well," observed Mr. Marshall; "as far as you can for eightpence towards California."

Mr. Langley thought his brother-in-law so funny—really, he was such a fellow!

"My horse 'll take you, sir," replied the man, not to be beaten. "He'll go like being in an arm-chair. When he's got to Californy, all he'll want to do 'll be to set off back again directly."

"Ah! he's not the only one that will do that," said Mr. Langley, in a moral tone.

The cab came up, and Mr. Langley was put into it, unaccompanied by his brother-in-law, who lived quite in an opposite direction. It was now getting gradually lighter in the sky; and when the coffee-stalls at the corners of the streets were crowded with guests, and the Fulham market carts were drawling along the thoroughfares, Mr. Langley arrived at his own door.

He did not look pretty. He had knocked his hat against something, and it retained the shape thus forcibly given to it. He had cracked a glass of his spectacles. His cravat was untied, he not having been able to re-establish its knot satisfactorily. He had lost one of his gloves, and broken one of his straps; and, through careless feeding in the delirium of his conviviality, had allowed some poached egg to drop upon his shirt front, so that altogether he had a dissipated appearance, which the state of his hair did not improve, inasmuch as from renewed thrusting up of his fingers through it, to give it a lively appearance, it somewhat resembled the feather brooms used to dust china ornaments and cheffonier gimcracks.

However, all this would have been of little consequence, could Mr. Langley have crept to bed unnoticed: for his hilarity was already beginning to settle into a headache, and clear morning perception was returning. But this he could not do. He told the cabman to call in the morning, for he had not a sixpence left, and then went up to his door, finding that the last and dearest of all man's household gods—the latch-key—was still in his possession.

A sad shock was in store for him. Every pleasure carries with it its

consequences, and even the latch-key is sometimes a cover to grief, as all have experienced who believe in that humble minister to the bachelor's enjoyment. Mr. Langley scratched about the scutcheon of the lock for a little space, and at last found the way in. The wards turned easily, and he was already, in imagination, in his own passage as the door opened, when it suddenly stopped with a shock and a jar—there was a noise of metal links abruptly tightened, and the horrible truth burst upon him. The chain was up!

What was to be done? The new servant had not come, and Mrs. Hibbett's maid had gone home; the area bell rang into the kitchen, and the knocker was known to alarm the entire neighbourhood. However, there was nothing else to be done; so, after one vague determination of sitting up in an adjoining coffee-shop until he could go in with the milk, he gave a weak-minded knock to begin with—in the spirit of the well-known reduced gentlewoman, who after crying "muffins," hoped nobody heard her. The knock, however, was heard. There was the sound of a creaking hinge,—a light glimmered in the passage, seen through the fanlight, and Ellen let down the chain and opened the door, not in that simple toilet of a shawl, nightcap, and dressing-gown, in which females rung up at unholy times, open doors, and run away quickly for fear of being seen, but as perfect as when Mr. Langley had left her, and with her pretty face, looking more like "much rain," than could have been imagined.

ECONOMICAL FURNISHED APARTMENTS *in the most salubrious part of Holloway,* within three miles of the Bank and the Government Offices, in a mansion perfectly detached, walled round, and capable of accommodating a large number of inmates. Those partial to retirement will find this a most desirable opportunity, and those who dislike paying rent will find their peculiarities studied in every particular. For particulars apply at any of the Metropolitan Police Offices, or at the Residence itself, New City Prison, Holloway, where every information will be given to those desirous of becoming tenants.

LOST ARTICLES IN THE EXHIBITION.

We have been requested by the Royal Commissioners, to publish the following supplementary list of articles lost and found in the Crystal Palace, in order that the owners may apply for them at the Office of this Magazine: it being, however, distinctly understood, that none of the objects will be restored to any of the proprietors.

Articles.

3 Sentry Boxes.
2 Stuffed Racoons.
1 Fireman's Helmet, filled with periwinkles.
6 Suits of Armour.
1 Leaden Coffin.
4 Harpoons.
3 Music Stools.
2 Pair of Handcuffs.
19 Ophicleides.
7 Bootjacks.
3 Chain Cables.
8 Wooden Legs.
3 Speaking Trumpets.
4 Boat Hooks.
1 Tea Caddy.
2 Coal Scuttles.
5 Cocked Hats.
1 Pair of Leather Breeches (much worn).
8 Washing Tubs.
1 Scavenger's Broom.
57 Bustles.
1 Toasting Fork.
3 Coffee Mills.
2 Balloons.
1 One-pronged Fork.
9 Parrots' Cages.
40 Yards of Leathern Hose and a Nozzle.
1 Maypole.
1 Omnibus.
6 Milestones.
12 Hammocks.
1 Cask (18 gallons).
2 Chimney Pots.
The Keys of Newgate.
2 Weathercocks.
4 Ethiopian Bones.
1 Top Boot.
3 Barbers' Poles.
8 Shark Hooks.
2 Organs on Wheels.
7 Beadles' Coats.
2 Soup Tureens.
5 Bolsters.
1 Whole Duty of Man.
3 Pair of Stays.
7 Cornucopias.
1 Guillotine.
The Gate at Temple Bar.
3 Illicit Stills.
4 Strings of Onions.
9 Sets of Encyclopædia Britannica.
1 Astrolabe.
2 Thumb Screws.
4 Sheep's Heads.
1 Whale Boat.
1 Gallows.
3 Telescopes arranged to act as Microscopes, and
400 Children.
Who will be sold to defray Expenses.

A LEGAL NOTE AND QUERY.

Note.—The well-known song of "The Mistletoe Bough" contains a reference to "the Baron's retainers."

Query.—Are these retainers the Legal "retainers" that have been held by Mr. Baron Scales and Mr. Baron Bigwig?

B.

PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES, &c.

Our readers may remember—they cannot very well forget it—that in the last number of The Month there was an admirable burlesque, entitled, "*Ramshackle the Great, the Tyrant of the Twopenny Territory*," which has made tremendous fun amongst the clever quick-witted people of Liverpool. We thus praise it, because it was not from our pen. Of course, as editor, we are responsible for it. We are, however, not worrying ourselves particularly about going to Lancaster Castle for it, because the Editors of the *Times* and *Punch* must accompany us, and we shall not be disposed to quarrel with such good company.

But see what the publication of the burlesque has already done. We quote from the *Morning Chronicle* of the week before last, in the report of the Ramshay inquiry :

"Mr. Serjeant Wilkins cautioned those in London who got their bread and cheese by writing pasquinades and making other people laugh, no matter whether the subject was deserving or undeserving—he cautioned people (alluding to Mr. Albert Smith) that it was possible to hunt down even a judge."

We are only offended at the learned Serjeant's supposition that we live on bread and cheese. Sitting as we now do, however, at our club, with a *carte du jour* before us, that Soyer could not hope to improve, and lingering fondly over the order we are writing for Chablis with our oysters, champagne with our *cotelettes à la jardinière* (we have not settled yet whether it shall be Ay or Sillery) and Burgundy with our dessert, after that especial glass of old port with our Stilton—even that implication affects us but slightly, for, after all, it pays us an indirect compliment. We read, in imagination, another report, which says,—

Mr. Albert Smith cautioned those in Liverpool who got their bread and fees by letting out their tongues at so much a speech, and striving to make other people alter their opinions, no matter whether the subject were honourable or atrocious—he cautioned people (alluding to Mr. Serjeant Wilkins) that it was *not* possible to put down an author taking a just and honest and popular view of the subject.

We expect Mr. Serjeant Wilkins is sorry he spoke.

COLLEGE JINGLES.

FROM MR. LITTLEGO SMALLS OF BRAZENFACE COLLEGE, OXFORD, TO HIS FRIEND, MR. LIONEL LAYMAN.

1.

LEST you should always think my letters prosy,
I'll now reverse the usual form of writing,
And from my college rooms, so snug and cosy,
A note in rambling rhyme begin inditing;
But, truth to tell, I 'm getting rather dozy,
Because the time is pretty far the night in;
And so, old fellow, you must pray excuse
The drowsy jingles of my sleepy muse.

2.

From out my room I said, I write this letter;
And pleasant things are these same college rooms;
For comfort, I don't think that there are better,
Where no officious housemaid ere presumes
With cleanly scourings to make all things wet, or
Raise up a constant dust with sweeping brooms,
Bringing us to distraction's very border,
Deluded with the thought, she 's "putting things in order."

3.

It is not likely that to such a state
Collegians very often will be brought,
For *our* housemaids such constant cleansings hate,
And scarce to "put things tidy" can be ~~brought~~ taught;
I trust I don't their merits underrate,
But ne'er have mighty works by them been wrought;
A very curious race are these bed-makers;
Ugly as old, and grim as undertakers.

4.

No other of Eve's daughters do we see,
No form of gliding grace, no figure pretty;
No brow, as white as its own purity;
No lip that would inspire a lover's ditty;
No ringlets loosely flowing, "robes as free;"*
No breast to glow with hope, or throb with pity;
No softer minds our manners to improve;
No lips to hang on, and no face to love.

* "Hair flowing loosely, robes as free."—BEN JONSON.

5.

O, ye weak-minded, misanthropic few,
Who think each woman is a fond deceiver; *
Who, in her welcome smile and sad adieu,
See gilded baits, in which you're no believer;
Who, in her artless converse, can but view
A web of wiles, and she the amusing weaver:
Oh! even ye would think your lot was hard,
If of this sweet society debarr'd.

6.

How often in the term, pray, do we miss
Our sisters, and each dear convenient cousin,
Who won't preach homilies if you steal a kiss,
Or e'en renounce you if you take a dozen;
Or will for hours, with honey'd words of bliss,
Like busy bees through flowers of fancy buz on?
Or else recal some heavenly creation,
We fell in love with in the Long Vacation?

7.

We can remember also Caroline,
And have not quite forgotten dark-hair'd Helen,
With lustrous eyes so wondrous bright and fine,
And cheeks whose dimples little Loves might dwell in;
And, Kate, how oft we hear that voice of thine
On sweetest songs most musically swelling!
And blue-eyed Fanny—form of many a dream—
The ball-room belle, of whirling waltz supreme!

8.

Alas! these are but Fancy's bright illusions,
Fond Recollection's glimpses of the past.
But the brain whirls with strange, yet sweet confusion,
When ling'ring 'mid these scenes too bright to last:
Then soon we find that they were all delusion,
The bed-makers dispel them pretty fast;
For truly, they are far from fairy creatures,
With neither Fanny's form or Helen's features!

9.

And this recals me back from where I stray'd;—
Women will often make us to digress;—
And if I'd rambled further, I'm afraid
I should have got my subject in a mess:

* "A strange dissembling sex we women are!
Well may we men, when we ourselves deceive."—TROILUS AND CRESIDA.

Then you'd have dealt to me a long tirade
Of direful words—"Why, goodness gracious, bless
The tiresome wretch! Whatever have I done, since
I am to be inflicted with this nonsense!"

10.

Of college rooms I fancy I am speaking,
Which are of very wonderful variety:
For some, a fussy aunt might stay a week in,
Where all around is breathing of propriety:
While some are with cigar-fumes ever reeking,
And other scents that speak not of sobriety:
Tumblers and pipes are kept in cupboards handy,
With whiskey, wines, "Old Tom," and cherry-brandy.

11.

Though not at all resembling "angels' visits,"
Such rooms as these are "few, and far between;'
The simile is threadbare; do not quiz its
Application now to what I mean;
I quarrel not with mod'rate drinking; 'tis its
Vile abuse that rouses all my spleen,
When Sense is gone, and Reason's voice is mute,
And man is levelled with the lowest brute.

12.

At night, perhaps, when merry friends are present,
'Tis sweet of generous wine to be partaking;
To eat game suppers, pick a bit of pheasant,
Then drink again until one's head is aching;
No doubt all this would be immensely pleasant,
If there was no next morning to one's raking;
Then, with our throbbing heads by no means clear,
We praise teetotalism and ginger beer!

13.

We're parched with thirst, like fields in summer's drought;
We long to leave our sleepless pillow, but
We lie in bed, and toss, and turn about;
"The chap is ill,"—so chapel must be cut,
And lectures too; and so we tell the scout
To post "an Æger," and the oak to shut.
We "sober-waters" drink, and vow with sorrow,
We won't do so again, until—to-morrow.

OUR LATE PROPHET.

We have discharged our prophet. He wouldn't do at all. As soon as his specimen prediction was in print, we looked over it carefully; and, speedily arriving at the conclusion that he was a humbug, ordered him to go about his business or we'd send for a policeman.

We find it, however, impossible to get rid of him entirely: he still haunts our office—boring us with his prophecies; the more we see of which, the more thoroughly are we convinced of his incompetency. For instance, on our presenting him with his dismissal, he foretold that we should be sorry for it,—than which no supposition could be more ridiculous. He has since predicted, that by re-engaging him we should increase our circulation. Of course the blackest superstition would not countenance such a preposterous belief.

He is very troublesome sometimes; he does the pathetic, and says, that unless we do something for him he will be driven to write Derby Prophecies for the sporting papers—the most disreputable branch of his profession. Occasionally he attempts the facetious, and when we express our astonishment at seeing him back so soon, says something about small prophets and quick returns: but we always kick him on those occasions.

To give our readers an idea of what a thorough impostor he is, and how totally unacquainted with the mere A B C of the Book of Fate, we will let them hear a few of the things which he has predicted to take place in the course of the ensuing year, and which we publish, not as "copy," but as frightful examples of human assurance.

Amongst these events he has prophesied the following, of whose likelihood we leave our readers to judge:—

I. That cab and omnibus fares will be as well regulated, and that timid citizens may enter those vehicles with as little risk of insult or imposition, in the English, as in the French, metropolis.

II. That it will be considered possible to write a drama of the highest order of merit, without putting it into five acts, blank verse, or antiquated English.

III. That an individual of moderate taste, and sufficient courage to judge for himself, will pronounce Mr. Charles Kean a good actor.

IV. That a long critique on that gentleman's performance will appear, in which nothing shall be said about his "amiability in private life."

V. That Railway Directors will become reasonably careful of the lives entrusted to them.

VI. That the Lord Mayor for 1853 will prove himself so far worthy of the nineteenth century, as to refuse to be carried through the streets as a November Guy.

And, lastly (done out of spite after we kicked him),—

VII. That the popularity and attractive power of THE MONTH would diminish.

FORCE OF HABIT.

MR. STUMPS, the celebrated Cricketer of the Zingari Club, dining lately at a house where the children were brought down to dessert, was requested by Mama to roll an orange down the table for Master Jacky. Mr. Stumps "delivered" the orange with such address, that it bowled over the Claret Jug standing at the end of the table between the Port and Sherry, and flooded Papa's legs with the wine. Instead of apologising for his mishap, Mr. Stumps, in the height of his cricketing enthusiasm, and with characteristic sang-froid, called out "How's that, Umpire?"

THE EXHIBITION OF THE INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS

Being now over, we see no advantage in sticking it at the top of every advertisement: and therefore request that all puffing tradesmen will drop it.

IN TENNYSONIAM.

We have had the following Stanzas forwarded us, with the signature of "A****d T*nn***n." Can they be from the Laureate? We have our doubts. And yet there is a wild, mystical, logical, sentimental, and general obscurity of expression throughout the lines which inclines us to think (from their internal evidence) that they could have proceeded from no other pen than the author of "In Memoriam."

We seek to know, and knowing seek;
  We seek, we know; and ev'ry sense
  Is trembling with the great Intense,
And vibrating to what we speak.

We ask too much, we seek too oft,
  We know enough, and should no more:
  And yet we skim through Fancy's lore,
And look to earth, and not aloft.

A something comes from out the gloom;
  I know it not, nor seek to know:
  I only see it swell and grow,
And more than this would not presume.

Meseems, a circling void I fill,
  And I, unchanged where all is change;
  It seems unreal; I own it strange,
Yet nurse the thoughts I cannot kill.

I hear the Ocean's surging tide
  Raise quiring on its carol-tune;
  I watch the golden-sickled moon,
And clearer voices call beside.

O Sea! whose ancient ripples lie
  On red-ribbed sands where sea-weeds shone;
  O Moon! whose golden-sickle 's gone:
O Voices all! like ye I die!

EB

PINCUSHION OF ALL SAINTS.

UT little credit has hitherto been reflected on his order by this youthful scion of the aristocracy. His feeble intellect and limited powers of application, appear to have exhausted themselves in the effort of learning enough French to read Paul de Kock's novels. He always got some fellow to write his verses for him at Eton, and at the university he is regularly pounded at lecture. But, as he emphatically says, "What the *dooth* ith it to me what the antient Greekth wrote about —d——n the antient Greekth." He is going into the Guards—has just been elected member of Whitbrook's and the Litchfield—will have lots of tin, and one of the best places in Yorkshire when Lord Threadneedle dies, and certainly is not likely to be called upon to construe Sophocles in St. James's Street, or construct hypothetical syllogisms in Belgrave Square.

Pincushion is tall and thin, with light hair, a pale face, and a long nose. He has something of the grand manner, nevertheless, for which his father was admired when he attended the levées of Carlton House. There is a fine insolence in his carriage, which would become him more perhaps if his legs were rather stronger. At the same time he is really

The Hon. Mr. Pincushion does not like the way the hounds are going, and asks his road back to Oxford. Our young friend Jowler is seen in the background making great efforts to come up with the hunt.

good-natured, and will drink Maraschino with any one (Creamy Joe, the dog dealer, if he can find no one else), till "daylight does appear." I fear his brother tufts set him down as a muff, because his ricketty frame and want of pluck will not allow him to be a bold rider—and there is nothing a young Englishman despises more. And yet I affirm that our friend turns out at his college gate, on a hunting morning, the most tremendous sporting swell that can be conceived—he "dresses the charaeter" to the life, and, as you see him cantering over Brasenose bridge, on his clever cover-hack, with his spotless leathers and tops, and his irreproachable "pink," you would think him as likely a goer as Jowler, who would ride over a haystack if it came in his way. But he is an arrant impostor. The most splendid among the cavaliers by the cover side, the moment the hounds get away, he is no where to be seen. Ten minutes afterwards he is enquiring the road to Oxford of a group of jeering clods—and his little brother at Eton has lost *one chance* of succeeding to Boxwood and the title.

That night Pincushion entertains his friends with a dinner and a graphic account of the run and his exploits. The style, as well as *the incidents*, are borrowed from the works of Alkin and Nimrod (he quite ignores poor Jowler, who, mounted on a screw of Follet's, get two or three awful "croppers," and yet was visible at the finish) ; Bulfinchers, double gates, brooks — nothing appears to have stopped him and Geronimo—his valet carries him to bed very drunk indeed, muttering something about park palings.

After all, Pincushion, my boy, you had much better confine yourself to billiards and pigeon shooting. Leave off Maraschino at breakfast, and when you go on the great continental tour with your tutor, pray avoid the *rouge-et-noir* tables—you are sure to be sufficiently plucked when you return to this free and happy country ; and it will be your duty, as a landed proprietor, to give every encouragement to *native* talent.

EMIGRATION! EMIGRATION!! The advertiser who has spent all his money, and owes several large and many small sums to various persons, is anxious to emigrate immediately and will be happy to go to any healthy country, without paying passage money.—Address Mr. Doo, Bolt Court, Fleet Street.

CANZONETS FOR THE COSY.

No. I.—IL PENSEROSO.

I.

PLANT your slippers on the fender,
In your slippers pop your feet,
Let the genial Wall's-end render
Up its store of latent heat;
If the fire a blaze is lacking,
Give some well-directed pokes,
Whilst a boon companion's cracking
Plates of nuts and heaps of jokes.

II.

O'er the window drop the curtain,
By the ruddy firelight chat;
Mix your Toddy, and be certain
You have got enough of that.
When you both feel rather dozy,
Forty winks are not amiss;
And for what's considered cosy,
There's no plan to equal to this.

No. II.—L' ALLEGRO.

I.

IN the dark days of winter, when business is o'er,
And you come from the city to dinner at four,
How snug with the friend you have brought home to dine,
To sit by the fire and chat over your wine.
Chorus. Folderol-iddle, &c.

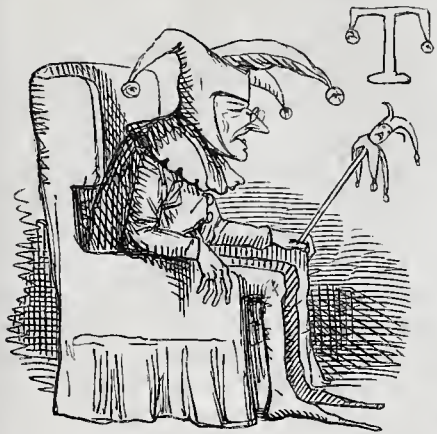
II.

Leave hunting to those who find fun in the sport,
And chase round the table a glass of good Port;
Whilst as for the shooting, contented we stop
By the grate where the chestnuts successively pop.
Chorus. Folderol-iddle, &c.

III.

Then how snug, after tea, in the evening to go,
And see a good farce played by Keeley & Co.,
With a hot supper after, and these are the ways
To make yourself cosy these dreary cold days.
Chorus. Folderol-iddle, Folderol-iddle,
Folderol-iddle, and Folderol-lol.

GRAND MEETING OF THE BRITISH LARKYOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.



THIS celebrated Association, established a few years since for the discovery and renovation of antique jokes and mediæval facetious remains, has long been renowned for the immense services it has rendered to the jocular literature of our own day. Its members have, at various periods, started no less than sixteen comic periodicals, and brought out several scores of burlesques at minor theatres. Many a dreary dinner-table at Clapham and Stoke Newington has received from their exertions a transitory reflection of the liveliness of less wealthy, but more witty circles, and the tedium of many a long railway journey has been pleasantly interrupted by the sudden production of the results of their investigations.

A few days since, according to previous appointment, the Society proceeded by excursion train to Oxford, to revisit the traditionary birthplace of some of the most celebrated witticisms. On arriving, the Society at once made for the Red Lion, where, having deputed one of their number to see to the dinner, (facetiously dubbing him, for the occasion, their *Chargé de Fare*) they went to business. On its being proposed that certain papers should be read, several members shouted out, with great quickness, that papers could not be *read*, because they were white. This technical objection being disposed of, Mr. WIDDICOMB, (the Secretary) read the report of the Society, the meeting unanimously calling upon him to "speak up," so that it might be a loud report, to which the veteran as wittily replied that he did not think much noise *would* be allowed. The report stated that a great number of jokes had (chiefly, Mr. Widdicomb was obliged to admit, owing to his own power of memory) been traced

to their source. He was happy to say that he had, about a hundred and eighty years ago, known the nobleman who was so fond of oysters, that he was called, by a Jew money-lender, "the most shell-fish man in the vorld." Among other jests, which, old as they are, are still acceptable in certain circles, and the dates of which he was able to assign, were the following. "Why can you walk across the Mediterranean? Because it has Rhodes (roads) in it." This was made by Lady Wortley Montague, on her return from the East. "Why is Ireland the richest country in the world? Because its capital is always Dublin." This was the celebrated Lord Chesterfield's, made to Mr. Widdicomb, while performing in the Rotunda, Dublin, during his Lordship's vice-royalty. The young lady who, upon being asked whether she was to be let with the lodgings she was showing, replied, No, she was to be let alone, was a Miss Maria Buster, whose married sister, Mrs. Gophuster, let lodgings, in Edward the First's time, in the little village of Charing, and Mr. Widdicomb had looked at them several times, but his salary of a rose noble and two groats hardly allowed him so expensive a residence. The lady left the village, and may then have been said to have "gone out o' charing." This joke having been applauded, Mr. Widdicomb explained that it was none of his, but was made by John of Gaunt, in his hearing, to Peter the Hermit. He went on to show that the majority of jokes current in society were at least two hundred years old. The first person who said at whist that his adversary had not lost every point, for he had made a point of losing, was Chiffinch, playing with Archbishop Tillotson, the Master of Lovat, and Peg Nicholson. He narrated an anecdote of the Duke of Buckingham, when playing at cards with Charles the Second: the latter said, "Bucky, cut." "Certainly, your Majesty," said the wit, gravely rising, and walking out of the room. Mr. Widdicomb claimed the honour of being the first who called the Mansion House a Mayor's nest, but modestly hinted that the joke had been derived from his own equestrian pursuits. Queen Anne had been the introducer of a phrase, still considered by the correspondents of newspapers and others as very facetious. Asking Mrs. Masham for a glass of brandy, the Queen said, "There's one comfort, Mashy, the Dean can't call me a 'thirsty *subject*.'" This Mr. Widdicomb had from the Duke of Marlborough, the day before the battle of Barnet. He concluded by

assigning the jocular comparison of old cheese to a giant, because it was mity, to Richard Duke of Gloucester, whose own conduct, said Mr. Widdicomb, with a smile, could scarcely be termed the cheese.

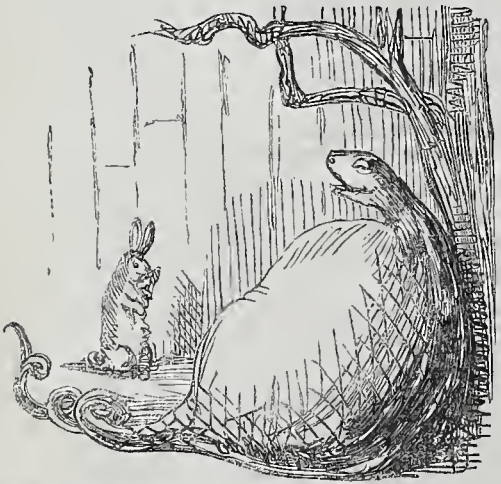
Thanks having been voted to Mr. Widdicomb for his paper, the Society went out for a walk, to see the colleges and get an appetite for dinner. During the walk many capital things were said, "Maudlin" College especially being very smartly treated, Oriel being declared to have been founded by M. Auriol, (Mr. Widdicomb's friend in the ring) and those undergraduates being pronounced to have the warmest gowns who best knew the way to Wad'em. The Society having returned to the inn, an excellent dinner, consisting chiefly of viands calculated to elicit the most memorable puns, were placed upon the table by the landlord of the Red Lion, who was kindly invited to dine with his guests (of course after having been reminded that he was a host in himself). The fare comprised hare-soup, pike, skate, soles and eels, a calf's head with brain sauce, a duck, a tongue, and a couple of fowls, puffs, beer, and a little tart, and M'Arony (which was ingeniously discovered from its name to be a Scottish dish). Every article was punned upon and devoured with the greatest relish, as were also the pears, dates, and celery, (christened "salary" for the occasion) during a subsequent portion of the entertainment. On handing round the beer, the time-honoured old English custom of exclaiming, "All *hail* Macbeth!" was gone through with much solemnity; and a member, who purposely delayed making his appearance, was saluted on his arrival by a simultaneous shout of "The late Mr. Jones," after the manner of the Antediluvians.

On the removal of the cloth, the chairman, in proposing prosperity to the Association, expatiated at some length upon its merits and claims to public patronage. He alluded particularly to several recent exhumations of fossil puns, and stated that excavations were still being carried on in the celebrated Joe Miller mines, with such assiduity as almost threatened to exhaust the rich vein of fun recently discovered there.* The charitable objects of the Association were feelingly dwelt upon. An instance was recorded of a diner-out who had subsisted for several

* He had expected to have ready, against Kossuth's arrival, a capital old joke, restored, about "turkey," and "hungry" (Hungary); but it could not be got ready in time.

seasons by its benevolent assistance, without which he must infallibly have perished. Several cases were also mentioned of jokes, which had apparently been in a dying state, but having been discovered by the Society, had been suddenly revived by its timely interposition. In conclusion, he called upon the gentlemen around him to aid by their contributions the cause in which they were all engaged, and remarked that although he was willing to receive pecuniary as well as jocular aid, he trusted that the cause of fun would receive no cheque. Hereupon a mutual interchange of first-rate second-hand waggeries took place among all present, after which the party strolled round the town, and purchased several university jokes, of rare antiquity, from a college servitor. They then returned to their hotel, where they took a cordial farewell of their host, whom they informed, while shaking hands with him at his own door, that he was one of the most remarkable physiological curiosities in the world, inasmuch as his Inn-side was outside.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



The only Authentic Portrait of the Boa Constrictor, as it appeared after swallowing the Railway Wrapper.

THE APPROACH OF WINTER. — The day is now beginning to shorten rapidly. The sun gleams languidly on the earth, and seems in haste to depart for fairer climes. The birds are dumb, and the little flowers lie dead. Sometimes incessant rain pours down. The labourer is drenched to the skin, and all Nature is inundated. Dismal fogs abound. The night airs are chill, and soon the frost appears, and the earth is masked with ice. At this period of the year no family should be without *Snooks' Pills*, and his *Soothing Ointment* will be found invaluable to elderly gentlemen who walk much in the streets.

"WHO BRIBED ST. ALBAN'S?"

A CHRISTMAS NURSERY SONG

FOR ALL GOOD LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS ROUND ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY.

WHO bribed St. Alban's?
"I," said bold BLAGG,
"With my little bag,
And I bribed St. Albans."

Who saw it done?
"I," said the Sun,
"Of shame there was none,
And I saw it done."

Who had to bleed?
"We, through our purses,"
Said the MEMBERS (with curses),
"And we had to bleed."

Who caught the blood?
"I," said brave EDWARDS,
Scorning Law's dread words,
"And I caught the blood."

Who caught brave Edwards?
"I," said the SPEAKER,
"I soon made him meeker,
When I'd caught brave Edwards."

Who shared the plunder?
"I," said white WAGGETT,
"Though I'm but a faggot,
I shared the plunder."

Who thought it "mere custom?"
"I," said F. WEBSTER,
(The medical tapster,)
"I thought it 'mere custom.'"

Who told Mr. BELL?
"I," said John Bull,
"When I got the pull,
I told Mr. Bell."

Who 'll squash St. Alban's?
"I," said the nation,
"With much detestation,
I 'll squash St. Alban's."

Who 'll dig its grave?
"I," said LORD JOHN,
"This Reform Bill I 'm on
Shall, next year, dig its grave."

Who 'll make its shroud?
"I," said SIR CARDEN,
(Who wouldn't stand a farden.)
"And I 'll make its shroud."

Who 'll be chief mourners?
Agents and sharks,
And attorneys and clerks,
They 'll be chief mourners.

SO, MY YOUNG FRIENDS,

Tongues that tell stories get covered with blibes,
Towns get disfranchised that dabble in bribes.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Note. In the "Memoirs of the late Mr. Hudson Stagg," just published, and to be obtained at all the Railway Libraries, it is said, that "leaving his Stock-jobbing, he now launched into other Schemes."

Query. Why "launched?" Was it because he had got off the Stocks?

Note. The Proverb says, "Patience is a Virtue."

Query. If a Surgeon has no patients, does it therefore follow that he has no Virtue?

Note. At our Universities, a Private Tutor is called "A Coach," and his instruction "Coaching."

Query. Have these phrases anything to do with "the Curriculum of Study" pursued there?

MISS CUSHMAN'S LAST PERFORMANCE.

THE following paragraph is going the round of the papers :—

"A FEMALE PEDESTRIAN.—We learn from the American papers, that a Miss C. Cushman, of New York, had undertaken, at St. Louis, to walk 500 miles in 500 hours."

Miss Cushman's example has been extensively followed, and we are enabled to announce, on the best authority, the following facts :—

"A Mr. W. C. Macready, of London, has undertaken, for a wager, to eat fifteen pounds of beef-steaks, eight quartern loaves, and three ha'p'orth of periwinkles while standing on his head—to drink five quarts of porter and sing a comic song during the performance of the feat—which is to occupy three-quarters of an hour."

"A gentleman, well known in the sporting world, named Paul Bedford, has engaged that he will throw 300 summersaults over four-feet hurdles—pick up 500 eggs by means of his nose and chin—and jump through a hoop six inches in diameter, all in the space of fifteen minutes."

"A Mr. S. Phelps, of Clerkenwell, has wagered that he will drive six geese in a tandem down Fleet Street, climbing up every lamp-post on the way, and reciting a scene from Shakspeare, while seated upon each of them, and will subsequently dance the College hornpipe on the top of the Monument, habited in full Bloomer costume."

"A Mr. Creswick, of Blackfriars Road has undertaken to jump in sacks from the Obelisk to Bedlam, against any one of his weight, for 50*l.* a side. No one, however, has as yet been found sufficiently heavy to match him."

Several other similar wagers are talked of, including one by a young lady named Woolgar, who has undertaken to speak 100 lines of any piece, good, bad, or indifferent, for 100 consecutive nights. The lady's powers being well known, there are no takers.

What is Bell metal? Standing £2000 for St. Alban's Election!

FATAL EFFECTS OF THE NEW TREATY WITH FRANCE.

A Coroner's inquest was held on Monday last, at the Pickled Egg Tavern, Piccadilly, upon M'Scribe Fitzdumas Vamp, Esq., of the Quadrant, a dramatic author of some celebrity, who exchanged this sphere for another, and, his partial friends hope, a better, on the preceding day.

Hester Prigg, his landlady, deposed, that on Sunday evening, she was about to make her tea, but, finding there was none in the caddy, and thinking Mr. Vamp was out—[The witness here became confused, and begged to withdraw her statement]—on Sunday evening, she went into Mr. Vamp's room quite promiscuous, and was alarmed at finding that gentleman at home. As he took no notice of her, she approached him and found him motionless. She was struck all of a heap, and had scarcely presence of mind to help herself to some loose money on the mantelpiece, and to call a doctor.

Ebenezer Squills, an apothecary, was called in by Mrs. Prigg to see Mr. Vamp; but saw at once that his having been sent for was useless. The deceased had been most resolute in his attempt at self-destruction, and had taken a dose which would have finished the twelve liveliest men in England. He had, in fact, in a moment of desperation, taken down Mr. ——'s last romance.

The Coroner. That, I believe, is the most powerful narcotic which can be conceived until Mr. —— publishes his next?

Witness. Exactly so. He continued to state that he had adopted the usual means, had asked the deceased some out-and-out riddles, and had even applied the *Month* to the back of his head, but the stupefaction had been too complete for even the latter stimulant to be effective.

Theophilus Tagg was a dramatic author and an intimate acquaintance of the deceased. He was on his way from church when he saw a confusion around Mr. Vamp's door. As he does a little in the "accident" line, he threw away his cigar—he meant, he put his Common Prayer book into his pocket—and went up stairs. Saw exactly how matters stood. Deceased was not in debt, at least not more than a philanthro-

pist wishes to be for the sake of giving a few persons an interest in his existence and prosperity. He made a great deal of money by the theatres. His plan (as indeed that of the witness) was to obtain a new French drama, farce, or vaudeville the moment it was published, translate it literally, have five or six copies made simultaneously, by means of a copying machine, and send them to as many theatres the same day.

By the Coroner. Not under the same name, of course. Suppose the original piece was called *La Chatte*, he would call it "The Cat's Away," for the Lyceum; "The Way the Cat Jumps," for the Olympic; "What a Very Long Tail our Cat's got!" for the Adelphi; "Come Puss, Puss, Puss!" for the Marylebone; "Who Shot the Cat?" for the Surrey; and "Old Tails on Young Kittens," for the Haymarket. Well, if it were a French piece, the chances were that it was neatly put together, and looked safe, and two or three of the managers would be almost sure to accept it.

The Coroner. But what had all this to do with the melancholy subject before them?

The Witness. Everything. The deceased had just been deprived of his sole means of existence. Had the Coroner and Jury not read that the English and French Governments have just concluded a treaty by which a new International Copyright has been established, and a French dramatist has been declared to have a right to his own productions, even in translation. In future an English author wanting to use a French author's brains must actually pay him for them. The witness here laid his head upon the table (*à la* Wilkins) and wept violently.

The inquest was adjourned until the witness should come to his senses.

THE WRONGS OF WOMEN RE-DRESSED.

The lecturers on Bloomerism that are now rushing all over the country, eloquently exhorting their countrywomen to adopt the new costume, are unanimous in recommending it on the score of economy: we presume that they allude to the recent experiences of popular feeling, which show that though the Bloomer dress may be worn comfortably at home, it is certainly a dress that is by no means easy to wear out.

THE CONCERT MONSTRE,

BEING A PROLOGUE, AND EPILOGUE, WITH VERY LITTLE ELSE, BUT STILL REMARKABLY CLEVER AND WELL WORTH READING.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE was a sound of carriages by night,
For at old Drury's doors were gathered then
The Brougham and the Cabriolet, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair girls and dirty men;
A thousand bills sold rapidly, and when
Facetious boys saluted every swell,
Whose eyes looked Bow Street, as they cheer'd again,
And all was noisy as a steamboat bell.
But hush! hark! a sound strikes like curtain-rising knell!

Brown, did you hear it? Pooh! some Gent who 's dined,
And sings "Poor Uncle Ned" along the street.
Cut up the stairs—five shillings he 'll be fined.
Turn to the right—at the dress-circle meet,
And chase the box-keeper with flying feet.
But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the music there were marked "repeat."
And nearer, clearer, louder than before,
The Huguenots! it is, the Piff Paff's opening roar!

Scene changes into the interior of Drury Lane Theatre. The Promenade is filled with an enthusiastic crowd.

OLD GENTLEMAN (*who has heard a bar or two of the music*).

Lor' bless me! Good gracious! How well they do play!
I really ne'er heard such a splendid--
FACETIOUS CROWD. Hoo-ray!

OLD GENTLEMAN (*waxing wroth*).

Where can the Police be—this riot 's disgraceful—
(*Sarcastically*) Of Kossuth's supporters we 've sure got the place full!

PRETTY GIRL (*in the next box*).

What a dear Jullien is! With delight I shall die!
Oh! listen to Kœnig! How lovely!—
DISSATISFIED CROWD. Gye! Gye!

PRETTY GIRL (*looking down*).

With what low noisy people the pit there is filled,
What a horrible noise! I hope no one is killed.

They have knocked a man's hat off his head—oh! how funny
He looks with his bald head—

IRRITATED CROWD. Shame! Give back the money!

[*The remarks become generally confused.*

"Ancore!" "That 's Miss Dolby!" "Just hit me again,
That 's all." "I say, look at the cove with the cane!"
"What 's next?" "'Tis Spohr's Power of Sound, sir." "Oh—blow it!
I hate such dull rubbish, I wish they would stow it."

[OLD GENTLEMAN *attracts notice by standing up in front of the dress-circle, and looking round majestically.*

"And how 's Mrs. Smith, sir? I hope *you 're* quite well?"
"How much for your buttons?" "My eye—there 's a swell!"

OLD GENTLEMAN. The mob can't behave here with common propriety,
There are not sufficient policemen—

TYROLEAN PORTION OF CROWD. Lur-li-e-ty!

PRETTY GIRL. Yes, papa—here they come; but they 'll never contrive
To take them in custody—

FACETIOUS CROWD. Catch 'em alive!

Scene changes suddenly to the Entrance Hall of the Theatre. The Performance has finished.

STENTORIAN GENT *sings, going out*—
Oh! dear! raggedy oh!
Make way for the juvenile William Barlow.

CHORUS OF TERRIFIED FEMALES (*à la Moore; Veiled Prophet*).
By these champions brave
Now beginning to fight,
By these people that rave
With abuse—dreadful—quite.

By the scuffle that shows
No Policeman is nigh,
By the magnified nose
And the closed-up eye.

By the blows all along
To each other they 've given,
By the language so strong,
And the Gibus hat riven,

We call thee hither, thou binding power,
Spirits who love—never-present Police!
Thy cook-wooing time is the moonlight hour,
So thou never art seen in such riot as this!

[*Arrival of* POLICE—TABLEAU—CONCLUSION

SCENE FROM THE LAST NEW FASHIONABLE COMPLAINT OF THE MONTH.—"BRONCHITIS."

SCENE—A BOUDOIR.—HELEN *discovered reclining on a couch, à la invalide; her handkerchief in one hand, "Captain Parry's Arctic Voyages" in the other. Enter* FANNY.

Fanny. "Good morning, Helen! Why, dear, you seem as though you had a bad cold in your head!"

Helen (reproachfully). "A Cold il by head, ildeed! Oh lo Fanny, I leva have such a eobbol eobblailts! Bile 's a severe Brolchial affecshul: old Bister Stephuls the Surgeol says, that if the ilflabbatory aeshul which has beel goil ol il by Traeheal, al Larylgeal regiols, is not sool subdued, by dear little Brolchi will be inflabed!"

Fanny (sympathisingly). "Oh, dear! how very sad!"

THE BLUES' LAMENT.

"Forced from town, and all its pleasures,
London streets we've left forlorn," &c.

* * * * *

(To be sung by the Horseguards when removed from Knightsbridge to Herne Bay.)

THE COMPLETION OF THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.

THE experiments made the other day upon the completion of the telegraph between Dover and Calais, including as they did the firing of a cannon by the electric spark, on the departure of the Duke of Wellington from Dover, have excited considerable sensation. We have been favoured with the following from the agricultural districts :—

OUR NATURAL ENEMIES.

2 THE EDITUR OF THE MUNTH.

MISTER EDITUR,—I be a plane chap, loike, and don't trubble my ed with politix, but I beant such a fool, neither, as not to no as how as the French is our born enemy's. I be wun of the good old skool, and hates them nu-fangled noshuns which be doing all they kan to upset our glorious constitooshan.

Wot wos my feelins, Ile leeve you to gess, wen I heerd as how as the other day some French foreneering chaps at Kallis, sent a spark rite throo the water, (which is itself a unnatural axian as no troo-born Englishman wood be guilty of—seein as water and fire is as much born enemy's as French and English) I say as these foreners sent a spark rite throo the water like sneeks as they ar, as is afered of a fair stand up fite—and let of a canon in our own free country at the blessed Duke of Wellinton hisself. The papers sed it wos in compliment to him—a pooty compliment to be shun for him, as has thrashed them so offen at Waterloo, and Trafalgar, to say nothing of the Pun Job—to be shot at by the likes of them.

But I would ask you, sur, wots to becum ov England if these French chaps be aloud 2 fire canons in this way into our native soil, wot be

the use ov the wite kliffs ov old England—which we heerd be somewhere neer Dover where the eanon was fired at? Wot be the use of our wooden walls—wich, thog I've never seen, be I spose built pooty hi and strong loike, a purpus 2 keep out these parlivoo chaps? Wot be the use of the British Lion (wich I've heerd they keeps in the Tour, and woshes every yeer) and Magnercharter and Our other Nashunal defensis, if These heer foren nashuns ean do this? I no as 1 English ean Beet ayteen Freneh in a fair fite—but wot ehans hav we wen they eum to fite with submareen teleseopes as they call em, like that.

I see wot it iz—its all owing to them Ralwaze and Chartists, and the repele ov The Korn-lauz & the Eesibishun—and other outlandish noshuns. Prapps wen we find ourselves all kild—and hoo nose—prapps eeten by the French, for i beleeve as them foreners is badd enuf for enithing, we shall find out our misteak wen it is 2 layt.

Can nuthing be dun sur to put a stopp 2 the goins on of a set of fellers who are so mueh beneeth us in everiweigh—fellers who I've heerd ean't even speek a wurd of plane english—a ignorent sett as they be.

I be, sur, yoors trewly,
A Troo Jon Bull.

AN OLD STAGER'S TEARS.

SUGGESTED BY THE HYDRAULIC EXPERIMENT PERFORMED DURING A RECENT "DE LUNATICO" TRIAL AT LIVERPOOL.

Don't say—when blatant Buzfuz stopped
His noise, and on the table dropped
His brazen brow, and blubbered—
This was among the acted lies,
By which a hireling's art supplies
With bread and cheese his cupboard.

The thought, that his "Queer Client's" case
Was just his own in by-gone days,
Moved the ex-actor's dolour.
To have one's rant repaid with scoff—
One's maudlin pathos met with "Off!"
Is hard—for Judge or *Stroller*.

THE LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

GUY FAWKES; *a Historico-Political Poem.* CATNACH, *Seven Dials, and all flying Stationers.*

AMONGST the usual monthly batch of literature received from our butterman the above Poem has come into our hands, while opening a half-pound of best Dorset for breakfast. It proved to be a work which we found impossible to lay down, owing to the sticky nature of the commodity above mentioned, which, though not generally of a literary turn of mind, we found had been, we may say, quite wrapped up in the poem. We will give our readers an opportunity of judging of the work, which, by the way, possesses a merit too often wanting in modern poetry, that of extreme smoothness—we may say, slipperiness, probably resulting from its connexion with either ancient or modern Grease.

The Poem opens with great humility—

> "Please to remember
> The fifth of November,"

is not calling upon its readers to exert any herculean effort of recollection, uttered as the request is upon the very day of which memory is requested to bring back the feeling. Nor are the following lines any more pretentious—

> "We know no reason
> Why gunpowder treason
> Should ever be forgot."

The author does not profess to dictate any reason why this treason should be remembered—nor does he undertake the notoriously difficult task of proving a negative—he does not say there *is* no reason—but simply that he knows none. Lindley Murray and other weak-minded individuals would probably object to the preterite "forgot" being substituted for the participle. But we are happy to find, by the perusal of several modern works—especially poems—that this absurd prejudice in favour of grammar is rapidly going out. But to our subject.

We confess ourselves incompetent to understand the connexion of the following lines. But as the perfection of "fine writing" is generally

supposed to be its incomprehensibility, this can hardly be considered a defect in the work. After describing the capture of the arch-traitor, which is most dramatic—occurring as it does

"In the nick of time,"

and calling upon some one to

"Run a pitchfork through his heart."

The author in the next line says—

"As I was going through the mews,
I saw Old Nick a-blacking shoes,
And as he blacked them very fine,
I gave him a penny to black mine."

How the reduction of his unnameable Majesty to the necessity of fulfilling an engagement in the Shoe-Black Brigade concerns Guy Fawkes's capture, we confess we do not see very clearly. However, as we said before, we presume it is "fine writing."

The following is perfect. It gives a complete summary of the alternative feelings which sway the mind of frail humanity—now veneration, then detestation—now charity, then justice. We subjoin it, with a few brief annotations.

"A half-penny roll to feed the Pope."

This vividly paints the feeling once so universal, by which tribute was paid to Rome, and the Pope fed by his disciples.

"A penn'orth of cheese to choke him,"

shows the changeability of human feeling, and gives a lamentable picture of our nature, ever more willing to injure our neighbour than to serve him. One half-penny worth was all we could spare to maintain life—twice that sum could be afforded for its destruction. In how many cases would a "ha'porth" of education, to feed the mind of the future culprit, do away with the necessity of a "penn'orth" of rope to choke him. But we are digressing. Harsh as was the last line of the poem we have quoted, Charity gets again the upper hand. The fatal

"penn'orth of cheese" has been administered, when immediately a cry is raised for help, in the shape of

"A pint of beer to wash it down."

Again is the expense doubled—this time it is two-pence instead of a penny, that is expended in undoing what was done before. A stern lesson for our rulers. Hear it, ye ship-building and other authorities. The beer is administered. He 's saved! he 's saved. But all in vain. Again political feeling gets the ascendancy, and, spite of the former mercy, the fierce call is now for

"A good large faggot to burn him."

All is over. And with a burst of loyalty, the poem ends in bells ringing, and loud cries of "God save the Queen!"

BOOKS RECEIVED,

ONLY WE HAVE NOWHERE TO PUT THEM.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF LOUIS KOSSUTH.
KOSSUTH: HIS LIFE AND TIMES.
KOSSUTH: HIS LIFE, TIMES, AND SPEECHES.
THE LIFE, TIMES, AND SPEECHES OF LOUIS KOSSUTH.
THE SPEECHES, LIFE, AND TIMES OF LOUIS KOSSUTH.
KOSSUTH AND HIS COMPANIONS.
HIS COMPANIONS AND KOSSUTH.
KOSSUTH—THE LIBERATOR OF HUNGARY.
THE LIBERATOR OF HUNGARY—KOSSUTH.
&c. &c. &c.

CHEERING PROSPECTS OF THE BRITISH DRAMA.

THE submarine telegraph being now completed, the latest novelties in Paris can be received in London in a few seconds.

THE MONTH'S RESUMÉ OF THE MONTH.

The Guy of the Month	*The Bloomer.*
The Belle of the Month	*The Member for St. Alban's.*
The Leading Article of the Month	*Kossuth.*
The Farce of the Month	*The Lord Mayor's Show.*
The Great Mistake of the Month	*Not inviting the Writers of the present to the Lord Mayor's Banquet.*
The Great Exhibition of the Month	*Mr. Ramshay.*
The Book of the Month	*The present Periodical.*
The Virtuous Indignation of the Month . .	*Bribery and Corruption of a Venal Borough.*

CHRISTMAS GAMES.

CHRISTMAS is coming with all its games and pastimes, and among these, no doubt, will be "the Game of Definitions," in which some words are fixed upon, and the company being each provided with a slip of paper and a pencil, write down the Definitions, which are afterwards read aloud. When this is done in a party where there is any pretension to intellect and fun, the game always passes off well; and, as we are of opinion, that very few parties, of even moderate dimensions, will be assembled this Christmas, without several nice merry girls and sharp gentlemen among them, so we think that "the Game of Definitions" may safely be ventured upon, without any fear of its fatiguing by slowness and insipidity. The Definitions may be expressed in many ways; sarcastically, as "*Policeman.* A man paid by the Parish to sleep in the open air,"—practically, as "*Baby.* A young person who drinks,"—or even personally, upon any one then present; and we see no harm in this sort of pasquinade, as long as it is done in good nature. To assist "parties" of limited intellect we subjoin the following Definitions, as examples.

Young Lady. An Essay on Grace, in one Vol., with an elegant Frontispiece.

Gentleman. A Manual of Good Manners, bound in cloth.—The polished Diamond of Society.

Old Maid. A Quiver-full of arrows with no Beau attached.—The pepper-box of Humanity.—A Peripatetic Wig-block.

Bachelor. A Dandylion run to seed in a garden of beautiful Flowers.

Flirtation. The rattle of the Female Snake before securing its Victim.—Young ladies' Social Champagne.

Heart. The best card in the chance game of "Matrimony:" sometimes overcome by Diamonds and Knaves, often won by tricks, treated in a shuffling manner, and cut altogether.

Generosity. Twin brother to Extravagance and Keeper of the King's Bench.

Album. A Drawing-room man-trap, set by young ladies.

Surgeon. A skilful workman, who repairs the damage made by the wear and tear of the machinery of life.

An ill that oft must be endured,
When ills are wanted to be cured.

Wit. Wisdom masquerading.

THE POETRY OF REAL LIFE.

A COLLECTION of poems—bearing the above title—has just made its appearance. We have not seen a copy; but if the author has done his work (that is to say, written it) properly, he cannot escape popularity.

The Poetry of Real Life has been too long neglected. Mr. Dickens proved most successfully a few seasons ago, that writers of an heroic turn, instead of bothering themselves with historical research, (which is always troublesome) to get at subjects for warlike narrations, might find plenty to do, in describing the domestic sets-to or Battles of Life, which are constantly being fought in our own houses (often, as Mr. Carlyle has it, so hugely to the detriment of the same). So with subjects for inspiration generally. Instead of going so far out of their way as they are in the habit of doing, let our poets look at home, the place where poetry in our opinion—like charity—in point of the philosophical and washing, of the economical, ought to begin.

Ever ready to back our precepts by example, we have thrown off a few of the specimens of the Poetry of Real Life as we think it ought to be treated. Probably the author—whose work has set us thinking on the subject—may glean a few hints for the correction of his style, and the enrichment of his second edition. He is quite welcome.

I.

OH, WILT THOU PAY MY LITTLE BILL?

OR,

I CANNOT CALL AGAIN.

Oh wilt thou pay my little bill?
  The seventh time I come.
You use me really very ill
  For such a paltry sum.
Week after week to pay you've named,
  But still I call in vain.
I wonder you are not ashamed,
  I cannot call again!

You tell me that the goods were bad.
I know the tea was prime;
You say the soap you never had,
—I book'd it at the time.
Yourself a gentleman you call,
And owing let remain
A poor three pound—but once for all,
I cannot call again.

II.

DEAREST, I WILL NE'ER DECEIVE THEE.

Dearest, I will ne'er deceive thee,
Though for worlds I would not grieve thee;
For myself I do not care,
But the girls have nought to wear.
Write a cheque on Coutts & Co.,
Just for twenty pounds or so.

Well you know with zeal unflinching
How myself I'm always pinching;
How abroad I seldom roam,
And the muslins wash at home.
Write a cheque on Coutts & Co.,
Just for twenty pounds or so.

III.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

Do—do look at this bosom;
See, see! starch not a grain!
You—you know that I've spoken
About it again and again.
Yes—yes—yes—yes!
Over again and again.

Sew—sew on to this collar,
Pray, pray! something like strings,
Or—or I must get some one
Who'll really look after my things.
Yes—yes—yes—yes!
Who will look after my things.

A SMASHED STAR FISH.

"Sapiens dominabitur astris?"

WHILE there are fools there will be—the other thing. We do not know how this trite observation could have been put into our head; perhaps by our receiving of a yellow-covered book, called a "Prophetic Almanack for 1852," in which the insane trash of astrology is spun out through 120 pages of folly, twaddle, and impudence. It is by——, but no, we will not give the quack's masters the chance of selling an extra copy by our means—not, however, that any reader of the MONTH is very likely to be entrapped by such humbug. We had the curiosity to turn to the part in which the "Prophet," according to custom, arranges his last year's "Predictions" in one column, and what he is pleased to call there "Fulfilments," in a parallel line. We have ventured to extract a few of the choicest of these Fulfilments, &c., that our readers may have a salutary laugh at the donkeys who buy and believe in such wretched rubbish. Here are some specimens, faithfully copied from the book.

Convulsions of Nature are witnessed sweeping away thousands of the human race.	Turkish Admiral's ship blew up in the port of Constantinople, when upwards of nine hundred lives were lost.
An *eminent* military character is called from the busy scenes of life.	Lieut. General Sir James Barnes died on the 6th. [Who was he?]
In Germany horrid deeds of slaughter are perpetrated.	A barn catches fire in Austria, and a number of pilgrims perish in the flames.

DECEMBER, 1850.

The German states are under the influence of malignant stars.	The conferences at Dresden are still proceeding, but little or nothing is known of *their* plans or resolutions. [We hope that the astrologer is better than the grammar.]

JANUARY, 1851.

Strife visits *the city of Oxford.*	Great excitement at the Church of St. Barnabas, Pimlico, and the Rev. Mr. Bennett tenders his resignation to the Bishop of London.
No laws will be made beneficial to the community.	Lord Stanley cannot frame a government.
The Press is busy in exposing trickery.	[Pretty safe at any time, the present article being a proof.]
The landed interest suffers deeply.	The landed interest complains loudly. [We beg to say we really cannot accept this as evidence of the fulfilment of the prophecy.]
The fiery Mars flames through Pisces.	[Not explained satisfactorily. Perhaps the Duke of Wellington was in a rage at the way the soles were cooked for dinner.]

MAY.

Ferdinand II., of Naples, suffers *in his health.*	The whole population of Naples are in alarm on account of innumerable arrests.
The hand of death is laid on some fair ornament of society.	Mrs. Waylett "quits this mortal coil."

AUGUST.

Prince Albert will experience rather a troublesome year.	Prince Albert has necessarily had much trouble with the Great Exhibition. [He has had the trouble of going to see it, and of reading in the papers that it went of brilliantly.]

SEPTEMBER.

There will be more unison in clerical opinions than we have lately witnessed.	A measure of reform is impending over the English Church. [Not bad, if meant for sarcasm.]
England does not suffer materially from the effects of the eclipse.	The light of Heaven is no longer subject to taxation. [Just so, we have more light when the eclipse is over.]

Italy, France, Sicily, and Rome will sadly experience the working of the eclipse.

Things are gloomy in the Italian dominions of Austria. At Rome and Naples the governments vie with each other in tyranny. The French in Rome take possession of the Inquisition as a barrack. [Very sad "workings," especially the last. How lucky that the eclipses are nearly invisible in England!]

Time will unfold the many other important events influenced by the Solar Eclipse.

[Very kind of Time. We must wait. Meantime we cannot help regretting the abolition of *one* institution of the good old days, namely—

Ye Pillorye for ye Quacke.

SONNET TO A STREET "GUY."

By our Pensive Poet.

Poor Guy! How few who throng this selfish world
Will shed for thee one sympathising tear,
But see unmoved thy helpless body hurled,
Midst savage shouts, on yonder barrelled bier!
How few discover in that straw-stuffed shape,
The hero doomed to martyrdom revealed,
Whose every rag for mercy seems to gape,
As though their silent eloquence appealed
Against the bonfire fate that night will bring!
Does not that varnished face with upturned look,
That drooping form with constant jolting shook,
From some soft heart one pang of pity wring?
Alas! What's man? The greatest are but "Guys."
Shouts, Squibs—a little puff—and down he lies.

DISCUSSION HALL, BOOT LANE, FLEET STREET.—The subject of debate for the next evening will be the adjourned discussion of last week, namely;—"Will the introduction of Penny Omnibusses advance or retard the principles of European Liberty?" To be opened by Mrs. Slowcoach. The chair will be taken at nine precisely. Visitors are invited to join in the debate. The next conversazione will be—"On the English Wheelbarrow, and its effect on popular progress."

THE CHRISTMAS CAMPAIGN.

By the anticipation of the underhand Male (whom we retain for special occasions), we are in possession of important advices on the forthcoming Christmas Campaign. The Campaign will commence on the night of the 24th of December, and will be ushered in by the merry sounds of the Belles, and the firing of bon-bons. The hoisting of a large green white-berried banner will be the signal for action. Much caution will at first be observed. There will be mutual advances and retreats of either party, accompanied by a few salutes from the Light Infantry, who will prove very troublesome to the enemy: after which, the Light Infantry will be dispersed, or forcibly taken prisoners, and carried off to the Intrenchments. Nothing of importance, however, will take place, until the withdrawal of the Heavy Cavalry of the Guards and Blues, whose manœuvres will be found to be entirely unsuited to the peculiar nature of the work, and an encumbrance to the operations of the lighter and more active bodies. The Sharpshooters and Skirmishers will then advance with their Ball practice; the Lancers will be formed in sets; and after a rapid Galop, and a quick (Sturm) March, the action will become general. Sharp reports will constantly be heard; succeeded by volleys (of laughter). The single files will especially distinguish themselves, and will be found wherever the enemy's colours are seen fluttering at their head. Those of the first rank, especially a few possessing Titles and Honorable decorations, will be found invincible, and will carry all before them: while the enthusiasm of all will be greatly excited by the large share of booty possessed by the enemy. There will be a great bustle in the rear, and small bodies will be captured by larger ones, and have to pay a heavy ransom for their release. During these struggles, the Foot will come forward with great advantage. Many personal encounters, and assaults of arms, will take place, and the enemy's Breast-works will be completely encircled. From some quarters, the advances will be made with such success, that inroads will be effected in the very heart of the Enemy. A Rout will then succeed, in which the Great Guns will be brought forward with much success. These Skirmishes will probably take place, at intervals, for some weeks; when final Engagements will be made, and an Alliance entered into.

PROGRESS OF BOOBYISM.

[FROM THE "POPPLETON MESSENGER."]

MORE converts are every day flocking round the standard elevated by Mr. Booby: and as the number has increased, it has been thought proper to give a Booby Ball, in order that a noise might be made in the public ear in favour of the movement.

The Pottleton Athenæum was the place fixed upon for the entertainment, and Mr. Fiddulls, gave the services of his valuable band gratuitously: observing, with that happy readiness for which musicians are celebrated, that "their own notes would be their own reward." The new movement so pleased them that they composed The Booby Polka, which was performed with great applause, and may now be had with an elegant frontispiece, in coloured lithograph, of the Booby Costume, price Two Shillings. The *Musical Review* says of it: "This is one of the most popular polkas of the season, and cannot fail to set all the world dancing."

On Thursday last, the ball took place in the Athenæum—formerly Wagstaff's candle manufactory and bacon warehouse. By the way, if a few of Wagstaff's candles had been left behind when that establishment broke up, it would have been as well, for the lighting of the place is shameful, although the gas company are now getting fifteen per cent on their shares. Dancing was to have commenced at nine o'clock, but the only fly in Pottleton, which was engaged to convey the ladies, broke down on the first journey, in consequence of not having been used for twelve months, and it took nearly an hour to set it up on its legs again.

MR. BOOBY'S RETURN FROM THE BOOBY BALL.

However, all had [illegible] kept up until a late [illegible] were introduced, including the Lancers, the Broomstaff, the Jonesa [illegible] country dance, called [illegible] encored. Mr. Booby [illegible] other Boobies in the [illegible] was dressed in the [illegible] Mr. Booby [illegible]

Mr. E[illegible] delain the [illegible] tion [illegible] O'Dea[illegible] Booby [illegible] lect[illegible] and [illegible] He [illegible] be[illegible]

[illegible]

The learned [illegible] devoted himself [illegible] finally conveyed [illegible] in the Booby [illegible] Pottleton [illegible] coarse jo[illegible] laudable [illegible] actuated.

[illegible] to which [illegible] where [illegible] the last [illegible]

However, all had arrived by about eleven o'clock, when dancing was kept up until a late, or rather, an early hour. All the latest dances were introduced, including La Hamschatska, the Valse à no Temps, the Browntische, La Joneska, and a clever medley Hungarian and English country dance, called Sir Kossooth de Coverley, which was loudly encored. Mr. Booby danced with great spirit: and there were several other Boobies in the room, although the greater portion of the assembly was dressed in the ordinary attire. Supper was served about one, when Mr. Booby's health was proposed by Mr. Collars.

Mr. Booby on rising was warmly cheered. He said he would not long detain the ladies from the pleasures of tripping it on the light fantastic toe in the magic dance: he only wished he was a little younger. (Cheers.) He could not however devote himself to anything else but Boobyism. He intended travelling round the country delivering his lectures on the reform in dress, when he should take a physical, moral, and intellectual view of the question which was now agitating Europe. He wished that all his fellow-men would cast off the trammels that bound them to their boots. Mr. Booby concluded by saying,—

> "Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not
> Who would be free from collars, stocks, tight boots, straps,
> bad hats, and tail-coats, himself must strike the blow!"

The learned gentleman then sat down amidst loud cheers: and devoted himself for the rest of the evening to gin and water. He was finally conveyed to his own home, on a rout seat, by four of his friends in the Booby costume, at six in the morning. Unfortunately it was Pottleton market-day, and the party were considerably annoyed by the coarse jokes of the country churls, who could not enter into the laudable motives by which a cultivated intelligence like Mr. Booby's is actuated.

RATHER THIN-SKINNED.

We know an Actor, who not meeting with that professional success to which he considered himself entitled, cannot bear to sit in a room where there is a Tea-urn, or kettle. The hissing recals the scenes of the past too painfully.

CAB!

A SONG FOR THE TIMES.

AIR—*Trab, trab, trab.*

A CAB I lives by driving,
And well I makes it pay—
A business nice and thriving
I drives with my old grey.
With lots of blessed tongue,
And simple force of lung.
Cab! cab! cab! cab! I knows my game,
And swindles old and young.
Cab! cab! &c.

The beaks has took the trouble
To regulate our fares;
But if we charges double
'Taint them—you see—as cares.
'Taint nobs in cabs as pass,
But what they call the mass.
Cab! cab! cab! cab! so on we goes,
And does the Middle Class.
Cab! cab! &c.

It's greenhorns from the country
As best I likes to drive;
Their 'rithmetic I on try,
And multiplies by five,
Or women folk who dare
To offer simple fare.
Cab! cab! cab! cab! they're easy done,
You've only got to swear.
Cab! cab! &c.

I sometimes meet with rum 'uns,
I'm quite polite to such;
Folks often talk of summons,
It seldom comes to much!
What's every one's affair,
Is no one's—you're aware.
Cab! cab! cab! cab! to lose their time
The folks don't seem to care.
Cab! cab! &c.

When opposition's talk'd of.
On rules of justice plann'd,
Our profits to be baulk'd off,
My pals and I won't stand.
The driver's heads we smash,
And through their panels dash.
Cab! cab! cab! cab! to interfere
With wested rights is rash.
Cab! cab! &c.

Then on we'll go, like winking,
Till some one puts us down,
The dread of women shrinking,
The thieves of half the town!
They'll stop us—I dare say;
But—till they find a way—
Cab! cab! cab! cab! like Jolly dogs,
By Jove! we'll have our day.
Cab! cab! &c.

Cabby—Now then, you sir, I aint agoin to take this. You must give me your card.

OUR HUMBUG.

ON THE THEATRES AS THEY ARE.

SHADE of Shakspeare—shade of Garrick—shade of Siddons! with what feelings do I contemplate the hoofs of horses trampling on the boards, where Kemble trode, and the baton of Costa flourished above the stage, where Robinson once waved a banner! The present deluded generation may ask who Robinson was? I reply he was a supernumerary in the high and palmy days of the drama. There are no supernumeraries now, sir. You should have seen Robinson. But, alas, there is no chance. The great supernumeraries went out with the great actors, and looking woefully back through the mist of time, I can hardly tell from the secession of which of the two the stage most suffered.

Sir, people now-a-days go to the theatres to be amused—and what amused our worthy forefathers, forsooth, won't do for us. Set us up! We want novelty indeed, plays with new plots and new effects, and new styles of acting; not the old original respectable jog-trot. Sir, I consider all this as considerably worse than blasphemy. I admire the good old times of slow coaches and legitimate comedies; I like the good old farce—no plot—no character above pantomime character—but plenty of tumbling about of chairs, and running out and in—with jokes—dear old friends—about when is a door not a door, and throwing light upon the subject—the whole in one act and fifteen scenes. These, sir, were the fiue old English farces, beloved of our worthy fathers. And it is owing to their having gone out that the drama has gone down.

And then, sir, tragedies in five acts. I love the ancient tragedy in five acts, no action, no plot, no nothing—always except speeches in blank verse—beautiful speeches in which the hero, for instance, apostrophises nature as follows:—

> "O woods and wilds, and desert mountains drear,
> And thou, keen wind, which o'er the waste dost howl,
> And thou, O sun, that shinest in the sky,
> And thou, O moon, which also does the same,
> And ye, O stars, who nightly twinkle too,
> And thou, O grass, which sprouts up in the field,
> Look on me now, and pity me."

Sir, this was the stuff that the Douglases, and the Revenges, and the Fair Penitents, were made of. This was the sort of thing which kept the stage palmy, and produced the great old actors, and the supernumeraries. And then, sir, the dear Elizabethan drama, with its jagged blank verse, and quaint old phrases; where, when a gentleman wishes to know what o'clock it is, he asks as follows:—

"And—hark! Canst tell—(by pulling from thy poke
That never weary watchman, which records
How the devourer Time doth ever grind
His never-resting jaws)—how long 'twill be
Ere the bright-footed coursers of the sun
Be stalled by Phœbus in the welcome west?"

Now, sir, when people get tired of this sort of thing, they may give up going to theatres altogether. When five acts are abused, and blank verse despised, and a lot of stupid ingenious action—"business" they call it, put in—then, sir, the high and palmy is done for. Think just for one moment of the beautiful old comedies. Dear—dear, how I used to cry at Reuben Glenroy, and now a lot of young reprobates are laughing at him for a maudlin twaddle. Sir, the drama ought to be virtuous, in this style,—I mean the comedy,—and then indeed we might expect to see the histrionic art flourish amongst us:

"*Lady Worldly.* And now call my chair, and hey for Lady Spadillo's, to pass the night at ombre.

"*Worthy.* Alas, and you leave your child suffering from nettle-rash, and Sir Robert Worldly with a cold in his head. Oh maternal affection! oh connubial happiness!—how are you outraged, when a mother can leave her child for the ace of trumps, and the lord of her affections for the king of clubs!

"*Lady Worldly.* Ha! those words—they recall me to a sense of my long-neglected duty. Never, never, will I leave my dearest husband and my loveliest child—(*bursts into tears.*)

"*Worthy.* Aye, Lady, these holy tears will sparkle like jewels in the eyes of angels."

Sir, I 'm a modest man, but I do say confidently, that the above is as good writing as ever Morton or Cherry got a thousand guineas for. If I could only get a management to take a work of the kind, I would pledge myself that there should be no plot, and at least a dozen of scenes per act; and if that, with the above style of writing, would not make a

legitimate comedy, I don't know what a legitimate comedy is. But I have no hopes, none ; poor Sheridan Knowles, by the help of his "i'fackinses," "b'yre ladies," "but me no buts," and Mastering instead of Mistering his characters caught and basked in the last gleam of public enlightenment. But that is gone. Never again shall I see a new piece, each act ending with a beautiful sentiment, such as "May the wing of friendship never moult a feather," or a fine ringing legitimate couplet, such as—

> "But rats may hoot, and dragons say their say,
> The rain it raineth—every rainy day."

Yours, DISCONSOLATELY.

THE EXHIBITION SURPLUS DOOMED.

A GENTLEMAN has written to one of the daily papers, (does he date from Hanwell, by the way ?) to propose that the surplus fund of the Great Exhibition,—a sum be it remarked, of some £150,000, be expended in gilding the exterior of the dome of St. Paul's. We presume that the gentleman in question, is one of those alarmists who foretold, that contemporaneous with the opening of the Crystal Palace, there would be seditions, privy conspiracies, and rebellions, and all sorts of sins and wickednesses ; and that, as he is unwilling that his prophecy should pass away unfulfilled, he wishes to make the funds of the Great Exhibition, serve for the extension of guilt.

TENDER PRECAUTIONS.

IN a street leading from the Strand is one of those "muff-traps," called Betting Offices. This one is, however, commendably frank, for, on the door, in appropriate brass, is the advice—"B. GREEN." Perhaps, nevertheless, this may be surplus counsel, for who that enters such a place can be anything but green ?

THE INAUGURATION OF THE MAYOR.

A Civic November Lyric—after what-you-Macauley.

Up! Citizens of Cripplegate—come Billingsgate begin,
Rise ye of ancient Candlewick—up Farringdon-within,
Now Castle Baynard show your strength—now Aldgate lead the van,
Ye City wards which ne'er were picked since history began.

'Tis London's ancient Festival, another Mayor to day,
Begins the civic sceptre of the Mansion House to sway;
Blythe the self-congratulation—sad the wail of discontent,
As the one gets into office, and the other out is sent.

From the plains of fair Belgravia—from Tiburnia and the north,
Troops of ruddy servant maidens on their holiday come forth,
Each with snowy 'kerchiefs laden, which they never will unfold,
Going wildly in directions just wherever they are told.

From the "*New*" Road by the "Angel." where the omnibusses fill,
Down from the heights of Holloway, from Highgate on the Hill,
From the savage steeps of Hoxton, from the distant wilds of Bow,
Are the votaries of St. Monday rushing onward to the "Show."

From Camberwell to Paddington—from Peckham's rural Rye,
To Camden, Somers', Kentish Towns—one movement meets the eye,
Back attic, parlour, first-floor-front, and second floor beside,
All going like the flowing of a mighty human tide.

Onward—onward towards the City—onward, onward to Guildhall,
Crowds are filling every window—hundreds perched on every wall;
Densely blocking up the roadway—closely cramming every shop,
Not a lamp-post by the pavement but with urchins at the top.

Hark, amidst the buzz of voices, there is one that greets our ears,
'Tis the man who sells the picture of the show that ne'er appears;
Great the fancy of the artist—great the boldness of the "*do*,"
Yet greater must the greenness be of those who think it true.

Brightly gleams the morning sunshine on the city of King Lud,—
Above a sky of deepest blue, below a depth of mud.
But that stout-hearted multitude, which now increases fast,
Cares little for the former, and cares nothing for the last.

H H

Sending up a kind of odour the olfactory condemns,
Runs the filth o'er laden river, runs the garbage-glutted Thames.
Oh, what promise for the future, if we hopefully suppose,
That the present Mayor possesses a well-regulated nose.

On the ridges of the bridges—on the gritty barges too,
Cluster thousands of spectators from Blackfriars to Waterloo;
Hear the chinking at the Turnstile, and you marvel not that thence
Sinks the apron of the toll-man with accumulated pence.

But hark to yonder shouting of the throng around Guildhall,
The procession now has started, watch those faces by the wall;
Mark the eager glances given when the brazen cannons roar,
They never, you are certain, saw this sort of thing before.

First a pause of breathless silence, then a measured tramp of feet,
Pshaw, 'tis only some policemen marching slowly up the street.
Hark! a louder shouting follows, then a trampling thund'rous sound,
'Tis the line of the procession which is forming on the ground.

Nearer yet the troop advances—nearer yet the knights approach,
Comes the carriage of the Sheriff—comes the Mayor's gilded coach.
On ye gallant standard-bearers—on ye heralds two by two,
There are beaming eyes to greet ye though ye little have to do.

On—on ye knights in armour, with your limbs encased in steel,
Are those faces fair creating that unsteadiness ye feel?
Let craven hearts from beauty's gaze shrink back when ye appear,
But yet some strong suspicions trace unsteadiness to beer.

Ha! can it be—and do we see—or are we in a dream—
Are those the old familiar steeds of colour called the "cream?"
Are those the well-trained riders—that the well-remembered stud,
Which figured in *Mazeppa*, and now figures in the mud.

All Astley's comes before our eyes—we fancy, with a stare,
That Widdicomb is chamberlain, that Batty is the Mayor,
That yonder man of ancient jests they from the circus bring,
Is Jester to the aldermen, not clown unto the ring.

More knights in steel—the very same who vowed, "*by yon blue skee-ei,*"
To rescue Tartary's Princess and "*Conk-wer or to dee-ie.*"
Another! Yes, the very one who struck his plated shield,
And swore he had a "Haustrian 'art which ne'er was taught to yield."

But who is that with raven locks, that time unsilvered hair,
Who kisses his gloved fingers as he bows to every fair?
'Tis Widdicomb, the wondrous one, who knew King Hal they say,
And tutored Queen Elizabeth to ride her palfrey grey.

Passes on the Civic Pageant like to one of Astley's scenes,
Ere returning from the river well we know what intervenes;
Follow barges in their order, follow Companies and all,
Follow on with the Recorder unto Westminster's old Hall.

There the Mayor is sworn in truly, paying compliments to each;
There the bland Recorder duly makes his eulogistic speech;
Bows the Mayor unto the judges, bow the judges just the same,
And then back unto the barges in the order that they came.

At Blackfriars the land procession for returning now is form'd,
And the knights in quick succession seem to deeds of daring warm'd;
Rise they, strangely in the stirrup, wildly round their arms they spin,
Are they stirred by love of glory, or inspired by love of gin?

Oddly twists one in his saddle, oddly wriggling in his steel,
Every moment seems suggesting an uncomfortable feel;
Vainly smiles he on the people, vainly tries to look a don,
Whilst his efforts are devoted to the task of holding on.

Speed ye well ye gallant heroes, speed ye well ye city knights,
At the Banquet take your places ye with fortunate invites,
Let your appetites be sharpened, and as every dish appears,
Remember each is handed down through twice three hundred years.

See Earth's farthest quarters ransacked, for whatever may be rare,
Mark the varied things provided for this wondrous bill of fare;
Think how Turtles in their cool retreats philosophising may
Congratulate themselves it doesn't happen every day.

And on that night of strange events, if Aldermen should dream
Of improvements in the City (*vide* Mr. Pearson's scheme),
Or that Smithfield with its horrors is a story of the past,
And that London has got water really fit to drink at last;—

Let us hope that in the waking from the darkness to the light,
The coming day may realise the visions of the night,
That the civic corporation may their funds so well bestow,
That a nation's commendation may attend the Mayor's "Show."

THE EXHIBITION VOID.

The Great Exhibition has left a void, which, as far as our reading has gone, has not been noticed in the Public Journals. Perhaps they considered it beneath their dignity to write on such a subject, and Curtius-like endeavoured to close the chasm by leaping in clad in the proof-armour of severe essays on the peaceful friendships and practical benefit that would hereafter accrue from the great gathering of nations in the Crystal Bee-hive.

Nevertheless, the void is still there, and though its existence may be publicly passed over, yet in the private chambers of a man's secret thoughts, its Reality comes home with a heart-crushing sense of Vacancy. Of course we refer to the void which Diners-out, goers to At-homes and réunions, fillers up of Boats and Barouches at Water-parties and Races, and all other people who have to depend on their Invites principally to their stock of conversation—the void these unfortunate Bachelors have experienced in the closing of the Great Exhibition. This has been *the* subject of the day, and quite put out of joint the nose of that old Standard topic, the weather. What *will* people do, now the Crystal Palace has gone? It has been of incalculable service to hard-up conversationalists, and they ought in a body to have come forward and petitioned against its demolition. For our part, we can add our humble testimony to the valuable benefits we have derived from it. For in that awful moment, at a State Dinner party, when we had given our arm to a London belle, known to Fame, though to us personally a stranger, what on earth should we have done in that dreadful passage of the Defile to the Dining Room, unless we had raised the trumpet-call of the Crystal Palace, and challenged the fair young lady to a passage of words? It was a subject that naturally led to so many topics—one into which a person had only to cast himself, like a stone thrown into the water, to find the ripples of Chat circling and widening out more and more, that even a weak-minded person, such as we are, could, with very little exercise of ingenuity, extend a passable dialogue through the three Courses and Dessert, until the wished-for signal from the elder Goosey came, at which the little Duck beside me was to sail out of the room, and, relieving me from the spasms of conversation which for the last

hour-and-a-half had been agitating my mind, leave me to claret and contentment. I wonder what we unfortunates shall do now the Great Exhibition is gone! At present, we can live upon its Memories; but there lies a dark Future before us, in which all reference to the Crystal Palace will be alike "flat, stale, and unprofitable." We confess we tremble, when we look forward to that dismal and uncertain prospect.

BEAUTIES OF THE GREAT MASTERS.

THE STREET ARTIST.

(AFTER GOLDSMITH.)

WHERE sturdy beggars, blocking up the way,
Molest each passing pilgrim that can pay;
Where generous souls, unused to sights of pain,
Toss halfpence to the cripples in the lane;
There on a wintry morning, clad in rags,
The kid found Tompkins shivering on the flags—
A ragged beard disguised his sallow cheeks,
Which plainly showed he hadn't shaved for weeks;
And, o'er the pavement—green, and blue, and red—
In coloured chalk, his paltry pictures spread;
Maxims of charity were there in view,
And next a bunch of grapes the artist drew,
Then half a mackerel, (or perhaps a plaice),
And great Napoleon showed his well-known face—
The morn was cold—he takes with downcast eye
The offerings of the pitying passers-by—
How changed the scene, when, to his home returned,
He meets his pals, and boasts the tin he 's earned—
With steaks and beer his vigour is restored,
And crack companions grace his festive board—
He dons a coat—his rags he throws away—
A swell by night,—a beggar all the day.

THE medical papers give an account of a woman in Blackfriars-road, having a large head, and whiskers. Is this a frightful result of Bloomerism?

FAUX-HUNTING.

THE truly national sport of Faux-hunting, commenced on the 5th of November last.

We have to record a glorious run on that day with the Hampden hounds. The meet was held at the Kennels, from whence an adjournment was soon effected to St. John's Wood. Here, after a little trouble and delay, a Faux was put up, and away he went in first-rate style, with the pack in close attendance upon him, the young dogs giving tongue most lustily. The Wood re-echoed to their merry music. Down the Grove Road went the Faux, but so hard pressed that even "the toddlers" were well up to him. Here the distance began to tell upon him, and when close to the Eyre Arms, he made for a Drain; but after a short check, the pack were again laid in, and once more he took to the open. His course then, lay back through St. John's Wood, along the Avenue Road, and across Barrow Hill, where he was headed to the Regent's Park. Here he made for the pleasure grounds of one of the great houses in the vicinity, but was speedily ejected by the master. The Faux then gallantly held on his way, and after a sharp burst was finally pulled down near to the spot from whence he had started. The several gentlemen who had "waited" on him, afterwards passed the evening merrily together,—Mr. Chummy being in possession of the brush,—and it was the subject of general remark, that the Fauxes this year, were more abundant, and afforded better sport than for some seasons past.

TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY.

THE advertisement of a Scotch Linen House conveys the following information, which we transfer to our pages for the benefit of newly married couples:—"A lot of babies, very rich, long robes, elaborately worked, original cost from 2*l.* to 5*l.*, slightly injured, and marked 16*s.* 6*d.* to 43*s.* 6*d.*" There is either some indifferent punctuation about this, or else it must be regarded as a positive realisation of that well-known trade announcement—"Families Supplied."

Charley.—"I must be off now, Julia; I'm going to draw a badger."
Julia.—"Can't you draw it here, Charley? You can have my colour-box.

CHRISTMAS MISLETOE ANTICIPATIONS.

BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN "WHO KNOWS WHAT'S GOOD."

I REMEMBER, I remember,
We the misletoe hung high
On a cold night in December,
When the Christmas Eve drew nigh :
I remember, from the ceiling
How its gleaming berries shone
On the pretty girls there squealing,
As I kissed them ev'ry one !

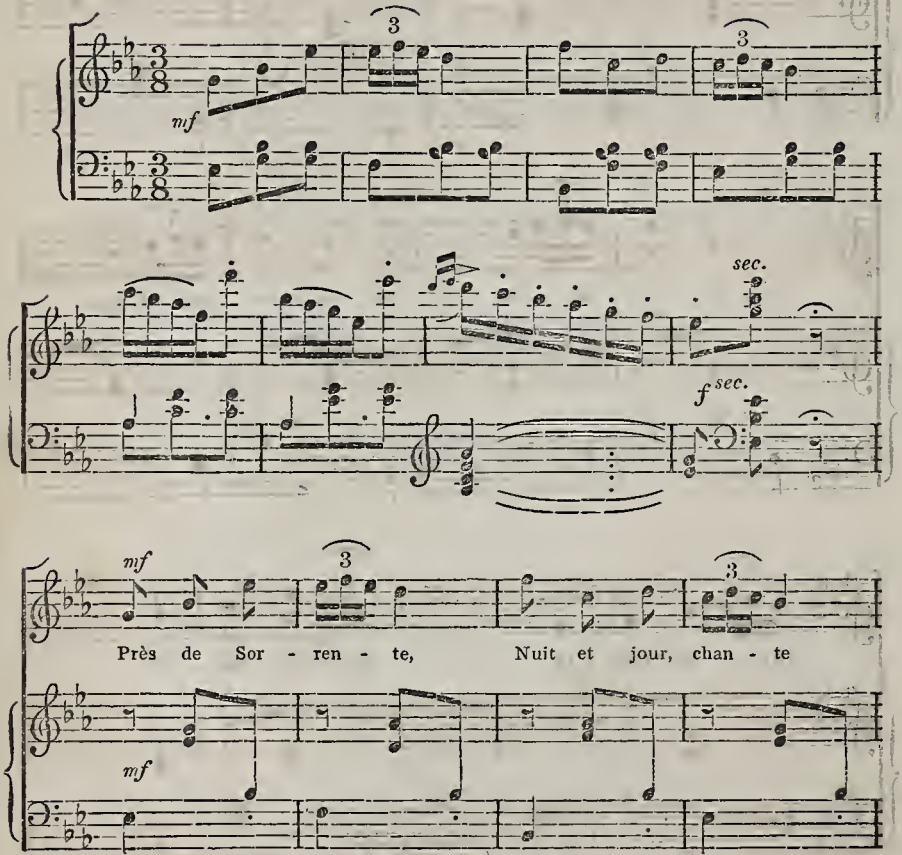
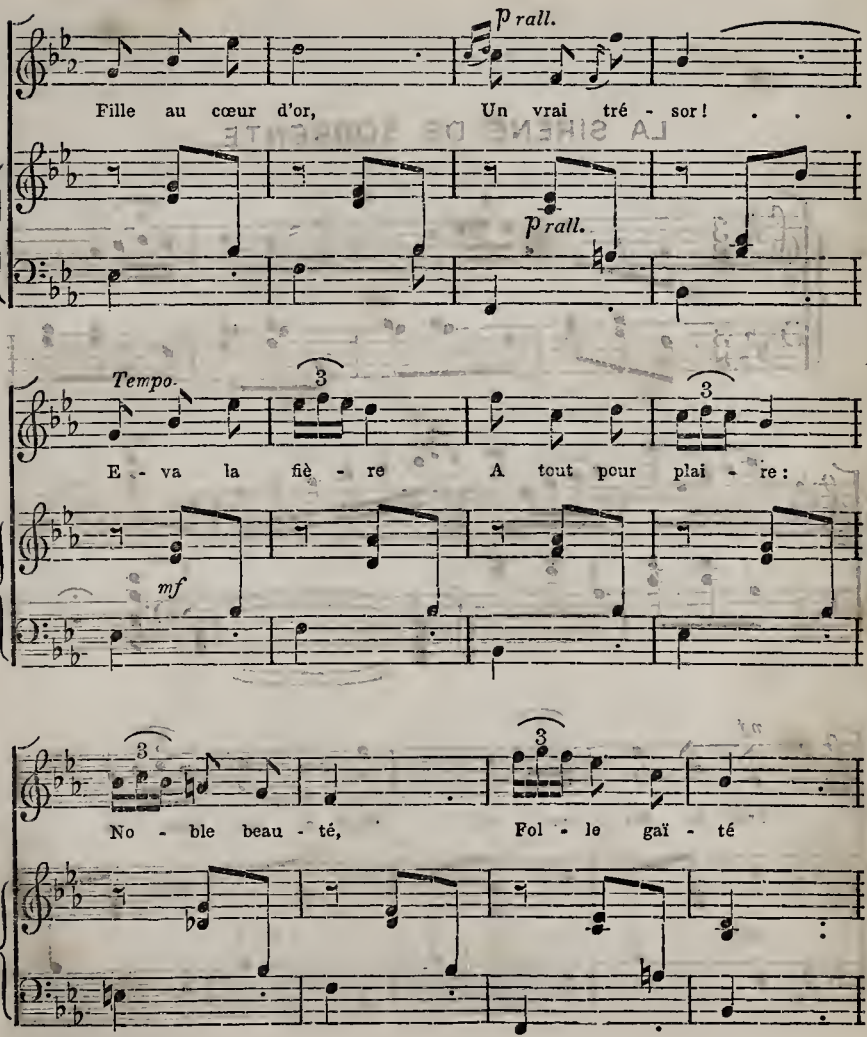
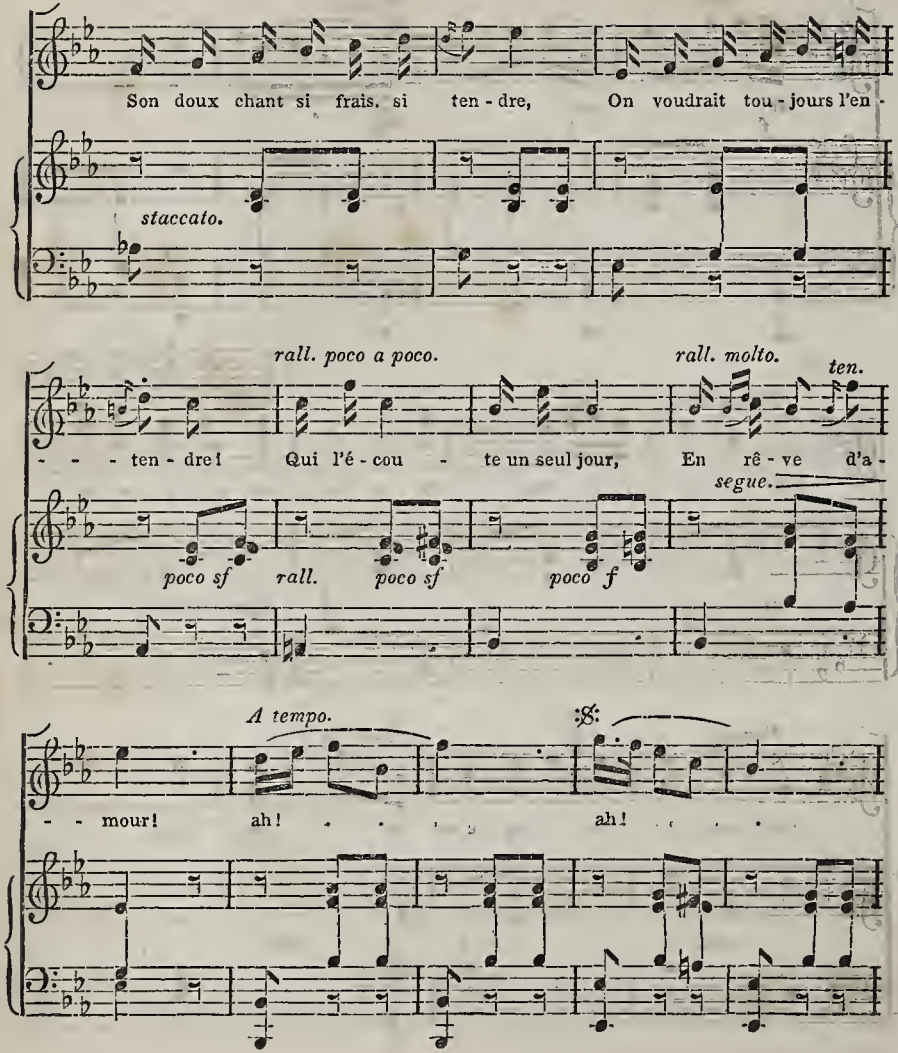
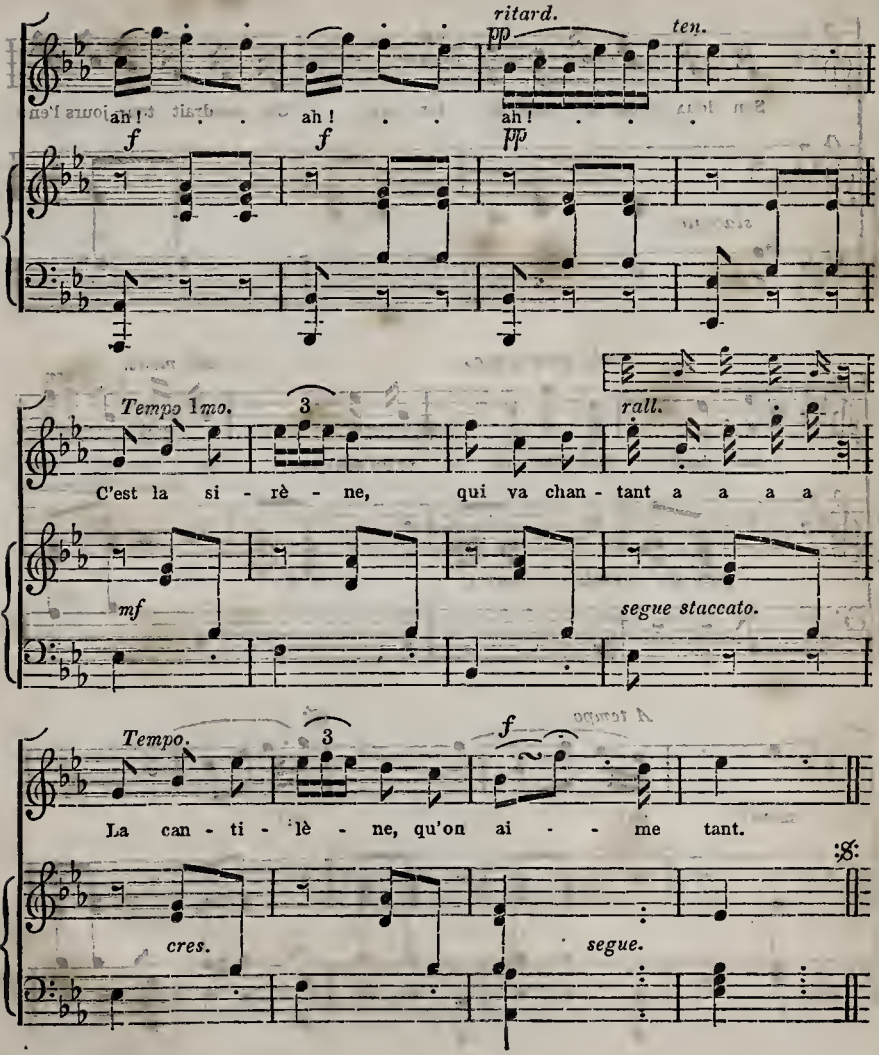
I remember, I remember,
How the misletoe hung high
On that cold night in December.
And the tale that hangs thereby.

Then the dancing, then the dancing,
And the waving hair all tress'd ;
And the bright eyes brighter glancing
When the little waist was press'd ;
And the flirting, and the flirting,
Oh, how well I can recal !
And the lips their charms asserting,
For I think I kiss'd them all !

I remember, I remember,
Each pretty girl and kiss ;
And I judge from that December,
Of the fun I shall have this.

I was merry, I was merry,
When my pretty cousins came,
For their lips were tempting, very,
So I kiss'd them all the same !
Girls that night, sir, girls that night, sir !
As frolicsome as fair,
Ran about in wild delight, sir,
When the misletoe was there !

I remember, I remember,
How they feigned to hate to kiss :
But they kissed in that December,
And—I think they 'll do so this !

LA SIRENE DE SORRENTE.

p rall.
Fille au cœur d'or, Un vrai tré - sor! . . .
p rall.
Tempo.
3
3
E - va la fiè - re A tout pour plai - re:
mf
3
3
No - ble beau - té, Fol - le gaï - té

Son doux chant si frais. si ten - dre, On voudrait tou - jours l'en -
staccato.
rall. poco a poco.
rall. molto.
ten.
- - - ten - dre! Qui l'é - cou - te un seul jour, En rê - ve d'a -
segue.
poco sf
rall.
poco sf
poco f
A tempo.
- - mour! ah! ah!

ritard.
pp
ten.
ah ! ah ! ah !
f f pp
Tempo 1mo.
3
rall.
C'est la si - rè - ne, qui va chan - tant a a a a
mf
segue staccato.
Tempo.
3
f
La can - ti - lè - ne, qu'on ai - - me tant.
cres.
segue.

THE DRAMA'S LAST KICK.

In an excellent article in one of the leading Liverpool journals, upon the present state of the London theatres—than which, just at present, nothing can be more unpromising—we read the following sensible observations :—

"It is time that all the twaddle about the 'legitimate drama' was exploded, for ruinous experience has proved over and over again that now when great actors do not exist, people prefer reading Shakspeare 'pure and undefiled' to seeing his immortal creations travestied by 'legitimate' actors, like Charles Kean. No doubt this language will be thought by many to be theatrical heresy, but it is not the less the language of sober truth, to which experience has more than once forced us to give utterance."

Allusion being made in the above article to an admirable paper in the November number of *Fraser's Magazine* upon "Poets and Players," we turned to it, and found it worthy the eulogium bestowed on it. The following extract so completely bears out what we have so often stated, in spite of every word of ingenious obloquy and abuse heaped upon us, and artful twisting of our promulgated opinions into "contempt for Shakspeare," that we have no small gratification in laying it before our readers. The writer says :—

"The illiterate, the coarse, or the childish, may doubtless get more deep into a poet's meaning from the performance of an intelligent actor than they could from unassisted reading; and such do well to 'patronise the legitimate drama;' but that a man of pure literary taste, and refined imagination, who knows *who* and *what* Juliet and Imogen and Miranda *are*, should maintain that he derives either pleasure or profit—that his conceptions are satisfied, or his views enlarged—by seeing them embodied in 'Miss Petowker,' or 'Mrs. Crummles,' does seem one of the most incredible of the many incredible assertions, that are daily offered up at the shrine of indolent conventionalism."

This is all perfectly true and rational; and we do hope some day managers will begin to think with us, that people who pay to theatres do so because they wish to be amused. The "legitimate drama" has ruined scores of directors. It shut up Drury Lane—it (happily) turned Covent Garden into a magnificent Italian Opera House—it brought the Haymarket to agreeable operettas—it turned the Surrey into a vast desert of benches; and, finally, disgusted the public altogether. Its doom is put off for a little space by the re-opening of the Princess's, but even that management must come to a finish.

And this brings us to a subject connected with one of the lessees

of the house just mentioned. We have received a most absurd and badly-written letter — we will do Mr. Charles Kean the credit of acquitting him altogether of having penned it—in which we are charged with "making an unfair and interested dead-set against the only actor capable of restoring the taste for the drama." We should not have noticed this epistle—for it is anonymous—but that it is the first charge of dishonesty ever brought against us. During the twelve years that we have been gaining what Mr. Serjeant Wilkins calls our "bread and cheese" by our pen, we have not written a single line otherwise than in all honesty and belief, in straightforward, palpable truth. We defy our most bitter literary enemy (and we have more than we can count) to point out the lightest shadow of a cloud upon our literary honour. We do not mind blowing our own trumpet in this case,—we know the security of our position, and we stand calmly and unchangingly upon it. We have made mistakes in publication—at times our books have not sold; they have been brought out at a wrong time, or badly "worked," or very possibly they were not amusing, but we have still written them honestly. A disbelief in the cant of literary philanthropy—an inclination rather to private life than the spittoon—and a general hatred of Radical nonsense about the tag-rag-and-bobtail masses, some eight years ago cut us away from an engagement at a time when a shilling was a matter of consequence. But we kept on well our own determination nevertheless; and we do believe that it was our honesty of purpose that enabled us still to hold our own, in the teeth of the most powerful, and at the same time the meanest *clique* ever brought to bear, in cowardly security, upon an author.

We are making the matter of more importance, perhaps, than it deserves, by the way. The *Quarterly Review*, however, takes a six-penny pamphlet, and makes this atom the nucleus of an imposing criticism. We, in like manner, take Mr. Charles Kean at the point from which we start this article. We repeat, we have been honest with him. He is not an actor—he never was, and he never will be one. He, or his friends, cannot suppose that we should run our head wilfully against public opinion for the pleasure of saying so. If we were to observe that Tennyson wrote trash, or that Stanfield was not an effective painter, or that Thackeray's novels were not popular, or that the *Times* had no power, we should be generally hooted at, but when we say that

Mr. Charles Kean mistook his trade when he turned actor, trusting to the *prestige* of his immortal father's name, without one qualification, intellectually or physically, for the purpose, we know we merely echo the general opinion. Is there one character that, as the French would say, he has "created?" Is it supposed that there is any part in which anybody ever went to see him twice? Does he conceive that there has been one single sixpence paid at the doors of the Princess's Theatre, since the united management, of which the Keeleys have not attracted four-fifths?

We will not be so harsh as to address him as our great contemporary *Punch* did—

"Small quack, of plaudits greedy,"

but in opposition to the long, glorifying puffs which appeared in the papers after the theatres closed in October, in which all the κυδος of the management was given to him—and the two greatest hits of the season termed by him (in the details he himself furnished) "mere Exhibition successes," because the Keeleys played in them—we will tell him that *The Templar* never drew a house, that *Love in a Maze*, and *The Duke's Wager*, fell equally short of his anticipations; and that the success of *Pauline* arose from the strong situations of the piece, and would have been equally great with Mr. Wigan in the chief character, who might have pronounced the one or two incidental French words, *Monsieur*, and *château*, and the like, with an accent betraying some slight knowledge of the language. Let not Mr. Charles Kean deceive himself as to his position as an actor; he has none beyond that which appliances of *mise en scène* assist him to. King John is about to be revived for him. Our readers will see, judging calmly for themselves, that, in spite of all the press laudations that will follow, it will be a success simply of tin, and banners, and jewess-like panoply: a metallic triumph in every respect, including the brass. And Mr. Charles Kean will find that there is one critic in London—in whom the public have for a decade of years placed some confidence—whose pen is not, like morning mountains, "tipped with gold," but nevertheless sufficiently enduring for what may be required of it.

Bradbury & Evans Printers, Whitefriars.

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25M—5-56
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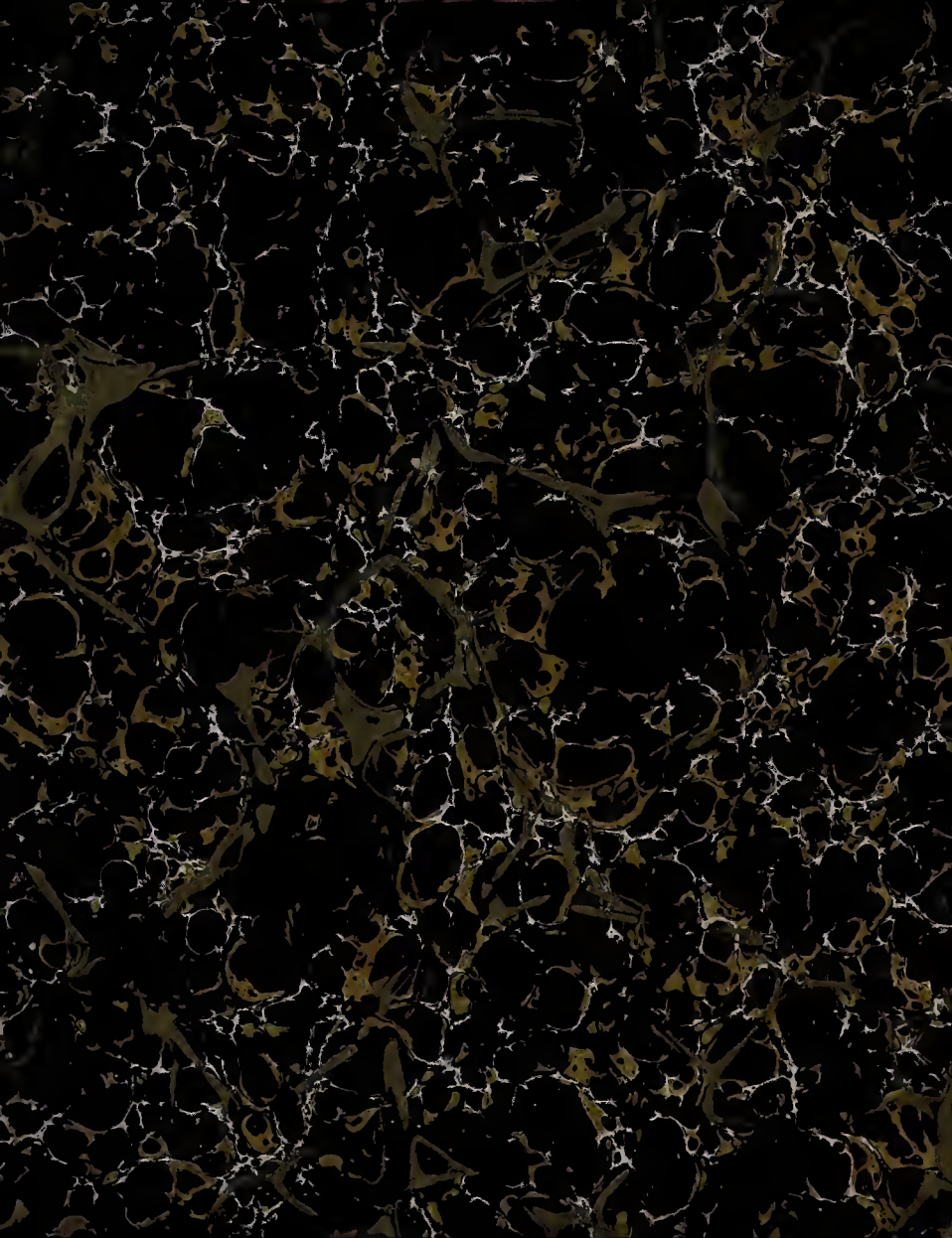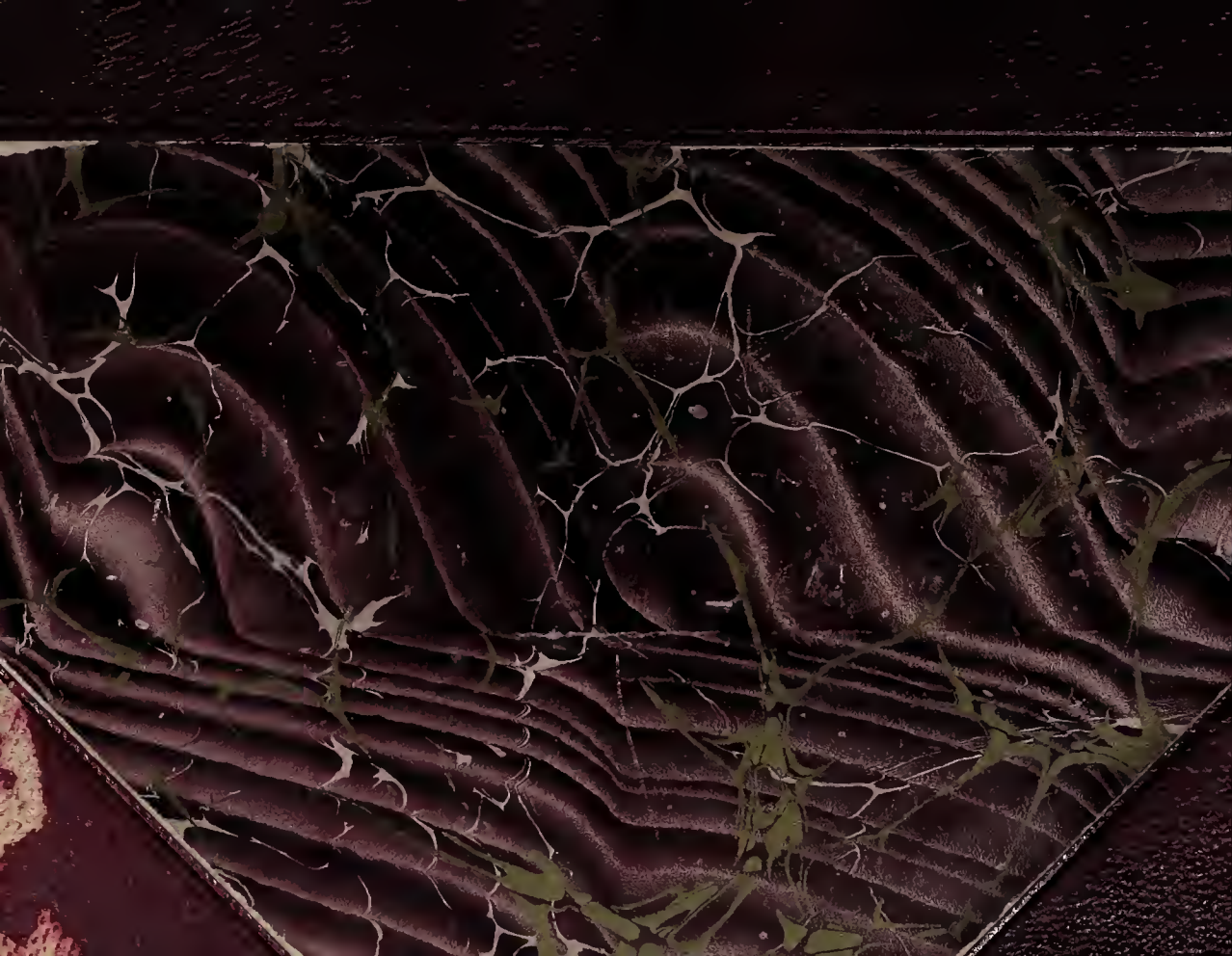
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